

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2729.—VOL. XCIX.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1891.

THIRTY-SIX | SIXPENCE.
PAGES) By Post, 6^d.



"HOMEWARD BOUND."—BY H. CAFFIERI.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There have been few crusades in which the clergy have not had a hand, but this last one, against bell-ringing, is an exception. Up to the present writing, not a word about the matter has passed their lips. It is, perhaps, the only question in which the whole body of priests and ministers of all denominations have a common interest. As regards the complaint of the laymen, they are all in the same condemnation. The strident tones of the parish church bell may be the louder nuisance, but the tinkle, tinkle that summons the Catholic community or the worshippers at Sion Chapel is just as maddening. And these brazen janglings destroy our only day of rest. The one day on which the organ-grinder and the street band are compelled to cease from troubling is disturbed by the clashing and clanging of the bells. People can ascertain the times of Divine service as easily as those of the departure of the railway trains, so why should this deafening notice be given of them? Nobody, I suppose, was ever induced to go to church by mere clamour. It is only a waiter who feels it compulsory to attend to a bell. Or if some summons is absolutely necessary, why should it be bell-ringing? In well-conducted steam launches upon the Thames the dissonant shriek of the steam pipe has been benevolently exchanged for the call of the bugle, and the attention of the lock-keeper is found to be equally secured.

It is shocking to think what hideous sounds can be let loose upon the universal air by simply pulling a bell-rope. The bell-ringer reminds one of the capitalist described by the poet, who "sits at home and turns an easy wheel, which sets sharp racks at work to pinch and peel"—engines of torture for the human tympanum. It is a satisfaction, though a poor one, to reflect that it was not always so; that church bell-ringing was at one time very hard work. Dr. Burney thus describes how matters went on, in his day, in the belfry of Ghent: "I was astonished at the number of bells there: there was a complete series or scale of tones and semitones, like those on the harpsichord or organ. The *carillonneur* was literally at work, and hard work indeed it must be: he was in his shirt and coat unbuttoned, and in a violent perspiration. There are pedals communicating with the great bells, upon which, with his feet, he played the bass to several sprightly and rather difficult airs, performed with his two hands upon an upper range of keys communicating with the lesser bells, as those of the harpsichord and organ do with strings and pipes. These keys are projecting sticks, wide enough asunder to be struck with violence and velocity by either of the two hands edgeways, without the danger of hitting the neighbouring keys. The player has a thick leather covering for the little finger of each hand, otherwise it would be impossible for him to support the pain which the violence of the stroke necessary to be given to each key, in order to its being distinctly heard throughout a very large town, requires." The famous organ-player Pothoff was *carillonneur* at Amsterdam. He, too, used to strip to his shirt, and was obliged to go to bed directly his bell-ringing was over, and was always "so exhausted as to be utterly unable to speak." Doctor Burney himself got such a surfeit of church bells in Amsterdam that they would have "soon deprived him," he says, "either of his love of music or his sense of hearing." But, at all events, the bell-ringers suffered for it, whereas we have now to endure their discord without that reflection to comfort us. The torture has become mechanical in its application. "The Parson told the Sexton and the Sexton tolled the bell."

St. Patrick's bell, we read, was "heard all over Ireland," and must have been a most tremendous nuisance. When it cracked, an angel mended it, as is certain, "because the seam was shown in proof of the miracle," but it could hardly have been an angel of mercy. In 1813 Mr. Thomas Nash, of Bath, left this terrible curse behind him—"I do hereby give and bequeath to the Mayor, the senior Alderman, and the Town Clerk of Bath for the time being the sum of £50 per annum, in trust, for the use and benefit of the set of ringers of the Abbey Church, on condition of their ringing on the whole peal of bells, with clappers muffled, various solemn and doleful changes, from eight o'clock in the morning until eight in the evening on the 14th of May, being the anniversary of my wedding day; also on the anniversary of my decease, to ring a grand bob major and many mirthful peals in joyful commemoration of my happy release from domestic tyranny."

If the clergy have allowed judgment to go by default as regards the attack upon their bells, they have made a reasonable defence with respect to the charge of too long sermons. In some cases they admit it is owing to the long-windedness of the preacher. The gentlemen who plead the claims of missionary enterprise are, it seems, especially liable to this malady; but, on the whole, congregations like long sermons. They pay for their pews, and they wish to see (or hear) their money's worth; or, perhaps, some of them look upon the matter as penance, and are willing to be thus absolved from their peccadilloes. But a commercial element is now mixed up with this question, which in time will no doubt affect it. The practice of getting choral services "laid on" by telephone to sick persons, or others unable to give their personal attendance, is rapidly increasing, and the charge for it is by time. The company "exact a fee of threepence a minute," which tots up to fifteen shillings for an hour's service, and if the sermon is a long one the affair becomes expensive. With Christ Church, Birmingham, though only Birmingham houses are "switched on" in the evening, there is communication in the mornings "with Manchester, Nottingham, Coventry, Stafford, Wolverhampton, Worcester, and London" (!) This may be very complimentary to the Birmingham preacher, but rather a slight upon the other pulpits, especially the metropolitan one. London milk

is said to be inferior to that produced in the country, but this is the first time we have heard of its inferiority as regards sermons. To be "switched" on to a service as we lie in bed or sit in our invalid chairs (with a pipe in one's mouth. Why not? Kingsley tells us tobacco intensifies reflection) must be very convenient. But one of the attractions held out by the telephone company is hardly an advantage: "In a quiet room the tolling of the bell can be heard half an hour before service." The absurdity of this item of the prospectus can hardly be exceeded, yet it doubtless appeals to that conventional class of persons who associate bell-ringing with religion, and to whom Hood addressed his famous "Epistle"—

A man may cry "Church, church!" with every word,
And have no more piety than other people;
A daw's not reckoned a religious bird
Because he keeps caw-cawing from the steeple.

But Hood did not understand the "blessedness" of that word Mesopotamia. Nothing seems more right and proper than that the hospitals should be thus connected with the churches; but it sounds strange (though most satisfactory to reflect upon) that "in the jewellery district of Birmingham the watchmen who are on duty every Sunday" should have applied for "ear-boxes"; in London, alas! this class of person only applies for Christmas-boxes.

It is, we are told, the experience of the Post Office authorities that the female telegraphists cannot be restrained from matrimony. They fall in love with their correspondents at the other end of the wire, and insist on marriage. They have never seen them, but the electric spark between them sets at least one heart alight. "An experienced operator," we are told, "can tell from the sound of the click the sex of the sender"; and all the rest follows as a matter of course. It is the fashion in these days to put everything down to electricity; but one cannot help thinking that the nature of the communications themselves may have something to do with this result. A large minority of telegrams are of an amatory nature. We may not wire anything abusive, but we may be as tender as we please, and some of us are exceedingly tender. Moreover, the marriage state puts on its best appearance in its telegraph form. In excusing himself for dining at the club, the husband always expresses himself in the most conciliatory terms: when the weather (or something) does not admit of his rejoining his wife in the country till the morrow, he exhausts the vocabulary of disappointment. The poor female telegraphist says to herself, "What affectionate creatures all husbands must be!" and is deceived by the arts that are intended to hoodwink another. To the male clerk, at the other end, she sends her photograph (taken half-a-dozen years ago), and that does *his* business. They marry!

There is a story afloat concerning our public schools which is not only good in itself, but possesses unusual advantages in the way of adaptation. You can put it how you like to suit the "taste and fancy" of your audience. The increased attention paid to athletics has no doubt improved the physique of our boys, but, as some say, to the loss of their good manners: they are not so courteous to ladies as they used to be. Eton boys are still just polite, Harrow boys only tolerably civil, and Westminster boys too apt to think that "the masculine is more worthy than the feminine," and should be treated accordingly. I am not personally responsible for the arrangement of the following statement. It is quite possible (and even probable) that the Harrow boys may be the rude ones. My own impression is that all boys are rude; but the advantage of the story is, as has been said, that you can lay the blame where you like. This is the story: A lady came into a room where there was no chair, but only three public-school boys, who, as is well known, cannot easily be "sat upon." The Harrow boy remarked indifferently, "Should not somebody fetch a chair for this lady?" the Eton boy (unwillingly) fetched one; whereupon the Westminster boy sat in it. There is a remark in the Latin Grammar about the influence of classical education upon the human mind (*Emollit mores*, and so on); and it was thus translated with prophetic eye to the counter-influence of athletics—

The faithful study of the fistic art
From mawkish softness guards the British heart.

With the "softness" too often disappears politeness also.

What should be bad news to every Englishman is that the Life-Boat Institution is in want of funds, a deficit of no less than £30,000 having occurred in its last year's subscriptions. Whether this is owing to General Booth's manifesto is not stated, but if so it is a curious kind of charity that gives with one hand what it takes away with the other. Without making unpleasant comparisons, it seems monstrous indeed that help should have been withdrawn from a national association so admirably managed, and administered to assist any untried scheme, however meritorious. It will be nothing less than shameful—as well as being a public calamity—if this falling off in the funds of the institution is not speedily remedied.

This month there has appeared upon the Continent, though not, I understand, for the first time, a magazine in English. It is published by Baron Tauchnitz, who has already given many proofs of how well he understands the literary wants of our countrymen abroad. His scrupulous resolve to keep every copy out of England and its colonies makes it difficult to procure a specimen, even for review or advertising purposes; but I have managed to smuggle one (not for sale). The *Tauchnitz Magazine* is an excellent sixpennyworth, admirably printed; indeed, how well the Baron's German printers "compose" in English has always been a marvel. Its contents are partly original, partly culled (by special arrangement) from the best English magazines of the previous month. The Englishman abroad will, therefore, be now supplied with what he has been hitherto deprived of, the latest periodical stories;

but the magazine is not composed of fiction only. There are other pleasant articles and essays, besides some amusing table-talk and critical notices of new books. What strikes the professional eye is the absence of the English advertiser, who generally "swarms" on a new periodical; but he doesn't swarm on what he cannot see.

HOME NEWS.

The Queen leaves Osborne for Balmoral on Aug. 21. Her Majesty, it is stated, particularly wishes to be at Balmoral on Aug. 26, the anniversary of Prince Albert's birthday.

The Prince of Naples, who spent July 30 at Goodwood and July 31 with the Duke of Edinburgh at Plymouth, took final leave of the Queen at Osborne on Aug. 4. The Prince afterwards landed at Portsmouth from the *Alberta*, and then returned to London.

Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Victoria, and Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein left Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Park, on Aug. 4, for the Continent, where they are expected to remain for about three months.

The Marchioness of Salisbury, Lady Gwendolen Cecil, and other members of the Premier's family left Arlington Street on July 4 for the Châlet Cecil, Dieppe. The Premier joined his family a day or two later for the first portion of the recess.

Mr. W. H. Smith shows some improvement in health, but he is still extremely weak from his protracted and severe illness.

The closing week of the Session has not been devoid of interest. A slight collision between the Lords and the Commons apropos of an amendment to the Free Education Bill, which infringed on the exclusive privilege of the Commons to vote money, and which the Speaker ruled to be a breach, ended in the Lords giving way. Lord Salisbury, however, protested that the Speaker's ruling was untenable. The other features of importance have been the debate on the Indian Budget, on which Mr. Maclean mooted unsuccessfully the old project of a railway to Candahar, and a serious discussion on a motion of Mr. John Redmond, backed by Mr. Parnell, in favour of the release of the Birmingham dynamiters. It was suggested that these men were the victims of *agents provocateurs*, a theory which Mr. Matthews repudiated with much energy. The debate was varied by some rather piquant attacks on Sir William Harcourt by Mr. Atkinson, who declared that Sir William was in "shivers" during the dynamite scares; and by Mr. O'Kelly, who asked why the Liberal Party made friends with political offenders like Stepniak and showed no mercy to dynamiters. The motion was defeated by a large majority, though one or two Liberals supported it.

Two elections are now pending—at Walsall and Lewisham—the former vacancy arising out of Sir Charles Forster's death, and the latter from that of the Earl of Dartmouth, whose son, Lord Lewisham, sat for the borough. Both the Liberals and Conservatives are well represented for the former borough, in which there has been no contest since 1885, when Sir Charles Forster was returned by a majority of 1677. Lewisham, a London suburban constituency of marked Conservative tendencies, returned Lord Lewisham by a majority of 1225 in 1885, which grew to 2151 in 1886. Mr. G. S. Warrington is mentioned as the Liberal candidate, but the Conservative choice is as yet unknown.

The Irish entanglement has taken a fresh turn. Mr. W. O'Brien and Mr. John Dillon, on their release from jail, made, contrary to expectation, an immediate and unqualified pronouncement against Mr. Parnell's leadership. This severe blow to the ex-leader was followed by a letter to the *Freeman's Journal*—which has throughout acted as Mr. Parnell's chief organ in the Irish Press—written by young Mr. Dwyer Gray, who, with his mother, owns nearly half the shares. The letter formally repudiated Mr. Parnell, on moral and religious grounds, which, said the writer, had been strengthened by Mr. Parnell's marriage in a registry office. Underneath Mr. Gray's letter was a "leader" written by him for appearance in the editorial columns but which the editor had declined to insert in that part of the paper. At present the *Freeman* continues, in spite of Mr. Gray, to give Mr. Parnell its support, though in a much more qualified fashion than formerly. Mr. Parnell has not, it would appear, been discouraged by these successive blows at his prestige. He has replied to Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien at Thurles, where, and also at Dublin, he was enthusiastically received by great crowds of people.

A strange drama of justice has been played out in the Molesworth case, in which a man called Turner was convicted of cruelly murdering a child. His mother, who was, apparently, cognisant of the deed after it had been committed, was first put on her trial as an accomplice after the fact, albeit that at the moment no murder had been legally shown to have been committed. She was sentenced to penal servitude for life. The son's trial for murder then took place, and the mother appeared as a witness against her son. She objected, however, that her evidence might be held to incriminate herself on the capital charge, whereupon Mr. Justice Grantham, equal to the emergency, had a fresh jury empanelled, who formally acquitted Mrs. Turner of murder. Her son's trial proceeded, and he was found guilty and sentenced to death. The judge then recalled the unhappy mother, and reduced her sentence from penal servitude for life to one year's imprisonment.

Mr. Henry Irving has, it is stated, been suffering from an affection of the throat which, as threatening to deprive him of the use of his voice, has caused considerable anxiety. Mr. Irving has been under the care of Sir Morell Mackenzie, who the other day successfully performed an operation on him. Since then, he has made rapid progress towards recovery, and has left town for Malvern, where he intends to remain till the beginning of the autumn play season.

Mr. Spurgeon still remains in a critical condition, the bulletins now reporting improvement and a gain in strength, and now again a slight relapse. The greatest interest is felt in his condition, a daily prayer-meeting is still held, and the callers of the week include the Archbishop of Canterbury. Letters and messages of sympathy have also been received from the Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Bickersteth, who inclosed two hymns of his own writing, the Countess of Seafield, and Mr. Sankey, the American evangelist.

Mr. J. A. Fronde, who is staying at The Mould, Salcombe, South Devon, distributed the school prizes and University certificates on July 30 at the grammar school in the neighbouring town of Kingsbridge. He invited the boys not to forget that there were two kinds of education—that given by their teachers, and also the education of their own characters, which was a great deal more important, and depended greatly on the boys themselves. To be brave, honest, true, manly, generous and high-minded, which every man ought to aspire to, required learning quite as much as Greek and Euclid.

THE CHINAMAN.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

Some rumours there are that seem to waft a meaning deeper than that which the words convey. They come encompassed by informing airs very like the "speaking silence" that we know of; so that we learn more than is borne to the ear, or even intended for it. The truth is, no doubt, that though the rumour is not itself significant of much, it strikes upon slumbering perceptions in the mind, calls up un-noted observations there, and so awakens us to a great deal more than the rumour tells.

Eight or nine weeks ago there came a report that there had been another anti-Christian riot in China. There have been many such riots; and they have been as frequent, perhaps, in the last ten years as in the ten years preceding. Nor was there anything in the particulars reported on this occasion to distinguish the flare from a dozen others, which, burning out in an hour or a day, were presently forgotten. Little notice of it was taken in the newspapers—none, indeed, at the time, or till after there had been a repetition of the rioting, and even then all that was done was to take account of more anti-Christian riots among low Chinese. And yet there must have been many to whom the first rumour conveyed a different sort of news in the strange and subtle way we have remarked upon. The whisper was (I wrote down mine at the time and printed it): This is not a mere anti-Christian riot among low Chinese, like those we have heard of so many times before. It is that, but more than that. It includes and expresses the same kind of religious hatred that puts Hindoos and Mussulmans to daggers drawn in India occasionally, but in effect it is a Nationalist Movement, and the tune it is set to is "China for the Chinese!"

Now that, of course, is a very different thing, and an infinitely more important one. It means so much, indeed, that the natural disposition in commercial England, with its settlements in Shanghai, Hong Kong, and elsewhere, is to shut one's eyes upon it. But there has been very little doubt for many a year among statesmen and soldiers whose eyes have been fixed on the Flowery Land that a time will come when "China for the Chinese" will be sounded from one end of it to the other: in palace courtyards as well as in city slums. Some minds, indeed—as was that of Sir Henry Maine, a far greater statesman than many who take the highest rank—are haunted by a belief that the Chinese will one day break beyond bounds as devastating conquerors; and between doing that and asserting the never-abandoned policy of exclusion there is a long step, obviously. With great wisdom, great tenacity, great success, the rulers of China have kept Europe out of their country, or merely planted here and there in circumscribed colonies, while the arts and appliances of Europe were slowly acquired; and this they have done, beyond doubt, in preparation for the day when (they hope) China will again be all for the Chinese: no "foreign devil" living in it on proprietorial terms.

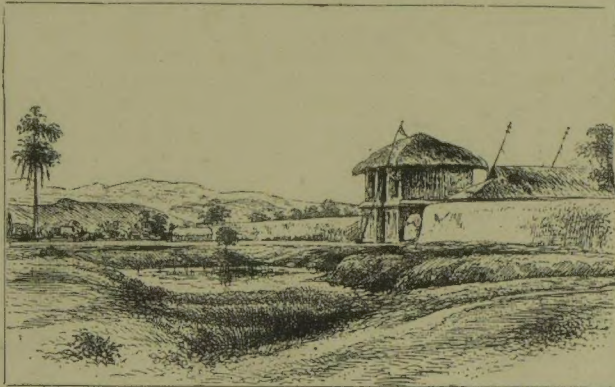
That day has not come yet; the dawn of it will be more than one year long, and perhaps more than twenty; but I am mistaken if the first faint streak of it is not already visible. It was signalled to us by the neglected rumour of nine weeks ago; though now, indeed, we commonly hear more of "anti-foreign" than of "anti-Christian" rioting. "Anti-foreign" it really is; that is its full description. What we are to understand is that a nationalist movement (as it would be called elsewhere) is afoot among the people, with intent to dislodge and expel all foreigners; and the only question is as to how far it will extend on this occasion, and how much it is secretly favoured by high personages. According to recent accounts the agitation proceeds from certain revolutionary societies, their main object being to embarrass and even to upset the whole existing order of things in China. It would be imprudent to deny the assertion; but, supposing it true, all it comes to is that popular hostility to the Government is accompanied by hostility to foreigners, and a wish to oust the one by a wish to oust the others. There is no particular satisfaction in that, except that the Government forces (on this supposition) will undoubtedly be directed to suppress our disturbers in suppressing its own. The popular feeling will remain the same; while, as for sympathy with it in high places, it *must* exist, it does exist, though the time has not come for acknowledging its existence.

And there are wheels within wheels in China as elsewhere: take an example of that fact. Some years ago the wonderful woman who was then sovereign Empress, and who is still, no doubt, the real ruler of China, determined that France should abate its pretensions to proctorate over all Christians in Chinese territory; and also, if I remember aright, there was an obnoxious French cathedral at Peking that had to be cut down. Accordingly, her Majesty sent to Europe, on a direct private mission, a servant of her own—an Englishman; who was explicitly instructed to say that if the Empress's demands were rejected there would probably be a good deal of burning of mission-houses and insurrection against foreigners. Nothing that the Empress could do would prevent it. Finding that he could not get on without making these representations, he made them, and his mission ended to her Majesty's satisfaction. Now China has another grievance to complain of in the way in which her emigrants are treated in America and Australia. Thousands of returning Chinamen have made this grievance known in their native land. Their Government (no matter what we may think) resent it strongly, without being able to obtain the redress they demand. What certainty is there, then, that the Chinese labourer alone desires it to be understood that expulsion for expulsion is but natural? Possibly some light may be thrown on the question before long, for, in the present state of European affairs, a Government like that of China may say and do things with safety that would be hazardous if the nations of Europe were in harmony. Here, however, we are not dealing with the political affairs of the day, but glancing for a moment at events, or the presage of events, that may prove a turning point in history. No matter how these riotings in China may arise, or how they are provoked or by whom favoured, they mark the beginning of a national movement for the expulsion of the foreigner. They may continue awhile before they die down, or they may suffer instant suppression by a Government that cannot afford too much disturbance at present. But what both Government and people intend has entered on its beginnings—far off as the end may be.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE MANIPUR EXPEDITION.

While the Imperial Government of India still deliberates, in its councils of State, on the treatment of the revolted Princes of Manipur and on the future political administration of that sequestered province, some interest yet belongs to the disastrous event of last March, the massacre of Mr. Quinton, Mr. Grimwood, Colonel Skene, and their companions, and to the brief campaign of Brigadier-General Graham, by which the British supreme authority was promptly restored. Our correspondent, Surgeon A. G. E. Newland, with the troops of the Burmese frontier, which entered Manipur from the south side, at Tammu, co-operating with the main force descending from Assam, has contributed views of the Maharajah's Palace, the



THE WESTERN GATEWAY OF THE PALACE AT MANIPUR.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SURGEON A. G. E. NEWLAND.

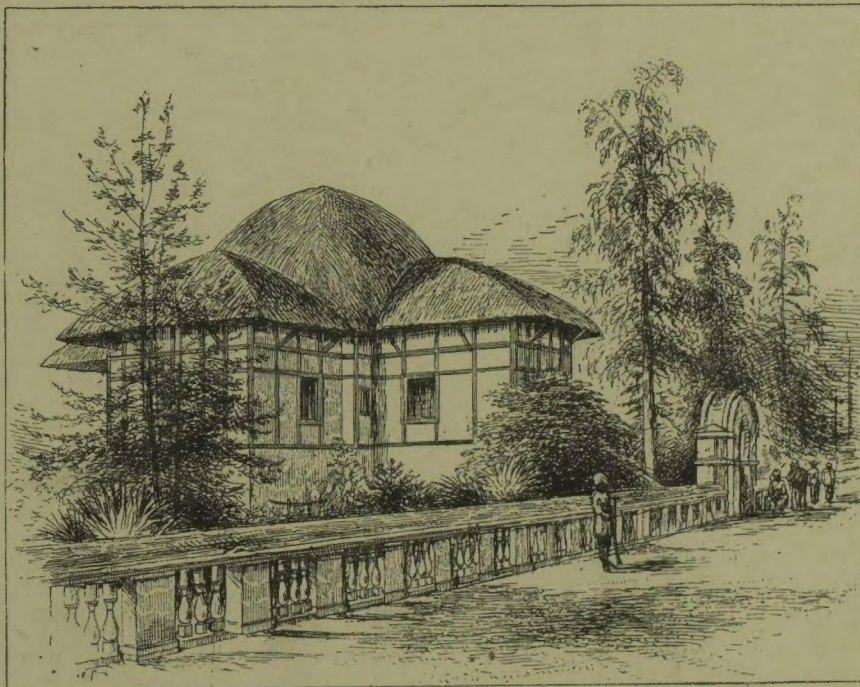
Durbar Hall, and the western gateway, where several of our countrymen were treacherously killed. Another of his photographs represents some of the Panthay mule-drivers and their beasts engaged in the transport service of the expedition.

BURMESE LETTER-CARRIERS.

Her Majesty's mail, in the hill-country on the border of the province of Burmah, annexed not many years to her Majesty's Indian Empire, does not travel by an express railway train, or even by a red mail-cart with a smart driver, but on the backs of sturdy pedestrian "coolies," usually of the loyal Chin tribes, who serve the Post Office with due fidelity, and easily pick their way, slow but sure, along highland and forest-paths. In settled districts, free from wild marauding folk, no police or military escort is needful, and the flag carried by the leader of the party commands sufficient respect. The letters and newspapers, so acceptable to many English officers at lonely stations, are packed in baskets, forming a moderate load for each man. They plod on silently, from one stockaded group of huts to another, discharging their burden as they proceed. A photograph by Surgeon Newland furnishes our illustration of the scene as these trusty letter-carriers leave one of the border stations.

THE GERMAN EMPRESS AND HER CHILDREN AT FELIXSTOWE.

The sojourn of her Majesty the German Empress, Queen of Prussia, with her five little boys, at a quiet seaside place on the Suffolk coast, after the imperial visit to Windsor and London, cannot fail to be agreeable and favourable to health, and is a pleasant incident of the coming of this illustrious family to England, which has so much engaged public attention. While the privacy of their residence at the two villas occupied by the family and their suite has been carefully respected by all at Felixstowe, the daily appearance of the children on the beach,



THE DURBAR HALL AT MANIPUR.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SURGEON A. G. E. NEWLAND.

going to bathe or to play, and often watched by their mother from the shelter of a tent, has naturally been an interesting sight. The names of the five young princes and the dates of their birth are as follows: Prince Frederick William Victor August Ernest, Crown Prince of Germany and of Prussia, born May 6, 1882; Prince William Frederick Christian Charles, born July 7, 1883; Prince Adalbert Ferdinand Berenger Victor, born July 14, 1884; Prince August William Henry Gunter Victor, born Jan. 21, 1887; Prince Oscar Carl Gustav Adolph, born July 27, 1888. It will be observed that three of the young Princes have this year celebrated their birthdays in England. The attendants include Herr Kessler and Major Von Falkenhain, the tutors; Miss Atkinson, English governess; M. Girardet, French teacher; Director Ernesti, and Court Officer Kneesebeck.

LARGEST TURRET-SHIP IN THE WORLD.

At Chatham Dockyard, on Thursday, July 30, H.M.S. Hood was launched, or rather floated, from the building-dock into the adjoining basin, with a ceremony performed by Viscountess Hood, wife of the peer descended from that famous commander Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, who was made Lord Hood for his exploits in the last century. The new ship named after him is one of the eight first-class battle-ships called for by the Naval Defence Act. Of these she is the only turret-vessel, the others being on the barbette principle. She has been less than two years in hand. It is said that she is the largest turret-ship yet built; her floating weight is 7500 tons. Her length is 380 ft.; breadth, 75 ft.; draught of water forward, 26 ft., and aft, 28 ft.; displacement, 14,150 tons; indicated horse-power, 13,000; speed (in knots) 17½. Her armament is to consist of four 13½-in. breechloading guns in turrets, ten 6-in. quick-firing guns, ten six-pounder quick-firing guns, and nine three-pounder quick-firing guns, besides twenty-four torpedoes and boat, field, and machine guns. Her engines, by Messrs. Humphrys, Tennant, and Co., have not yet been erected. The total cost of the ship will exceed £900,000. It is expected that in a few months the Hood will be ready for commission.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE SWISS CONFEDERATION.

The sixth centenary of the first compact, on Aug. 1, 1291, between the inhabitants of Schwytz, Uri, and Unterwalden, for the common defence of their liberties against Count Albert of Hapsburg—which was the origin of the Swiss Confederation—has been celebrated this year in the town of Schwytz with an interesting patriotic demonstration. That historical event was followed, in November 1307, by a renewal or confirmation of the bond of union and pledge of mutual assistance in the cause of freedom at the more famous meeting of three delegates, Werner Stauffacher of Schwytz, Walter Furst of Uri, and Arnold von Melchthal of Unterwalden, each with ten followers, on the field of Rütli or Grütli, which is on the shore of the upper part of the Lake of Lucerne, called the "Lake of the Four Forest Cantons;" in German, the "Vierwaldstättersee." The fourth Canton, Aargau, to which the celebrated William Tell belonged, seems to have joined the League shortly afterwards; but modern historians are sceptical about the story of Tell with his cross-bow shooting at the apple on his child's head, and being prepared to shoot Gessler, the high bailiff or governor of the district. It is quite certain that the Swiss of these and other Cantons, in the fourteenth century, performed deeds of great valour at Morgarten in 1315, at Sempach in 1386, and in other battles; and having successfully achieved their independence, in spite of the Hapsburg Dukes of Austria, they maintained it throughout the fifteenth century against the still more powerful Dukes of Burgundy, fighting the battles of Grandson, Morat, Nancy and Dornach, which are not less deserving of remembrance. Two hundred years of persevering resolution and courageous fidelity among the population of thirteen Cantons were required to establish the freedom of Switzerland; but the little town of Schwytz, a place of 6000 inhabitants, the capital of a Canton which numbers 51,000, has the honour of beginning this noble undertaking, and its name, slightly modified, has been popularly extended to the whole nation. Schwytz is situated in a picturesque valley at the foot of the conspicuous double-peaked mountain called the "Mythen," or Mitres, the loftier peak above 5860 ft. high, which guards the summit of the Hacken Pass. Its people are of the Roman Catholic religion. In the Rath-haus, the Arsenal, and the Archive-tower are preserved many historical records, pictures, banners, and trophies, commemorating the early ages of Swiss freedom. Aloys Reding, the heroic leader of the Swiss in 1798, when they defended their country against the French, is buried in the cemetery of this town.

There has been an interesting and curious exchange of diplomatic posts between Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, who has left Teheran for Bucharest, which has been raised to the rank of a first-class legation, and Sir Frank Lascelles, who quits Bucharest for Teheran. Sir H. D. Wolff has made a very good Minister at the Persian Court, where his art of telling excellent stories is said to have made its way to the heart of the Shah. Sir Frank Lascelles is an Eastern diplomatist of acknowledged merit. He won his spurs during the Servian war, then as Acting Agent and Consul-General in Egypt, and finally as Agent and Consul-General in Bulgaria during the early and troubled years of the Bulgarian monarchy. He is a pleasant, good-natured gentleman, shrewd and kindly, and he has the thorough confidence of Lord Salisbury, who is an admirable chief to an excellent servant.

A memorial tablet in brass to the memory of the late Rev. Henry White has been unveiled in the Royal Savoy Schools, of which he was the founder. The tablet has been subscribed for by the choir-boys and school-children and a limited number of friends connected with the schools.

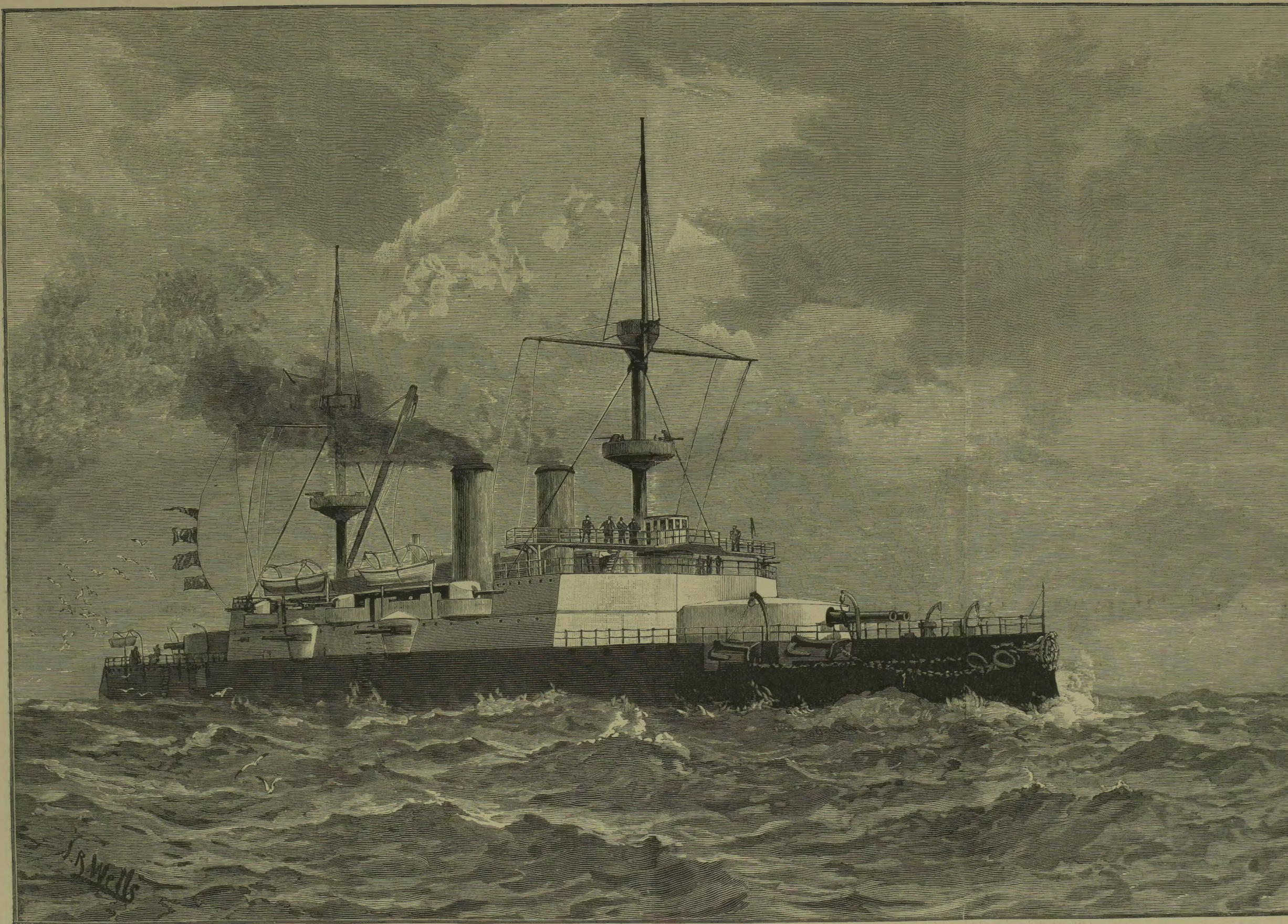
President and Madame Carnot have elected to spend the summer in the Château of Fontainebleau. Most of Madame Carnot's youth was spent in the old-world town, which, standing as it does on the edge of the great forest, can boast of as many historical associations as Versailles itself. The suite of rooms chosen by Madame la Présidente overlook the vast Cour des Adieux, where Napoleon I. parted from his army after signing his abdication in 1814; and in her bedchamber still remains the little bassinette of the late Prince Imperial, for Fontainebleau was the Empress Eugénie's favourite summer palace. When Mlle. Dupont White shared with the rest of the public the privilege of seeing the Imperial Court at their devotions in the chapel on Sundays, what would she have felt had she foreseen the future, when she herself would reign for a limited period as mistress over Louis the Fourteenth's castle? The President inhabits the room once graced by Henrietta of England, Charles the First's unhappy daughter. State papers bearing the Republican seal are heaped up in the Archduchess-Empress Marie Louise's jewel-chest, and lunch is served in Christina of Sweden's dining-room. Still, the Presidential visit is welcomed as a very godsend by the townspeople of the once royal borough, and smart stag-hunts are organised by the younger officers of the garrison, for, throughout many changes, Fontainebleau has always remained a garrison town, and M. Carnot follows in a landau the track left by Louis XV. and his courtiers through the forest.



THE MANIPUR EXPEDITION: PANTHAY MULES AND MULE-DRIVERS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SURGEON A. G. E. NEWLAND.



BURMESE LETTER-CARRIERS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SURGEON A. G. E. NEWLAND.



H.M.S. HOOD, THE LARGEST TURRET-SHIP IN THE WORLD.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

There was a visible flutter among the Clerks at the Table when Mr. Atkinson reappeared in the House after his involuntary seclusion. Rumour had it that the member for Boston had spent most of the time on the river, disporting himself as a sculler, as close as possible to the terrace. This exercise may have accounted for the glow of healthy animation on Mr. Atkinson's cheek. Though not young, the representative of Boston has considerable personal attractions. He is the ideal Justice of the Peace—white-haired, dignified, and genial—with an air of mild reproof for the naughtiness of the world. But for his strange antipathy to the Speaker and the Clerks, Mr. Atkinson might be regarded, physically at least, as the typical ornament of the House—the member who represents to an average audience the comfortable optimism befitting a legislator with an imposing presence and a stake in the country. That a man with such a face and figure should hurl defiance at the Speaker and the Clerks is a sort of moral earthquake. You would as soon expect Gog and Magog to drink confusion to the Lord Mayor and Corporation at a Guildhall banquet. I do not wonder at the trepidation of the Clerks, especially if they reflected that Mr. Atkinson's exercise on the river might have been prompted by a desire to get his muscles into good working order. Even the Serjeant was a little anxious. "Everything depends on Goschen," he said rather dubiously. "With all his excellent qualities, Goschen is not exactly the man to deal with a crisis of this kind. It has no more human interest for him than if it were a fall in the Bank rate. Now, the proper thing is to treat Atkinson as if one were a family physician who has a patient liable to tantrums." I never cease to admire the breadth of the Serjeant's mind and his experience of men; but in this instance he was not quite just to Mr. Goschen. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had profited by his first encounter with Mr. Atkinson, and when the exile returned, and demanded a day for his motion of censure on the Speaker, Mr. Goschen was as bland and soothing as the most expert of family practitioners. The Clerks at the Table listened with acute apprehension. They had no confidence, I am afraid, in the Serjeant's sword, and they shivered behind their entrenchments of Parliamentary law-books. But Mr. Goschen was for the time successful, and the terrible member for Boston contented himself with a protest against the disgrace of having been "drummed out of the House," and a threat to raise, some time or other, the momentous question of "the odium which attaches to my name."

One remarkable effect of recent events on Mr. Atkinson's mind is to make him an impartial observer of public affairs. He is no longer a party man. Greatly to their surprise, he avowed himself entirely at one with the Irish members who demanded the release of the imprisoned dynamiters. He beamed through his spectacles with dispassionate benevolence. Mr. Matthews had declined to see anything in the argument that the convict Daly was an injured innocent who had been entrapped by some wicked person in the pay of the Irish police. But had not Mr. Matthews also declined to see any reason to interfere with the persecutors of the Salvation Army at Eastbourne? How could Mr. Atkinson put any further confidence in such a Minister, when Englishmen who merely walked the streets to do good to the bodies and souls of their fellow-creatures by playing the tambourine were ruthlessly lodged in dungeons? And if the Salvationists deserved the commiseration of Mr. Atkinson, why should he deny his sympathy to the poor man who was sent to penal servitude for plotting to blow up Sir William Harcourt with dynamite? "We have all done wrong some time in our lives," said the member for Boston, with an explanatory nod in the direction of Sir William Harcourt, who sat quite crushed by the intimation that a person in his "state of mind" could not be expected to listen to reason from Mr. Atkinson. But the Irishmen found an even more useful ally in Mr. Cunningham Graham. Mr. Graham regards the front Opposition bench much as Mr. Atkinson regards the Clerks at the Table. That bench is the seat of iniquity. It is occupied by political "mandrakes" who refuse to take Mr. Graham seriously.

When we reach this climax, I begin to feel that a general amnesty for the criminal classes is the only policy which is worth consideration by any practical mind. The debate has meandered through all the channels of humanitarianism. It has originated in the proposition that the amiable Daly was simple enough to take charge of parcels at the request of an acquaintance and bury them in a friend's back-garden. The parcels proved to be dynamite, of which Daly was quite ignorant till it was unearthed by the police. Mr. John Redmond drew a fascinating picture of the guilelessness of this patriot, who meets a man in the street and undertakes to hide a parcel without the smallest suspicion of its contents. As I listen to Mr. Redmond's eloquence I begin to understand the babe-like innocence of the Celtic mind. Here is a man who apparently believes, in all seriousness, that a professional conspirator is a likely person to bury parcels in back-gardens without the slightest idea that they contain explosives. Nay, Mr. Parnell, posing for the nonce in the character of an Hibernian simpleton, humorously suggests that the only crime in the business was that one of Daly's friends possessed a back-garden for the burial of any packages that might casually come to hand. To Mr. Parnell's elevated mind any idea of craft on the part of Daly was entirely repugnant. The poor man was engaged in the purest patriotic labour, when he was beguiled by a spy in the pay of the Government, who gave him a quantity of dynamite and then told the police.

After this I am entirely sceptical as to the existence of any crime of any kind. The proper function of the House of Commons is to generate optimism. It is a place in which benevolent persons tell one another stories of the heroism and self-sacrifice of men who have the misfortune to be tried for offences which would never be heard of if there were no police. I look forward to the day when Mr. Cunningham Graham will propose the abolition of the police force on the ground that it serves no purpose except that of disseminating unfounded accusations throughout a perfectly blameless community. This proposal will, of course, be resisted by Mr. Matthews in one of those speeches which make it only too clear that there can be no real happiness until the profession of the law is abolished. Then an Irish member will remind Mr. Matthews that he was elected by Fenian votes at Dungarvan more than twenty years ago; and Mr. Haldane will remark with great feeling that nothing is more touching than the respect which professional conspirators have for one another. The Serjeant will order his sword to be turned into ornamental penknives, and Mr. Atkinson will fall on the necks of the Clerks at the Table.

"LA CIGALE," AT THE LYRIC.

BY JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY.

A full house assembled on July 31 to celebrate the three-hundredth night of "La Cigale." It seemed to me as if it might almost have been as many centuries since the time when I witnessed the curtain go up on the first performance, and saw the real sheep and the pretty Watteau dresses, and heard Miss Geraldine Ulmar sing the delightful Margot song. It was a very brilliant first night, very triumphant for the management and for Miss Ulmar. Everyone knew that she could sing; not everyone knew that she could act so well. I knew. I was one of the elect. I had seen Miss Ulmar play in a tiny little operatic piece called "Nydia," for which Ernest Clair Ford had written exquisite music and I had written the words, and I felt sure from the way in which she acted in a piece in which so much depended upon the acting that when she got her chance she would show herself able to act in a way which those who only had seen her in the Savoy pieces did not dream of. "La Cigale" gave her her chance, and she took it well, and acted Marton as well as she sang her, and set everybody raving. Three hundred nights had passed since then, and here I was again assisting at a new first night, scarcely less brilliant than the first, for all that it was given in the fall of the season. The same old play, almost the same old audience, almost the same old cast, with two important exceptions: Mr. Harry Monkhouse was taking the part created by Mr. Lionel Brough, and, which was the event of the evening, the part created by the Chevalier Scovell was being taken by Mr. Hayden Coffin.

Speaking simply as a dramatic critic, I liked Mr. Coffin's acting of the Chevalier Franz de Bernheim better than I liked that of the Chevalier Scovell. There is always something difficult, something unsatisfactory, about singing music which



MR. C. HAYDEN COFFIN.

has to be altered from the compass of one man's voice to another man's voice. But if Mr. Coffin sang with much success, I thought he acted with more success. His appearance, his bearing, his manner, all were attractive. In that graceful, fantastic, courtly world, with its pretty seventeenth-century costumes, a world of dainty opera dancers and delicate opera singers, of amorous exquisite dukes and no less amorous exquisite duchesses, Mr. Coffin seemed quite in his element, and moved, the most agreeable of gentleman adventurers, through the ceaseless tireless carnival. It is a world as unreal as the world of the "Comedy of Masks," a world as unreal as, according to Charles Lamb, is the world of the eighteenth-century dramatists.

We must look, however, upon the folk of "La Cigale" with all Lamb's lax good-humour. There is really not much to be said for the Chevalier de Bernheim, who deceives his friend and his lady-love with such amiable profligacy. There is not much to be said for the dissolute, imbecile Duke, and for his dancing light-o'-love, or for his frail Duchess, whom Miss Annie Rose plays so charmingly; there is not much to be said for Marton herself, who slights honest desert and smiles upon her rakehell wooer. Bismillah! If all these people were presented in an Ibsen play, how horrified many excellent people would be! But, as it is only a comic opera, it doesn't count; Lamb's plea protects it; it is not taken seriously, and is not meant to be taken seriously. It has the great, the capital merit of being exceedingly entertaining. Mr. Monkhouse and Mr. Garden fool away to the top of their bent, and keep the audience laughing. Miss Ulmar acts better than ever, though perhaps her singing, especially in the Margot song, did not on Friday evening seem to come with quite its usual spontaneous freshness. Mr. Eric Lewis's absurd Duke is really a work of art in its way. The ribboned, ruffled, pirouetting creature, with his high heels, his laces, and his empty laugh, is an exceedingly clever creation. He might almost be a figure out of Molière, or at least out of one of those Italian comedies from which Molière derived so much inspiration. And so we come round to Mr. Hayden Coffin again, and can reaffirm our praises of his playing of the amorous, unfaithful Chevalier. I left the Lyric the other evening pleased with everything in "La Cigale," but, for mine own poor part, pleased with nothing more than with the delightful dancing. Little Miss Mabel Love promises very well, and may go far. There is room for some new stars in the constellation of dancing-girls.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The reception of the French fleet at Cronstadt continued, during the whole of the week, to be the chief topic of interest in political circles. In Berlin and Vienna, after making light of the event, people began to think that there might be something in it, after all; and sensational news telegraphed to London from various quarters has encouraged the belief that a Franco-Russian alliance, in opposition to that of the Central Powers, has really been concluded. According to one report, a draught treaty brought to Cronstadt by Admiral Gervais has been signed by that officer on behalf of France, and by the Czar's Ministers of Foreign Affairs, War, and Marine, on behalf of Russia. What is the purport of this treaty is not positively stated: all that we are told is that it embodies the basis of an alliance, and that when the opportune moment arrives the provisional treaty is to become a formal one. From another quarter it is announced that Admiral Gervais has signed no treaty, provisional or formal; but that he and the Russian Ministers have simply been discussing the details of the possible co-operation of the French and Russian forces by land and sea in view of certain contingencies. A third statement has been made to the effect that "certain Governments," by which France and Russia are meant, are trying to induce the Sultan to depose the Khedive, and this has been looked upon as a proof that these two Powers are more united than ever, and are bound to one another by some understanding.

The truth seems to be, so far, that no reliable information has yet been obtained as to what took place at Cronstadt—politically speaking—or whether anything did really take place. From the enthusiasm displayed on the occasion of the visit of the French fleet, and from the attitude of the Czar and the exchange of congratulatory telegrams between him and M. Carnot, as well as from the excitement produced in Paris by the glowing accounts of the welcome extended to the French sailors, it may be assumed that the popular mind, both in France and in Russia, has been deeply stirred by these various incidents, with the result that the ties which united the two nations have been considerably strengthened. Whether, however, the popular sentiment does not greatly exaggerate the meaning of the official display of courtesy is a matter which cannot at present be ascertained. It is to be noted, in connection with the Cronstadt festivities, though the event may have no significance, that General Schweinitz, the German Ambassador at St. Petersburg, has suddenly left Berlin to return to his post.

The German Emperor is recovering from the effects of his accident, and will shortly be able to walk. On his return from Norway he will, it is said, proceed to Heligoland, so as to be present at the unveiling of the monument erected to commemorate the transfer of that island to Germany, twelve months ago. Heligoland will certainly be fortified, for the law restricting the rights of ownership of land and houses in the neighbourhood of fortresses has lately been extended to Heligoland by Imperial decree, published in the official journals.

Professors Bergmann and Hahn have sent in their reports in answer to the charge of having grafted cancerous growths on healthy parts of the bodies of patients, but the decision of the authorities will not be known for some time. German physicians, however, are of opinion that the conduct of the two eminent professors will be completely justified by the reports in question.

It was announced recently that the measures taken against the Jews in Russia had been relaxed by the Czar at the instance of the United States Government. This was immediately contradicted on official Russian authority, and there is every reason to believe that nothing has been done to make the anti-Semitic laws less stringent, and that the condition of Russian Jews has in no way been improved. They are leaving Russia daily in thousands, and emigrating to Germany, Austria, and Roumania, where they are not very welcome guests. In Germany particularly there is a feeling of latent hatred against them, which might at any moment become very unpleasant. Fortunately, however, the mission of Mr. Arnold White has had for its immediate result the organisation of the emigration of the Jews of Russia, under the supervision of special committees. Measures will now be taken to regulate the emigration, which will be carried on gradually and methodically, and those emigrants who leave their country without the sanction of the committees will have no claim upon them for protection. It is hoped that in view of the practical and thorough character of this organisation the Russian Government may show more leniency towards the Jews while the work of emigration is proceeding.

According to the last report of the British Consul at Brest, the unenviable distinction of having within its territory the unhealthiest town in Europe belongs to France. That town is Morlaix, in Brittany, where the excess of deaths over births was 220 in less than eleven months in 1890, and where, at the present rate, the population would be extinct in two centuries, were it not for the fact that a number of country people settle in the town every year.

Things in China are still very unsettled, and far from showing signs of improvement. On the contrary, according to the latest intelligence to hand, the anti-foreign feeling is on the increase, and is spreading as far as Ichang on the Yangtze-Kiang. In Foochow riots appear to be imminent; missions are reported to have been attacked at Yengping and Fuhning, and should the mob attack foreigners, the port of Foochow being unprotected, the consequences might be most serious. There is reason to believe that, in view of the serious state of things, the British and French Governments have agreed to act in concert for the protection of English and French residents in China.

The young King of Serbia arrived at Peterhof on Aug. 2, and was received at the station by the Czar and Grand Dukes. From Russia he will go to Ischl on a visit to the Emperor of Austria, and thence, it is said, to France, where he will stay for a fortnight with his father, ex-King Milan.

On Aug. 3 the Queen of the Belgians, who was on the point of leaving for Spa, was taken suddenly ill, and the symptoms of her illness were so alarming that the Dean of Laeken was summoned to the palace to administer the last sacraments to her Majesty. During the night the Queen's condition improved so much that the physicians in attendance were able to declare that she was out of danger.

THE DEATH OF MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

BY A FRIEND.

They had moved her little iron bedstead into the great salon in answer to the constant prayer for more light, addressed by the dying girl to those watching her day and night. All round, stretched on the floor, hanging from the ceiling in great folds, and covering everything in the room, had been placed the white fur rugs and soft, luminous white silk draperies with which Marie had always had the fancy of surrounding herself.



MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

There, propped up in the muslin-draped bed—a strange, unreal vision outlined against all the dazzling whiteness—Marie read, and wrote short vivid notes, up to almost the last hour of her life, anxious always to hear of all that was going on “outside,” criticising with eager interest the drawings and

studies brought to her by M. Julian from the atelier where the happiest hours of her somewhat fitful life had been spent working at her beloved art.

Against Dr. Potain's express orders, on some days Marie would insist on receiving all the visitors who came to inquire after her; but on other occasions she would declare herself unable to see anyone or even be nursed by anyone but Rosalie, the faithful maid who had been with her since she was quite a child.

Always full of quiet thoughtfulness and self-forgetfulness when the well-being of those she loved was concerned, and with an abnegation rare in so spoilt a child, Marie would not allow her brother to be sent for, but when told he was coming her joy and relief were touching to witness. Alas! he did not arrive in time for her to see him in life. But Madame Bashkirtseff would hardly believe in her daughter's serious illness, and to the end had firm faith in her ultimate recovery.

The house was fragrant with the flowers sent by friends far and near, and great bunches of white roses were about the room, within sight of the dying girl's eyes. The night Marie Bashkirtseff lay dying a great calm had fallen on the household. The three devoted servants, wearied with incessant watching and sleeplessness, had gone to get a little rest. Prince George Karageorgewitch and one or two other friends, warned by Dr. Potain that the end was approaching quickly, unwilling to leave Madame Bashkirtseff and her sister, Mlle. Romanoff, alone at such a time, made up their minds to remain at least till the next morning; but when the morning came there was no longer any need for their presence. And during the long night, as the little group waited near the door of the apartment where Marie was lying, now and again a tall straight shadow passed quickly in and out of the room. It was Mlle. Romanoff, the aunt, carrying the huge wooden logs needed to keep out the cold of the bitter winter night; for the servants were all asleep, the death-agony had commenced, and neither mother nor aunt would allow anyone to do anything for the child that they could do themselves. Towards the dawn a strange sound and voices lifted up in lamentation warned those outside that the end was indeed approaching. Softly they came forward. A strange and awful sight was framed by the open door of the salon. Outlined against the masses of white draperies and flowers surrounding Marie's camp-bed, the black silhouette of Mlle. Romanoff's tall figure could be seen leaning over the couch on which her niece was lying. Wild with grief, hardly knowing what she was doing, she gathered up in her strong arms everything there; and we could see Marie's form, already stiffening in death, swaying backwards and forwards, pressed to her aunt's bosom, enfolded in the sheets, blankets, and white silk coverlet.

Madame Bashkirtseff, seemingly unaware of what was happening, walked aimlessly about the room, sprinkling water on the hot cinders of the open fire.

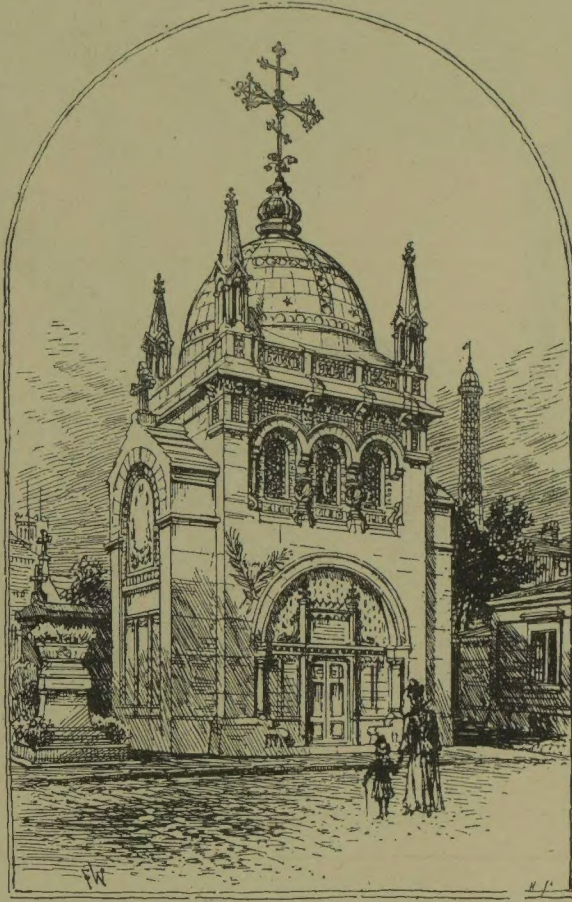
Those who formed part of the *cortège* at Marie Bashkirtseff's funeral, either at the impressive service in the Greek Church or in Passy Cemetery, will never forget the wintry day on which she was laid to rest. All her former fellow-students of the Atelier Julian were there, together with the eminent artists connected with the school which the varied talents of the young Russian girl has since made so famous. And as they walked slowly along behind the rose-laden coffin from the Rue de la Néva to Passy, up the great avenues, past the Arc de Triomphe and the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, where Marie only a few weeks ago had been driven daily, seeking, even at that time, fresh subjects of inspiration for her pencil, it seemed impossible to realise that Marie had really gone—indeed, so powerfully had her individuality impressed itself on her comrades that one of them acknowledged the next day that even in the *cortège* itself she had half expected to see the tall figure, clad in white furs, come leaping into their midst. . . . so impossible did it seem that Marie could have really disappeared into *le néant*. From her first day at the ladies' studio in the Passage des Panoramas, she had become the spoilt child of the atelier, acting according to fancy, never obeying rules unless it suited her to do so, and astonishing both students and professors by the strange unevenness of her work, making herself ill with over-application one week, becoming the gay butterfly of fashion the next, and abandoning the studio save for short, dazzling apparitions on the way to or from a reception or *matinée dansante*. Those who knew her well never resented the quick cutting speeches for which Marie was famed, knowing that underneath a sarcastic, imperious exterior beat a warm, generous heart, ever willing to atone—ay, and even to ask pardon had real pain been given; but with the many who did not, or could not, understand the half French, half Russian atmosphere in which the Bashkirtseffs had always dwelt Marie was not a favourite. “*Le génie doit se faire pardonner*” was a saying Marie Bashkirtseff was either too proud or too humble to take into account when dealing with those less gifted than herself.

Among those who stood in the Passy Cemetery waiting to receive the *cortège* was a group of remarkable men—François Coppée, the poet; Paul de Cassagnac, the Bonapartist *député*, who had been one of the first friends the mother and daughter had made in Paris; Tony Robert Fleury, her favourite master—in a word, all the *habitués* of the salon she had known how to make pleasant and delightful to those who honoured her little *réunions* with their presence.

The tomb erected by the mother and aunt to the memory of Marie Bashkirtseff has become one of the places of pilgrimage in Paris: rarely does a day pass but some stranger

seeks for admission to the still rural *cimetière*, where a splendid monument marks the spot for which he is bound. Admission inside the chapel is difficult to obtain, yet the interior is worth seeing, if only for the fine life-size portrait of Marie placed above the exact place where she lies. Fresh flowers, summer and winter, are placed there daily, and all has been done to make the spot more like a home than a tomb. Every morning during the summer months a bowed veiled figure may be seen making its way towards the monument, and the *gardiens*, as they see it pass, whisper: “*Pauvre dame! c'est la mère de Marie Bashkirtseff.*”

For a long time nothing was altered or changed in the smallest degree in the salon where Marie Bashkirtseff died: the bed was turned into a *chapelle ardente*, and tall wax candles, burning day and night, lit up white rose-bushes fragrant with blossoms; and then those who had so often been received by the young mistress of the house in happier times



TOMB OF MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

past came to watch and pray in turn in this place, filled with mingled memories to all who had had the privilege of knowing Marie Bashkirtseff.

PERSONAL.

The appointment of Mr. T. F. Roberts, M.A., Professor of Greek at Cardiff College, to the post of Principal of the University College of Wales (Aberystwyth) is an indication of the strides which higher education is making in the Principality. Principal Roberts is the son of a Merioneth police-constable. When a boy he journeyed daily from Aberdovey to Towyn for his early education, and at the age of fourteen entered the Aberystwyth College through gaining a scholarship. His success there was followed by still greater success at Oxford, where he was elected to a scholarship of £100, tenable for five years at St. John's. Here he took first-class honours in classical moderations in Trinity Term 1881, and in *litteræ humaniores* in Trinity Term 1883. In the same year he was elected Greek Professor at the newly founded University College for South Wales and Monmouthshire. There his conspicuous success has been such that his appointment as Principal of the University College of Wales was very generally expected, and he thus returns to the college which, as an obscure student, he entered some sixteen years or so ago. Among those who warmly supported his recent appointment may be mentioned the Rev. C. J. Vaughan, D.D., Dean of Llandaff and Master of the Temple, and the Marquis of Bute. This is the more worthy of note, as Principal Roberts is a prominent member of the Baptist communion, and, it is said, exercised, at the early age of fifteen, some of those preaching gifts which many of his fellow-countrymen so largely possess.

MM. Edouard and Jean de Reszke, the two great Polish artists, who left London a day or two after the close of the Italian Opera season, will not, as they usually do, spend any time this autumn on their charming estate near Warsaw, but will remain in France, probably as the guests of M. Lassalle, till they leave Europe to fulfil their engagement for the winter opera season in New York, where they will appear with Madame Albani, Miss Eames, and the sisters Ravogli, who have also been engaged.

It is sad to have to record the early death, at Berne, of Miss



THE LATE MISS JESSIE FOTHERGILL.

age, and her first story was published when she was twenty-three.

Jessie Fothergill, the author of that very charming novel “The First Violin,” which was published in 1878 by Messrs. Bentley, and had a rapid and remarkable success. “Healey,” her first novel, was a Lancashire story, as was “Probation,” a tale of the cotton famine. Miss Fothergill's charm as a writer lay in her clear and simple grasp of character, and her modest easy style. She was extremely popular in the North of England, where her work was always looked for with interest. She was only forty years

Lord Carnegie, who was married to Miss Bannerman on Aug. 1 at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, almost the last fashionable wedding of the season, is the eldest son of the sixth Earl of Southesk. The Carnegies have played a prominent part in Scottish history since the time of David II., and were devoted supporters of the Stuarts. The second earl was with Charles II. during his exile in Holland, and the fifth earl, engaging in the rebellion of 1715, was attainted by Act of Parliament, and his estates forfeited to the crown. The reversal of the Act of Attainder in 1855 gave to the father of Lord Carnegie, then Sir James Carnegie, Bart., the title of Earl of Southesk, and with the title the original precedence. Lord Carnegie, who has served in the Army, is a tall handsome man of seven-and-thirty, a crack shot, and an excellent all-round sportsman.

Mr. G. S. Lowe, who has just succeeded Mr. Blake as editor of the *Sporting Life*, is a Devonshire man, and was born at Glazebrook House, South Brent, a picturesque village of weatherbeaten houses on the verge of wild and breezy Dartmoor. As a boy he was intended for the sea, and was educated at Gosport; but illness prevented his following a maritime career, and on the completion of his education he went to reside with his family in France. Through the good offices of the Rev. “Jack” Russell, the well-known sporting parson, who was a friend of his people in Devonshire, he was appointed French correspondent to *Bell's Life*, and many excellent articles of his on the kennel, the stud, and the race-course appeared in that paper above his *nom-de-guerre* of “Anglo-Saxon.” The Franco-German War in 1870 induced Mr. Lowe to return to this country, and he was then appointed country correspondent to *Bell's Life*, which position he held till that paper ceased to be published in 1886. For some years he has acted as “Special Commissioner” to the paper to the editorial chair of which he has now succeeded.

On Aug. 2 the Principality of Wales lost, by the death of the Rev. Owen Thomas, D.D., one of its foremost pulpits orators. In no part of Great Britain does sectarian feeling run so high as in Wales, yet all denominations unite in regarding Dr. Thomas as a prince among preachers. Born in Holyhead, Dec. 16, 1812, the son of a stone-mason, he removed in early life to Bangor, where he became widely known as an open-air preacher. For sixty years he has taken a leading part in the great Welsh Cymnafas, or open-air preaching services, which are often attended in the summer months by thousands, and it is to him that Lewis Morris refers in his poem “The Preaching Field” in “Songs Unsung.” He entered Bala College shortly after it was founded by the late Dr. Lewis Edwards, and subsequently studied at Edinburgh University, where he came under the influence of Sir William Hamilton. In 1844 he was ordained to the full work of the ministry among the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, but in the previous year he had preached at the Bala Association, the greatest preaching gathering then held in Wales. His first pastorates were at Pwllheli and Newtown, but in 1851 he moved to London as minister of Old Jewin Chapel, and his influence for fourteen years among Welshmen in the Metropolis was very great. The late Thomas Jones, of whose congregation Robert Browning was a member, declared in his own peculiar way: “There are but two preachers in London—Thomas Binney and Owen Thomas.” In 1865 he removed to Liverpool, where he has successfully ministered to his fellow-countrymen in what is locally known as “The Welsh Cathedral.” Dr. Thomas constantly contributed to the Welsh press articles on theological, philosophical, critical, and historical subjects. Among his published works may be mentioned a Welsh edition of Kitto's New Testament, in two large volumes, and his biographies of Dr. Henry Rees and John Jones of Talysarn. His communion twice conferred on him its highest honour—Moderator of its General Assembly. His brother, the Rev. John Thomas, D.D., of Liverpool, has filled the chair of the Congregational Union of England and Wales.

Lord Westmorland, who died recently, was a soldier, and a brave one in his day; but the chief memories of his life attach to his membership of the Jockey Club and his long and, on the whole, not very successful career as an owner of race-horses. It began about thirty years ago, and during that time Lord Westmorland won the City and Suburban, the Lincolnshire Handicap, and the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood. The best horse that ever came from his stables was Marigold, the dam of Doncaster, who, in his turn, became the sire of Bend Or and grandsire of Ormonde. Lord Westmorland was unlucky in just failing to win the Cambridge-shire Stakes, for which he had backed his own horse, which ran second, very heavily. Eventually the strain on his resources grew too great, and after managing Lord Hartington's stable for a time, he retired from the Turf altogether. His health of late years was precarious.

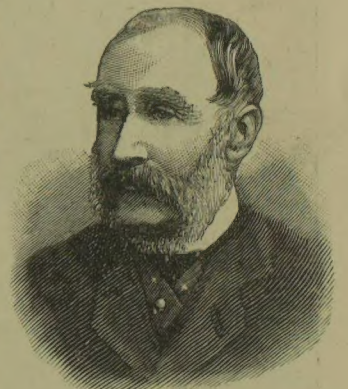
The sick statesmen on the Liberal side—Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley—have returned from the Suffolk and Norfolk coast, where they have been recruiting, and are at work again, while Ministers are preparing for their vacation. Lord Salisbury goes to Carlsbad and afterwards to his Dieppe villa. Mr. Goschen will recruit at Braemar, Mr. Balfour in Switzerland and then in East Lothian, while Mr. Smith, who is steadily but slowly recovering from his long illness, will take a cruise in his yacht the Pandora, with, says the *World*, the intention of taking a course of Bath waters late in the autumn. Mr. Labouchere is following a cure at Marienbad. In the autumn Mr. Gladstone will make a second visit to Florence, again as the guest of Sir James Lacaita.

Under the title “Have we forgotten Gordon?” the Poet Laureate contributes the following letter to the *Daily Telegraph*—

“Sir,—The only time I ever met Gordon he spoke to me with great fervour of that project of his, ‘The Boys' Home,’ and added, ‘You are the man to bring it about.’ I wish I were! I grieve to hear that the Gordon Home at Woking is in want of £40,000. He perished at Khartoum, leaving an everlasting memory. In so wealthy a country as England, shall we suffer the cause in which his whole heart was interested to perish also for lack of funds? Can you help us? Will you speak for us?”

“Contributions may be sent to the treasurer, General Sir Dighton Probyn, V.C., Marlborough House, Pall Mall.

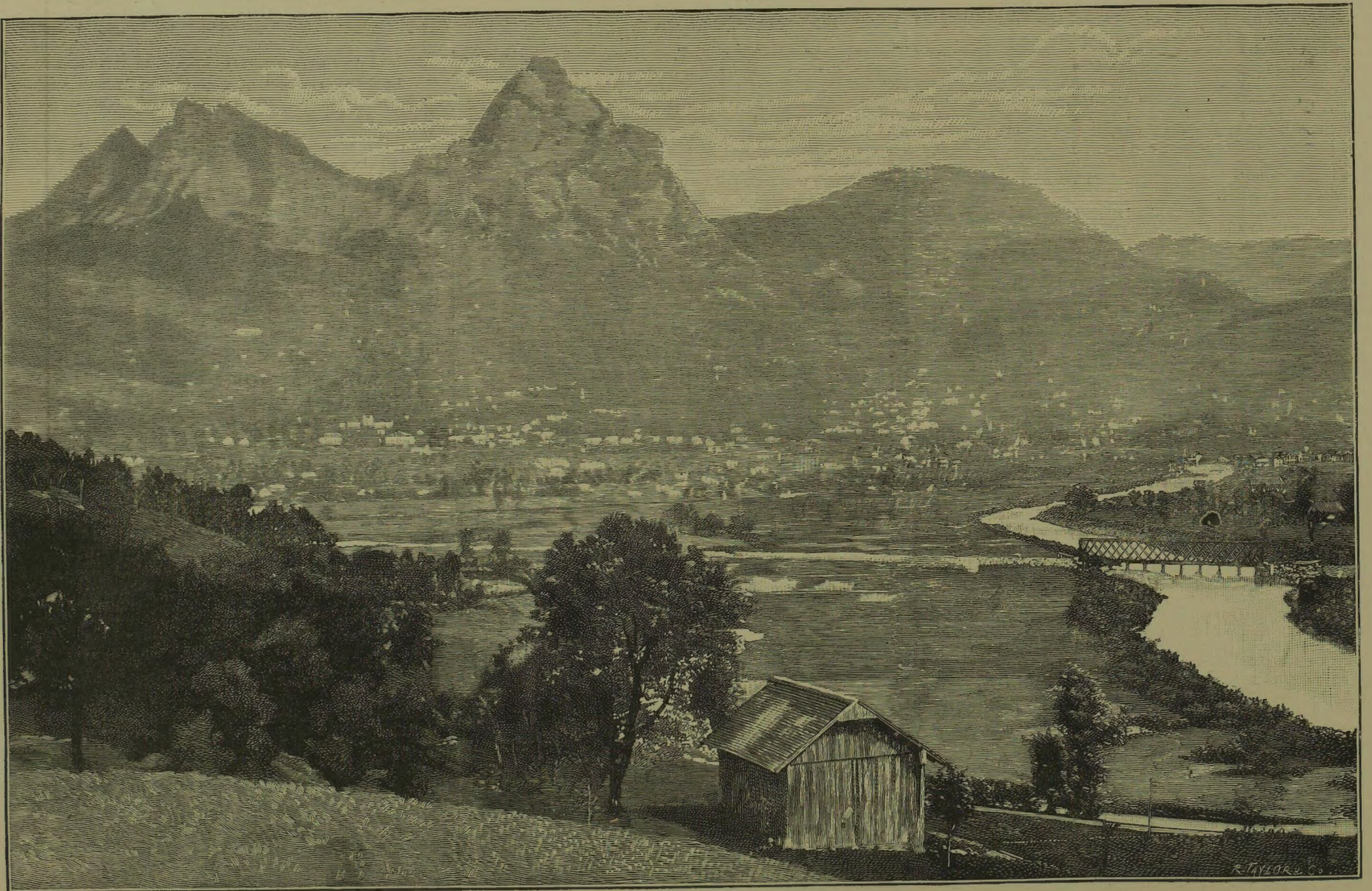
“I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
“Aldworth, Haslemere, Surrey, Aug. 3.”



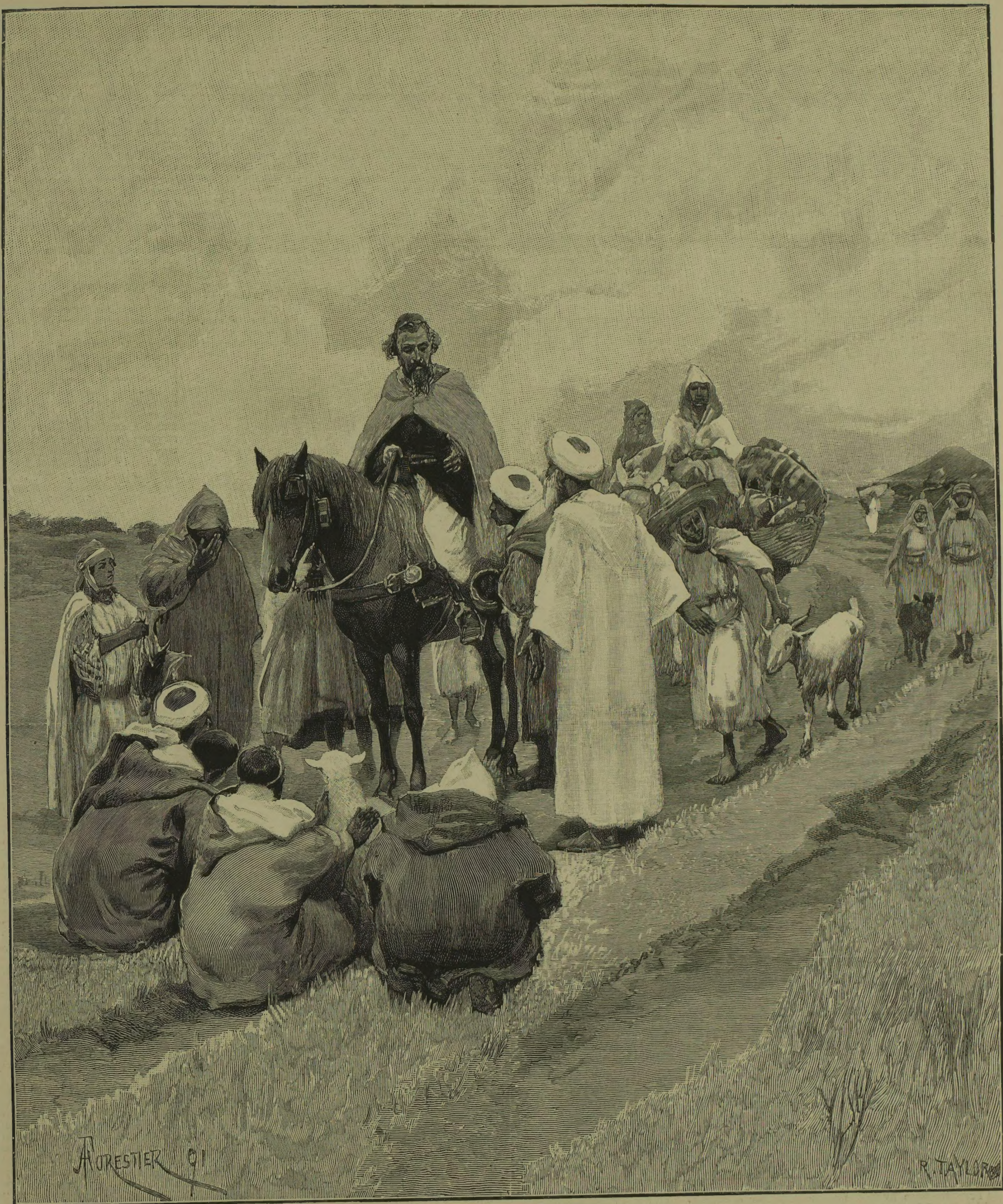
THE LATE LORD WESTMORLAND.



THE GERMAN EMPRESS AND HER CHILDREN AT FELIXSTOWE: 10 A.M. ON THE BEACH.



THE VALLEY AND TOWN OF SCHWYTZ, THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE SWISS CONFEDERATION, 1291.



The people offered him presents out of their meagre substance. . . . Israel was touched by their terror, but he betrayed no feeling.

THE SCAPEGOAT: A ROMANCE.

BY HALL CAINE,

AUTHOR OF "THE BONDMAN" AND "THE DEEMSTER."

CHAPTER IX.

OF ISRAEL'S JOURNEY.

Now, Mohammed of Mequinez, the man whom Israel went out to seek, was a Kadi and the son of a Kadi. While he was still a child his father died, and he was brought up by two uncles, his father's brothers, both men of yet higher place, the one being Naib el Sultan, or Foreign Minister, at Tangier, and the other Grand Vizier to the Sultan at Morocco. Thus in a land where there is one noble only, the Sultan himself, where ascent and descent are as free as in a Republic, though the ways of both are mired with crime and corruption, Mohammed was come as from the highest nobility. Nevertheless, he renounced his rank and the hope of wealth that went along with it at the call of duty and the cry of misery.

He parted from his uncles, abandoned his judgeship, and

went out into the plains. The poor and outcast and down-trodden among the people, the shamed, the disgraced, and the neglected left the towns and followed him. He established a sect. They were to be despisers of riches and lovers of poverty. No man among them was to have more than another. They were never to buy or sell among themselves, but every one was to give what he had to him that wanted it. They were to avoid swearing, yet whatever they said was to be firmer than an oath. They were to be ministers of peace, and if any man did them violence they were never to resist him. Nevertheless, they were not to lack for courage, but to laugh to scorn the enemies that tormented them, and smile in their pains and shed no tear. And as for death, if it was for their glory they were to esteem it more than life, because their bodies only were corruptible, but their souls were immortal, and would mount upwards when released from the bondage of the flesh. Not dissenters from the Koran, but stricter conformers to it; not Nazarenes and not Jews, yet followers of Jesus in their customs and of Moses in their doctrines.

And Moors and Berbers, Arabs and Negroes, Moslemeen and Jews heard the cry of Mohammed of Mequinez, and he received them all. From the streets, from the market-places, from the

doors of the prisons, from the service of hard masters, and from the ragged army itself, they arose in hundreds and trooped after him. They needed no badge but the badge of poverty, and no voice of pleading but the voice of misery. Most of them brought nothing with them in their hands, and some brought little on their backs save the stripes of their tormentors. A few had flocks and herds, which they drove before them; a few had tents, which they shared with their fellows; and a few had guns, with which they shot the wild boar for their food and the hyena for their safety. Thus, possessing little and desiring nothing, having neither houses nor lands, and only considering themselves secure from their rulers in having no money, this company of battered human wrecks, life-broken and crime-logged and stranded, passed with their leader from place to place of the waste country about Mequinez. And he, being as poor as they were, though he might have been so rich, cheered them always, even when they murmured against him, as Absalom had cheered his little fellowship at Tetuan: "God will feed us as He feeds the birds of the air, and clothe our little ones as He clothes the fields."

Such was the man whom Israel went out to seek, but he knew his people too well to make known his errand. His

besetting difficulties were enough already. The year was young, but the days were hot, a palpitating haze floated always in the air, and the grass and the broom had the dusty and tired look of autumn. It was also the month of the fast of Ramadhan, and Israel's men were Moslems. So, to save himself the double vexation of oppressive days and the constant bickerings of his famished people, Israel found it necessary at length to travel in the night. In this way his journey was the shorter for the absence of some obstacles, but his time was long.

And just as he had hidden his errand from the men of his own caravan, so he concealed it from the people of the country that he passed through, and many and various, and sometimes ludicrous and sometimes very pitiful, were the conjectures they made concerning it. While he was passing through his own province of Tetuan, nothing did the poor people think but that he had come to make a new assessment of their lands and holdings, their cattle and belongings, that he might tax them afresh and more fully. So, to buy his mercy in advance, many of them came out of their houses as he drew near, and knelt on the ground before his horse, and kissed the skirts of his kaftan, and even his foot in his stirrup, and called him *Sidi* (my lord), a title never before given to a Jew, and offered him presents out of their meagre substance.

"A gift for my lord," they would say, "of the little that God has given us, praise His merciful name for ever!"

Then they would push forward a sheep or a goat or a string of hens tied by the legs so as to hang across his saddle-bow, or, perhaps, at the two trembling hands of an old woman living alone on a hungry scratch of land in a desolate place, a bowl of buttermilk.

Israel was touched by the people's terror, but he betrayed no feeling.

"Keep them," he would answer; "keep them until I come again," intending to tell them, when that time came, to keep their poor gifts altogether.

And when he had passed out of the province of Tetuan into the bashalic of Alcazar, the bare-headed country people of the valley of the Kouss hastened before him to the Kaid of that grey town of bricks and storks and palm-trees and evil odours, and the Kaid, with another notion of his errand, came to the tumble-down gate to meet him on his approach in the early morning.

"Peace be with you!" said the Kaid. "So my lord is going again to the Shereef at Wazan; may the mercy of the Merciful protect him!"

Israel answered neither yea nor nay, but threaded the maze of crooked lanes to the lodging which had been provided for him near the market-place, and the same night he left the town (laden with the presents of the Kaid) through a line of furnished and half-naked beggars who looked on with feverish eyes.

Next day, at dawn, he came to the heights of Wazan (the holy city of Morocco) by the olives and junipers and evergreen oaks that grow at the foot of the lofty, double-peaked Hu-Hellol, and there the young Grand Shereef himself, at the gate of his odorous orange gardens, stood waiting to receive him with yet another conjecture as to the intention of his journey.

"Welcome! welcome!" said the Shereef; "all you see is yours until Allah shall decree that you leave me too soon on your happy mission to our lord the Sultan at Fez—may God prolong his life and bless him!"

"God make you happy!" said Israel; but he offered no answer to the question that was implied.

"It is twenty and odd years, my lord," the Shereef continued, "since my father sent for you out of Tetuan, and many are the ups and downs that time has wrought since then, under Allah's will; but none in the past have been so grateful as the elevation of Sidi Israel ben Olliel, and none in the future can be so joyful as the favours which the Sultan (God keep our lord Abderrahman!) has still in store for him."

"God will show," said Israel.

No Jew had ever yet ridden in this Moroccan Mecca; but the Shereef alighted from his horse and offered it to Israel, and took Israel's horse instead, and together they rode through the market-place, and past the Grand Mosque that is a ruin inhabited by hawks, and the other mosque of the Aissawa, and the three squalid fondaks wherein the Jews live like cattle. A swarm of Arabs followed at their heels in tattered and greasy rags, a group of Jews went by them barefoot, and a knot of bedraggled renegades leaning against the walls of the prison doffed the caps from their dishevelled heads and bowed.

That day, while the poor people of the town fasted, according to the ordinance of the Ramadhan, Israel's little company of Moslemeen—guests in the house of the descendants of the Prophet—were, by special Shereefian dispensation, permitted to eat and drink at their pleasure. And before sunset, but at the verge of it, Israel and his men started on their journey afresh, going out of the town, with the Shereef's black bodyguard riding before them for guide and badge of honour, through the dense and noisome market-place, where (like a clock that is warning to strike) a multitude of hungry and thirsty people with fierce and dirty faces, under a heavy wave of palpitating heat, and amid clouds of hot red dust, were waiting for the sound of the trumpet that should proclaim the end of that day's fast. Water-carriers at the fountains stood ready to fill their empty goat-skins, women and children sat on the ground with dishes of greasy kuskusso on their knees and balls of its rice rolled in their fingers, men lay about holding pipes charged with keef, and flint and tinder to light them, and the muezzin himself in the minaret, with horn in hand, stood looking abroad (unless he were blind) to where the red sun was lazily sinking under the plain.

Israel's soul sickened within him, for well he knew that, lavish as were the honours that were shown him, they were offered by the rich out of their selfishness and by the poor out of their fear. While they thought the Sultan had sent for him they kissed his foot who desired no homage, and loaded him with presents who needed no gifts. But one word out of his mouth, only one little word, one other name, and what then of this lip-service, and what of this mock honour!

Next day before dawn Israel and his company came under the snake-like ramparts of Mequinez, the city of walls, and, toiling in the darkness over the barren plain and the belt of carrion that lies in front of the town, through the heat and fumes of the fetid place, and amid the furious barks of the scavenger dogs which prowl in the night around it, they came in the grey of morning to the city gate. The gate was closed, and the night police that kept it were snoring in their rags, under the arch of the wall within.

"Selam! Embarak! Abdul Kader! Abdul Kreim!" shouted the Shereef's black guard to the sleepy gate-keepers. They had come thus far in Israel's honour, and would not return to Wazan until they had seen him housed within.

From the other side of the gate, through the mist and the gloom, came yawns and broken snores and then snarls and curses. "Burn your father! Pretty hubbub in the middle of the night!"

"Selam!" shouted one of the black guard. "You dog of dogs! Your father was bewitched by a hyena! I'll teach you to curse your betters. Quick! get up, or I'll shave your beard! Open! or I'll ride the donkey on your head! There!—and there!—and there again!" and at every word the butt of his long gun rang on the old oaken gate.

"Hamed el Wazan!" muttered several voices within.

"Yes," shouted the Shereef's man. "And my Lord Israel of Tetuan on his way to the Sultan. Do you hear, you dogs! Sidi Israel el Tetuan sitting here in the dark, while you are sleeping and snoring in your dirt."

There was a whispered conference on the inside, then a rattle of keys, and then the gate groaned back on its hinges. At the next moment two of the four gatemen were on their knees at the feet of Israel's horse, asking forgiveness by grace of Allah and his Prophet. In the meantime, the other two had sped away to the Kasba, and before Israel had ridden far into

near the tent-village called Douar, and the palm-tree by the bridge, there passed them in the fierce sunshine two men in the peaked tarboosh of the soldier, riding at a furious gallop from the direction of Fez, and shouting to all they came upon to fly from the path they had to pass over. They were messengers of the Sultan, carrying letters to the Kaid of Mequinez, commanding him to present himself at the palace without delay, that he might give good account of his stewardship, or else deliver up his substance and be cast into prison for the defalcations with which rumour had charged him.

Such was the errand of the soldiers, according to the country people, who toiled along after them on their way home from the markets at Fez; and great was the glee of Israel's men on hearing it, for they remembered with bitterness how basely the Kaid had treated them at last in his false loyalty and hypocrisy. But Israel himself was too nearly touched by a sense of Fate's coquetry to rejoice at this new freak of its whim, though the victim of it had so lately turned him from his door. Miserable was the man who laid up his treasure in money-bags and built his happiness on the favour of princes! When the one was taken from him and the other failed him, where then was the hope of that man's salvation, whether in this world or the next? The dungeon, the chain, the lash, the wooden jellab—what else was left to him? Only the wail of the poor whom he has made poorer, the curse of the orphan whom he has made fatherless, and the execration of the down-trodden whom he has oppressed. These followed him into his prison, and mingled their cries with the clank of his irons, for they were voices which had never yet deserted the man that made them, but clamoured loud at the last, when his end had come, above the death-rattle in his throat. One dim hour waited for all men always, whether in the prison or in the palace—one lonely hour wherein none could bear him company—and what was wealth and treasure to man's soul beyond

it? Was it power on earth? Was it glory? Was it riches? Oh! glory of the earth—what could it be but a will-o'-the-wisp pursued in the darkness of the night! Oh! riches of gold and silver—what had they ever been but marsh-fire gathered in the dusk! The empire of the world was evil, and evil was the service of the prince of it!

Then Israel thought of Naomi, his sweet treasure so far away. Though all else fell from him like dry sand from grasping fingers, yet if by God's good mercy the lot of the sin-offering could be lifted away from his child he would be content and happy. Naomi! His love! His darling! His sweet flower afflicted for his transgression. Oh! let him lose anything, everything, all that the world and all that the devil had given him; but let the curse be lifted from his helpless child! For what was gold without gladness, and what was plenty without peace!

Israel lit upon Mohammed of Mequinez at last in the country of the verbena and the musk that lies outside the walls of Fez. The prophet was a young man of unusual stature but no great strength of body, with a head that drooped like a flower and the wild eyes of an enthusiast. His people were a vast concourse that covered the plain a furlong square, and included multitudes of women and children. Israel had come upon them at a bad moment. The people were murmuring against their leader. Six months ago they had abandoned their houses and followed him. They had passed from Mequinez to Rabat, from Rabat to Mazaghan, from Mazaghan to Mogodor, from Mogodor to Morocco City, and finally from Morocco City through the treacherous Beni Maden to Fez. At every step their numbers had increased but their substance had diminished, for only the destitute had joined them. Nevertheless, while they had their flocks and herds they had borne their privations patiently—the weary journeys, the exposure, the long rains of the spring and the scorching heat of summer. But the soldiers of the Kaid whose provinces they had passed through had stripped them of both in the name of tribute. The last raid on their poverty had been

made that very day by the Kaid of Fez, and now they were without goats or sheep or oxen, or yet the guns with which they had killed the wild bear, and their children were crying to them for bread.

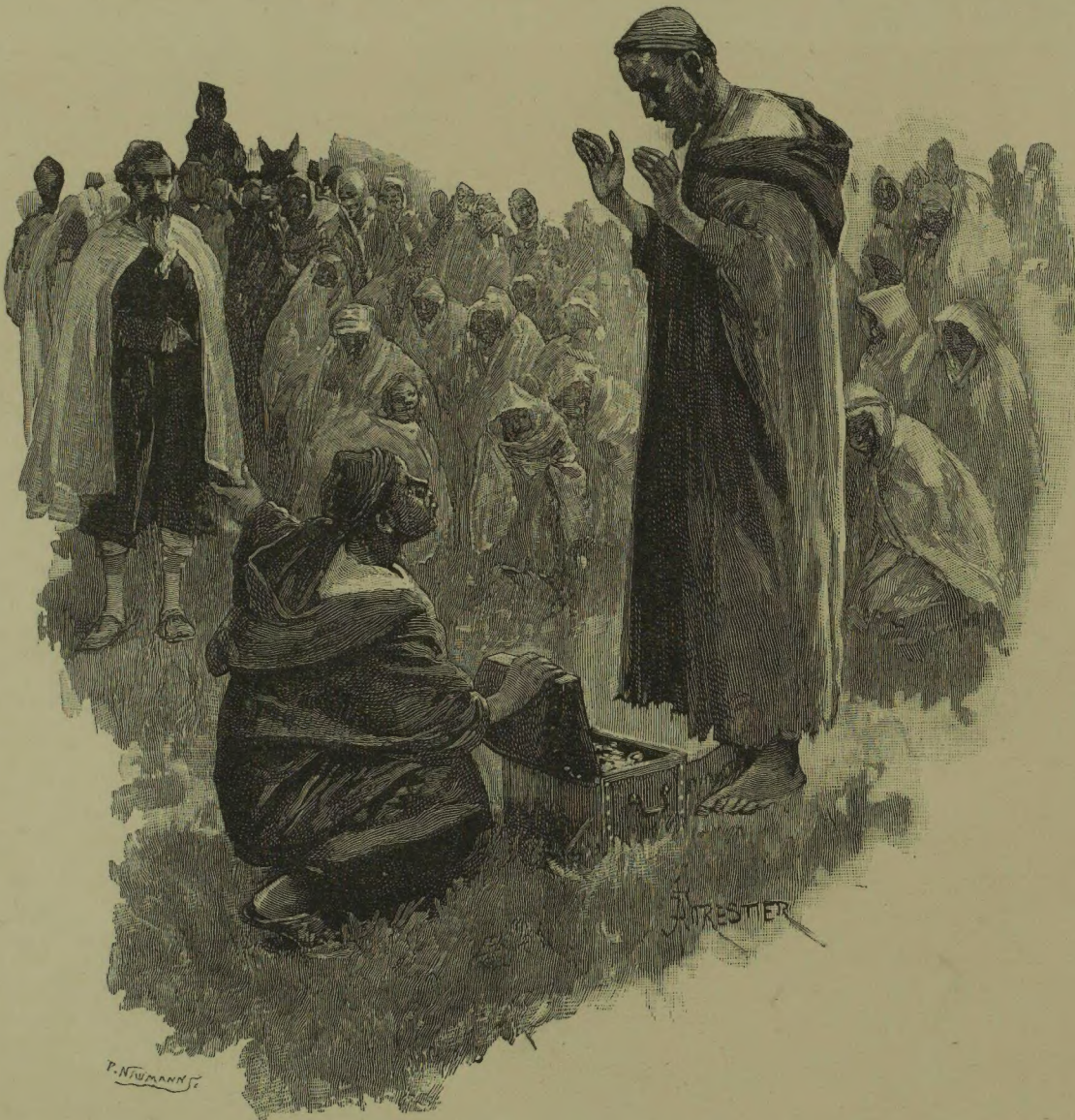
So the people's faces grew black, and they looked into each other's eyes in their impotent rage. Why had they been brought out of the cities to starve? Better to stay there and suffer than come out and perish! What of the vain promises that had been made to them that God would feed them as He fed the birds! God was witness to all their calamities, He was seeing them robbed day by day, He was seeing them famished hour by hour, He was seeing them die. They had been fooled! A vain man had thought to plough his way to power. Through their bodies he was now ploughing it. "The hunger is on us!" "Our children are perishing!" "Find us food! Food! Food!"

With such shouts, mingled with deep oaths, the hungry multitude in their madness had encompassed Mohammed of Mequinez as Israel and his company came up with them. And Israel heard their cries, and also the voice of their leader when he answered them.

And first the young prophet rose up among his people, with flashing eyes and quivering nostrils. "Do you think I am Moses," he cried, "that I should smite the rock and work you a miracle! If you are starving, am I full? If you are naked, am I clothed?"

But in another instant the fire of anger was gone from his face, and he was saying in a very moving voice, "My good people, who have followed me through all these miseries, I know that your burdens are heavier than you can bear, and that your lives are scarce to be endured, and that death itself would be a relief. Nevertheless, who shall say but that Allah sees a way to avert these trials of His poor servants, and that, unknown to us all, He is even at this moment bringing His mercy to pass! Patience, I beg of you; patience, my poor people—patience and trust!"

At that the murmurs of discontent were hushed, and broken sobs were audible in the silence. Then Israel remembered the presents with which the Kaid of Alcazar and the Shereef of Wazan had burdened him. They were jewels and



The muleteer laid the box of gold and silver open at the feet of the young Mohammed.

the town the Kaid met him—afoot, slipperless, wearing nothing but soolham and tarboosh, out of breath, yet with a mouth full of excuses.

"I heard you were coming," he panted—"sent for by the Sultan—Allah preserve him!—but had I known you were to be here so soon—I—that is!"

"Peace be with you!" interrupted Israel.

"The Sultan—praise the merciful Allah!" the Kaid continued, bowing low over Israel's stirrup—"he reached Fez from Morocco City last sunset; you will be in time for him."

"God will show," said Israel, and he pushed forward.

"Ah, true—yes—certainly—my lord is tired," puffed the Kaid, bowing again most profoundly. "Well, your lodging is ready—the best in Mequinez—and your mona is cooking—all the dainties of Morocco—and when our merciful Abderrahman has made you his Grand Vizier!"

Thus the man chattered like a jay, bowing low at nigh every word, until they came to the house wherein Israel and his people were to rest until sunset; and always the burden of his words was the same—the Sultan, the Sultan, the Sultan, and Abderrahman, Abderrahman!

Israel could bear no more. "Basha," he said, "it is a mistake; the Sultan has not sent for me, and neither am I going to see him."

"Not going to him?" the Kaid echoed vacantly.

"No, but to another," said Israel, "and you of all men can best tell me where that other is to be found. A great man, newly risen—yet a poor man—Mohammed of Mequinez."

Then there was a long silence.

Israel did not rest in Mequinez until sunset of that day. Soon after sunrise he went out at the gate at which he had so lately entered, and no man showed him honour. The black guard of the Shereef of Wazan had gone off before him, chuckling and grinning in their disgust, and behind him his own little company of soldiers, guides, muleteers, and tent-men, who, like himself, had neither slept nor eaten, were dragging along in dudgeon. The Kaid had turned them out of the town.

Later in the day, while Israel and his people lay sheltering within their tents on the plain of Essais, by the river Ennedja,

ornaments such as are sometimes worn by vain men in that country—finger-rings and ear-rings, chains for the neck, and Solomon's seal to hang on the breast as safeguard against the evil eye—as well as much gold filagree of the kind that men give to their women. Israel had packed them in a box and laid them in the pannier of a mule and then given no further thought to them; but, calling now to the muleteer who had charge of them, he said, "Take them quickly to the good man yonder, and say, 'A present to the man of God and to his people in their trouble.'"

And when the muleteer had done this, and laid the box of gold and silver open at the feet of the young Mohammed, saying what Israel had bidden him, it was the same to the young man and his followers as if the sky had opened and rained manna on their heads. "It is an answer to your prayer," he cried; "an angel from heaven has sent it." Then his people, as soon as they realised what good thing had happened to them, took up his shout of joy, and shouted out of their own parched throats, "Prophet of Allah, we will follow you to the world's end!" And then, down on their knees they fell around him, the vast concourse of men and women, all grinning like apes in their hunger and glee together, and sobbing and laughing like children in a breath, and sent up a great broken cry of thanks to God that He had sent them succour, that they might not die. At last, when they had risen to their feet again, every man looked into the eyes of his fellow, and said, as if ashamed, "I could have borne it myself, but when the children called to me for bread, I was a fool."

CHAPTER X.

OF THE WATCHWORD OF THE PROPHET.

The next day thereafter Israel set his face homeward, with this old word of the new prophet for his guide and motto: "Exact

child. And thus, if his heart was glad as he turned towards home, it was proud also, and if it was grateful it was also vain; but vanity and pride were both smitten out of it in an hour, before he went through the gates of Fez (wherein he had slept the night preceding), by three sights which, though stern and pitiful, were of no uncommon occurrence in that town and province.

First, it chanced that as he was passing from the south-east of the new town of Fez to the gate that is at the north-west corner, going by the high walls of the Sultan's harem, where there is room for a thousand women, and near to the Karubin mosque, that is the greatest in Morocco and rests on eight hundred pillars, he came upon two slave-holders selling twelve or fourteen slaves. The slaves were all girls, and all black, and of varying ages, ranging from ten years to about thirty. They had lately arrived in caravans from the Soudan, by way of Talfelalt and Gouraral, and some of them looked worn from the desert passage. Others were fresh and cheerful, and such as had claims to negro beauty were adorned, after their doubtful fashion, or the fancy of their masters, with love-charms of silver, worn about their necks, with their fingers pricked out with hennah, and their eyelids darkened with kohl. Thus they were drawn up in a line for public auction; but before the sale of them could begin among the buyers that had gathered about them in the street, the overseers of the Sultan's harem had to come and make a selection for their master. This the eunuchs presently did, and when two of them called Arifas—gaunt and hairless men, with the faces of evil old women and the hoarse voices of ravens—had picked out three fat black maidens, the business of the auction began by the sale of a negro girl of seventeen, who was brought out from the rest and passed around.

Israel's blood tingled to see how the bidders handled the girl, and to hear what shameless questions they asked of her,

woodseller, and he had the weary, averted, and downcast look of a race that is despised and kept under. His donkey was a bony creature, with raw places on its flank and shoulders where its hide had been worn by the friction of its burdens. He drove it slowly, crying "Arrah!" to it in the tongue of its own country, and not beating it cruelly. At the bottom of the arcade there was an open place where a narrow river or foul ditch was crossed by a rickety bridge. Coming to this, the man hesitated a moment, as if doubtful whether to drive his donkey over it or to make the beast trudge through the water. Concluding to cross the bridge, he cried "Arrah!" again, and drove the donkey forward with one blow of his stick, but when the donkey was in the middle of it the rotten thing gave way, and the beast and its burden fell into the ditch. The donkey's legs were broken, and when a throng of Arabs, who gathered at the Spaniard's cry, had cut away its panniers and dragged it out of the water on to the paving-stones of the street, the film covered its eyes, and in a moment it was dead.

At that the man knelt down beside it, and patted it on its neck and called on it by its name, as if unwilling to believe that it was gone. And while the Arabs laughed at him for doing so—for none seemed to pity him—a slatternly girl of sixteen or seventeen came running down the arcade and pushing her way through the crowd until she stood where the dead ass lay with the man kneeling beside it. Then she fell on the man with bitter reproaches. "Allah blot out your name, you thief!" she cried. "You've killed the creature, and may you starve and die yourself, you dog of a Nazarene!"

This was more than Israel could listen to, and he commanded the girl to hold her peace. "Silence, you young wanton!" he cried, in a voice of indignation. "Who are you that you dare trample on the man in his trouble?"

It turned out that the girl was the man's daughter, and he was a renegade from Ceuta. And when she had gone off,



Parting the people, he pushed his way to the girl's side, and opened his arms to her, and she fell into them with a cry of joy and pain together.

no more than is just; do violence to no man; accuse none falsely; part with your riches and give to the poor." That was all the answer he got out of his journey, and if any man had come to him in Tetuan with no newer story, it must have been an idle and a foolish errand; but after Alcazar, after Wazan, after Mequinez, and now after Fez, it seemed to be the sum of all wisdom. "I'll do it," he said; "at all risks and all costs I'll do it." And, as a prelude to that change in his way of life which he meant to bring to pass, he sent forward his men and mules ahead of him, emptied his pockets of all that he should not need on his journey, and prepared to return to his own country on foot and alone. The men had first gaped in amazement, and then laughed in derision; and finally they had gone their ways by themselves, telling all who encountered them that the Sultan at Fez had stripped their master of everything, and that he was coming behind them penniless.

But, knowing nothing of this graceless service, Israel began his homeward journey with a happy heart. He had less than thirty dollars in his waistband of the more than three hundred with which he had set out from Tetuan; he was a hundred and fifty miles from that town, or five long days' travel; the sun was still hot, and he must walk in the day-time. Surely the Lord would see it that never before had any man done so much to wipe out God's displeasure as he was now doing and yet would do. He had said nothing of Naomi to Mohammed of Mequinez, even when he told him of his vision; but all his hopes had centred in the child. The lot of the sin-offering must be gone from her now, and in the resurrection he would meet her without shame. If he had brought fruits meet to repentance, then must her debt also be wiped away. Surely never before had any child been so smitten of God, and never had any father of an afflicted child bought God's mercy at so dear a price! Such were the thoughts that Israel cherished secretly, though he dared not to utter them lest he should seem to be bribing God out of his love of the

and with a long sigh he was turning away from the crowd, when another man came up to it. The man was black and old and hard-featured, and visibly poor in his torn white sool-ham. But when he had looked over the heads of those in front of him, he made a great shout of anguish, and, parting the people, pushed his way to the girl's side, and opened his arms to her, and she fell into them with a cry of joy and pain together.

It turned out that he was a liberated slave, who, ten years before, had been brought from the Soos through the country of Sidi Hechan el Howara, having been torn away from his wife, who was since dead, and from his only child, who thus strangely rejoined him. This story he told, in broken Arabic, to those that stood around, and, hard as were the faces of the bidders, and brutal as was their trade, there was not one among them all but was melted at his story.

Seeing this, Israel cried from the back of the crowd, "I will give twenty dollars to buy him the girl's liberty," and straightway another and another offered like sums for the same purpose until the amount of the last bid had been reached, and the slave-master took it, and the girl was free. Then the poor negro, still holding his daughter by the hand, came to Israel, with the tears dripping down his black cheeks, and said in his broken way: "The blessing of Allah upon you, white brother, and if you have a child of your own may you never lose her, but may Allah favour her and let you keep her with you always!"

That blessing of the old black man was more than Israel could bear, and, facing about before hearing the last of it, he turned down one of the dark arcades that descend into the old town as into a vault, and there he came upon the second of the three sights that were to smite out of his heart his pride towards God. A man in a blue tunic girded with a red sash, and with a red cotton handkerchief tied about his head, was driving a donkey laden with trunks of light trees cut into short lengths to lie over its panniers. He was clearly a Spanish

cursing Israel and his father and his grandfather, the poor fellow lifted his eyes to Israel's face, and said, "You are very kind, my father. God bless you! I may not be a good man, Sir, and I've not lived a right life, but it's hard when your own children are taught to despise you. Better to lose them in their cradles, before they can speak to you to curse you."

Israel's hair seemed to rise from his scalp at that word, and he turned about and hurried away. Oh, no, no, no! He was not, of all men, the most sorely tried. Worse to be a slave, torn from the arms he loves! Worse to be a father whose children join with his enemies to curse him! He had been wrong. What was wealth that it was so noble a sacrifice to part with it? Money was to give and to take, to buy and to sell, and that was all. But love was for no market, and he who lost it lost everything. And love was his, and would be his always, for he loved Naomi, and she clung to him as the hyssop clings to the wall. Let him walk humbly before God, for God was great.

Now, these sights, though they reduced Israel's pride, increased his cheerfulness, and he was going out at the gate with a humbler yet lighter spirit, when he came upon a saint's house under the shadow of the town walls. It was a small whitewashed enclosure, surmounted by a white flag; and, as Israel passed it, the figure of a man came out to the entrance. He was a poor, miserable creature—ragged, dirty, and with dishevelled hair—and, seeing Israel's eyes upon him, he began to talk in some wild way and unknown tongue that was only a fierce jabber of sounds that had no words in them, and of words that had no meaning. The poor soul was mad, and because he was distraught he was counted a holy man among his people, and put to live in this place, which was the tomb of a dead saint: though not more dead to the ways of life was he who lay under the floor than he who lived above it. The man continued his wild jabber as long as Israel's eyes were on him, and Israel dropped two crowns into his hand and passed on.

Oh, no, no, no; Naomi was not the most afflicted of all God's creatures. And yet, and yet, and yet, her bodily infirmities were but the type and sign of how her soul was smitten.

On the hill outside the town Mohammed of Mequinez, with a great company of his people, was waiting for him to bid him godspeed on his journey. And then, while they walked some paces together before parting, and the prophet talked of the poor followers of Absalam lying in the prison at Shawan (for he had heard of them from Israel), Israel himself mentioned Naomi.

"My father," he said, "there is something that I have not told you."

"Tell it now, my son," said the prophet.

"I have a little daughter at home, and she is very sweet and beautiful. You would never think how like sunshine she is to me in my lonely house, for her mother is gone, and but for her I should be alone, and so she is very near and dear to me. But she is in the land of silence and in the land of night. Nothing can she see, and nothing hear, and never has her voice opened the curtains of the air, for she is blind and dumb and deaf."

"Merciful Allah!" cried the prophet.

"Ah! is her state so terrible? I thought you would think it so. Yes, for all she is so beautiful, she is only as a creature of the fields that knows not God."

"Allah preserve her!" cried the prophet.

"And she is smitten for my sin, for the Lord revealed it to me in the vision, and my soul trembles for her soul. But if God has washed me with water, should not she also be clean?"

"God knows," said the prophet. "He gives no rewards for repentance."

"Then how shall I know that my repentance is meet, except the lot be lifted from my child?"

"God will show," said the prophet.

"But listen!" said Israel. "In a vision of death her mother saw her and she was afflicted no more. No, for she could see, and hear, and speak. Man of God, will it come to pass?"

"God is good," said the prophet. "He needs that no man should teach Him pity."

"But I love her," cried Israel, "and I vowed to her mother to guard her. She is joy of my joy and life of my life. Without her the morning has no freshness and the night no rest. Surely the Lord sees this, and will have mercy?"

The prophet held back his tears, and answered, "The Lord sees all."

And Israel asked again, "Is there hope for my child?"

And the prophet answered, "Peace, peace! Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? Let not your love of the child eat up your faith in God. Go your ways in trust. Farewell!"

"Farewell!"

(To be continued.)

SUTHERLAND FALLS, NEW ZEALAND.

The Sutherland Falls lie at the head of the Arthur Valley, into which the traveller descends from the McKinnon Pass, or up which he makes his way if he chooses to reach Milford Sound by steamer. If the water of the falls descended in continuous stream the falls would undoubtedly be the highest in the world. From a height of 1904 ft. the snow-white mass of water issues from the glacier and drops a distance of 815 ft. This rushing volume is then caught in an enormous cauldron, and, as if from a huge fire-hose, it shoots over and down another drop of 751 ft. The descending mass presents a number of white roundish balls—like white witches coming down with their heads foremost. Then what water has not been already dissipated in spray is caught by a bulging ledge of rock, from which the final plunge—338 ft.—is taken, and the flashing, foaming water falls thundering at the tourist's feet. The surroundings—the rocky basilica-shaped wall, the bright-green fringe of fern and scrub—are in keeping with the rush of the tumbling water, and the onlooker turns away from a scene—if not of beauty, yet one of grandeur, which, having once beheld, will be to him a memory as well as a joy for ever.

The examination-papers at the training colleges plainly prove, says the *Daily Telegraph*, that they are not homes of poetry. Two lines given for correction were—

This England never did nor never shall
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror!

One candidate's correction was, "Foot should be feet, for a conqueror would have two feet"; another sapiently observed, "A foot cannot be proud—the word is misplaced"; a third, evidently a cynic with unpatriotic as well as unpoetic feelings, hypercritically observed, "This sentence is wrong, for England has lain at the foot of a conqueror—to wit, William the Conqueror"; and, as if to enforce his cynicism, the candidate actually underlined the word "has." Then again, several students mixed their patriotism with anatomy. Says one: "It is incorrect to say proud foot, as the foot is not affected by such a very human feeling as pride"; another puts it, practically, that "a country is too large to be at anybody's feet." After these exhibitions of English, it is not surprising to find a student gravely informing his examiners that Dr. Johnson wrote the Bible.

ANCIENT DULNESS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

In the beginning of his new tale, "The Wrecker," in *Scribner's Magazine*, Mr. Stevenson gives an entrancing description of South Sea Island life. So delicious is the existence that he who should see it in a dream, and then awaken in Upper Tooting, would believe he had beheld Paradise, not without a native Eve. This is very well, and increases our yearning for a tempered savagery. But Mr. Stevenson casually lets out that there are venomous flies in the Happy Isle—plenty of venomous flies, but only eight bottles of beer. Thus the denizens of Upper Tooting may reflect that even Paradise is not perfect, and may long less after the life unattainable, the life of the barbarian in the Fortunate Islands.

In truth, however fond of the ideal past we may be, there are signs of venomous insects there, of an inadequate beer-supply, and even of a dulness hardly to be imagined. For one, I like what people call dulness, and, had I been Robinson Crusoe, would scarcely have welcomed the arrival of Man Friday and his native friends or enemies.

literature of Egypt. The monotony of the inscriptions is paralysing. "I, Amenhotep, Mighty Bull, son of Râ in his strength, Lord of the Double Crown, built this." That is all, or almost all, the use which the Egyptians made of their hieroglyphics. When we stare at the long undeciphered inscriptions of Yucatan, we are maddened by curiosity. Why can we never read the queer Hittite characters? We would pay much for their secret, out of a natural curiosity, but it would be disappointing. They would tell us merely that Copan, or somebody else, son of the Sun, with some other kindred "swagger," built this palace, and, perhaps, that he defeated some other king, equally great and equally bored. These powerful old people seem to have had no ideas, and nothing in particular to say. There be antiquities yet more dumb and dull. Has the reader ever visited Avebury in Wiltshire? It is a most astonishing place. It attests the existence, in some age unknown, of a vast laborious population on the Wiltshire downs. They had nothing to do, and in their secular tedium they erected monuments as big as those of Egypt, but all uninscribed. It was their way of scrawling their names on the globe, the last refuge of imbecile *ennui*. You can drive, or walk, or go on a bicycle from Swindon or Bath to Avebury. There is a beautiful old village, and the beer (a fluid so scarce in Mr. Stevenson's paradise) is excellent at the Red Lion. But it is not the old English unadulterated ale which draws strangers thither.

The village is surrounded by two gigantic grass-grown circles of unknown date. All about, among the fields and farmyards, are standing enormous unhewn stones, perhaps twenty-five feet in height. Some are narrow and peaked; more are shapeless masses of huge breadth, set up on their narrower end; others lie flat, buried in earth, only a rim peeping out. Many others have been broken up by farmers and builders. The places where they once stood are known, and it is certain that they formed two vast circles, all within the gigantic green earthworks. Aubrey, the old antiquary, came on them in his youth, when out hunting, and preferred examining them to the coursing of hares. Here he brought Charles II., who showed an intelligent interest, and made Aubrey write an account of the stones. Within a mile is a hill—a green hill—as big and lofty as the Great Pyramid of Hirs. It stands hard by the old Roman road, and we ask who built it, and wherefore, except out of mere dull idleness, it was ever built? There is no answer. People have dug in Silbury Hill—have scratched that artificial mountain, and, finding nothing, have been none the wiser.

Let us think of the immense *ennui* which set men on these tasks. They must have been men who lived on the down table-land, on the chalk, when the valleys did not smile with corn nor giggle with turnips, but were tangled wastes of wood and marsh. These makers of stone circles which excel the Labyrinth, of a hill which gives points to the Pyramids, had no metal tools, no wheelbarrows, no spades. They carried all that earth in baskets; they rolled all these monstrous stones across the downs on rollers, and set them erect by a slow, laborious process. The labour expended would have drained the marsh and felled the woods, but that was not the way in which they chose to exert themselves. They merely gave their lives to attesting that they had existed, and, as far as their gigantic circles of stone go, the farmers have nearly obliterated that strange writing of a forgotten name. Sir John Lubbock has purchased the ground, and the standing stones, we hope, will long be left standing. As for the circling fortifications and Silbury Hill, they are likely to remain till the earth is as dead as the moon. The ancient race have, at least, succeeded in demonstrating for

ever that they once lived and did not know how to employ themselves. Their gods, if to gods they erected the stones, have perished with them. Their chief, if over a chief they piled up Silbury Hill, is forgotten with themselves. One thing only we are certain of—that a vast, energetic population crowded here, and was prodigiously bored. It had no art, there is not a scratch of picture or inscription on the stones; it had no literature; it had nothing to do, and did it with a will. It has left nothing at all but a colossal effort—and an unsuccessful effort—to write its name. For the writing abides, but the name is undecipherable for ever.

During the past year 555,496 emigrants arrived in the United States, being an increase of 104,277 on last year's return. The whole of this increase was due to emigration from Italy, Russia, Germany, and Austria-Hungary.

A scientific expedition to Spitzbergen, organised by Herr Stänglin, of Stuttgart, has just left Bremen with the object of making a thorough study of the geology of Spitzbergen and of examining the fishing-grounds of the northern waters.

The committee of the Royal Humane Society have conferred the medal for saving life on Mr. Cavendish Boyle, Colonial Secretary, Gibraltar, and Mr. Robert Grey, commander of the Telegraph Company's steam-ship *Amber*, for "by presence of mind and good organisation and arrangements at the time, being the means of saving a number of lives on the occasion of the wreck of the *Utopia*."



SUTHERLAND FALLS, NEAR MILFORD SOUND, NEW ZEALAND, THE HIGHEST WATERFALL IN THE WORLD.

Never to be worried, never to hear any news, never to have to dine out, or to be in a hurry, these were the privileges of Robinson. But he was a victim of *ennui*; he thought Juan Fernandez a dull habitation. It is too clear that our human ancestors were often prodigiously dull, and did not know how to bestow their energies. The Pyramids of Egypt are a colossal proof of *ennui*. Some king or other, Khufu or Chafra, had nothing to do, as it were, but to write his own name, which has been justly called "the last refuge of an idiot." He wrote it in a mountain of hewn stone, at an inestimable cost of labour and of commodities. This was his way of writing his name, of perpetuating in remembrance his dreary existence. When he felt more dull than usual, doubtless he strolled down to see how the Pyramid was getting on. Doubtless, he potted about it, and took his guests, his Hittite majesty and others, to gaze blankly at the big stones, and to badger the master of the works. A vast population had no more pressing task than to drag stones and fix them in their places. Absolute lack of ideas and interests must have pervaded sacred Khemi. Then, let us think of Egyptian literature. It almost entirely consisted of a sort of prayer-book for the use of the dead. The Book of the Dead, rewritten, repeated for ever and ever, with a few hymns, a jubilee ode or two, and five or six fairy tales, appears to have been all the

JULES BASTIEN-LEPAGE.

Jules Bastien-Lepage, who in his short life did so much to revolutionise French modern art, was born at Damvillers, in Lorraine, in 1848, and died in Paris in 1884. He first attracted attention by the portrait of his grandfather, in 1874, an old man sitting in his garden bathed in sunlight. As a work of art it was his first protest against the black shadows which the servile followers of the later Italian masters had considered indispensable. He seemed rather to have formed his style upon that of Clouet, for in his subsequent portraits, such as those of Mlle. Juliette Drouet and Madame Sarah Bernhardt, he devoted

which reached her home in doubtless a garbled form, becomes the victim of hallucination. By slow degrees the transitory thought becomes the fixed motive of her life, and she awaits with certain assurance the heavenly summons. The painter has seized this "psychological moment" with wonderful apprehension of the requirements of the situation. It has been objected, and with some reason, that the picture suffers from the over-conscientiousness of the artist. The trees are too crowded, the leaves too thick, the flowers too profuse, and the principal figure is almost smothered by this brilliant blaze of light and colour. But with a little looking the Lorraine peasant-girl lost in ecstasy stands out clear

but as time went on it was to "Jeanned'Arc" that she went for rest, consolation, and instruction. It was not until two years later that master and pupil were to join hands in their sad pilgrimage towards the valley of the Dark Shadow, of which she has left behind the heart-searching diary.

Bastien-Lepage's position in French art is scarcely yet determined. To a great extent his influence is overshadowed by that of the "Romanticists," and at the same time it is weakened by the claims put forward by the Impressionists to count him among their followers. He in truth belonged to neither one school nor the other, for he broke away once and for all from the teaching of Courbet and even of Corot in his treat-



"JEANNE D'ARC ÉCOUTANT LES VOIX."

FROM THE PICTURE BY BASTIEN-LEPAGE.

himself to the reproduction of the most minute details without ever marring the beauty of the *ensemble*. It was, however, rather as a landscape-painter that Bastien-Lepage earned for himself the title of "Le Primitif," by which he was distinguished from the realism of Courbet, Manet, and the other "pleinairists." Of his landscapes, "The Haymakers" ("Les Foins"), now in the Luxembourg, and the "Potato-Gatherers" are, perhaps, the most remarkable. They were, however, marked by a certain savagery, or recklessness of the ordinary canons of beauty, and for this reason their luminous qualities and technical power were inadequately appreciated until after his death. His *chef-d'œuvre*, however, without doubt, was his "Jeanne d'Arc écoutant les Voix," which was exhibited at the Salon of 1880, and of which we give a reproduction. The picture tells its own story: the village maid, moved by the oft-repeated story of her country's troubles,

and distinct, and one sees how vigorously and how successfully the painter has grappled with the difficulties of his subject. Such a work as this effectually disposes of the contention of those who saw in Bastien-Lepage a realist or only a skilful draughtsman. "Art is something more than the fashion to paint anything in the open air," he said to Marie Bashkirtseff, and in this rendering of Jeanne d'Arc in a mystic ecstasy we seem to catch some faint suggestion of that sympathy which a year or two later was to interweave his life and life-thoughts with those of his pupil. It is impossible to look at Bastien-Lepage's later works without recognising the influence of Marie Bashkirtseff, but at the time this picture was painted they had never met. In her journal she speaks of it as one of the two pictures in the Salon of 1880 to which she was most drawn on her visit, the other being Moreau's "Good Samaritan";

ment of atmosphere, while as an *écritant*—the title he most abhorred—he might claim to rank with the most correct of the Classicists. His poetic feeling and tender insight into the life which lies near the surface raise him, at the same time, altogether out of the ranks of the Impressionists—of whom the aim and desire were to depict as faithfully as might be the mere transitory attitude or expression. Bastien-Lepage, on the other hand, reckoned repose as an almost indispensable condition of his art; and whether in figures or landscapes he dwelt rather upon the distant and less obvious features than those upon which the unobservant eye would first rest. It was, therefore, with truth that one of the keenest of French critics wrote that the full extent of the loss to French art by Lepage's early death will not be known until a new generation has arisen.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

In the course of that theory of natural science best known to the outer world as that of evolution or development (whereof Darwin was the principal expounder) it becomes necessary for the theorist to endeavour to bridge over the gaps which are very easily to be discerned betwixt existing classes of animals. No doubt geology has supplied not a few of those "missing links," and has undoubtedly proved, for example, how the modern one-toed horse has descended from a four or five-toed ancestor; and how birds and reptiles, which every zoologist knows are near kindred, can be linked by at least one fossil bird, which is neither bird nor reptile but a very decided mixture of both groups. Still, the geological record is an imperfect one, and always will be. If every living thing which had ever existed had been preserved in a fossil state, and had been placed at the disposal of the geologist and anatomist for investigation, there might have been few or no difficulties in the way of piecing together the bits of the puzzle of life. As, however, fossil animals and plants constitute the mere chance preservations of the life that was, we have perforce to be content with a very meagre knowledge of existence in the past ages.

There remains, however, another method of arriving at

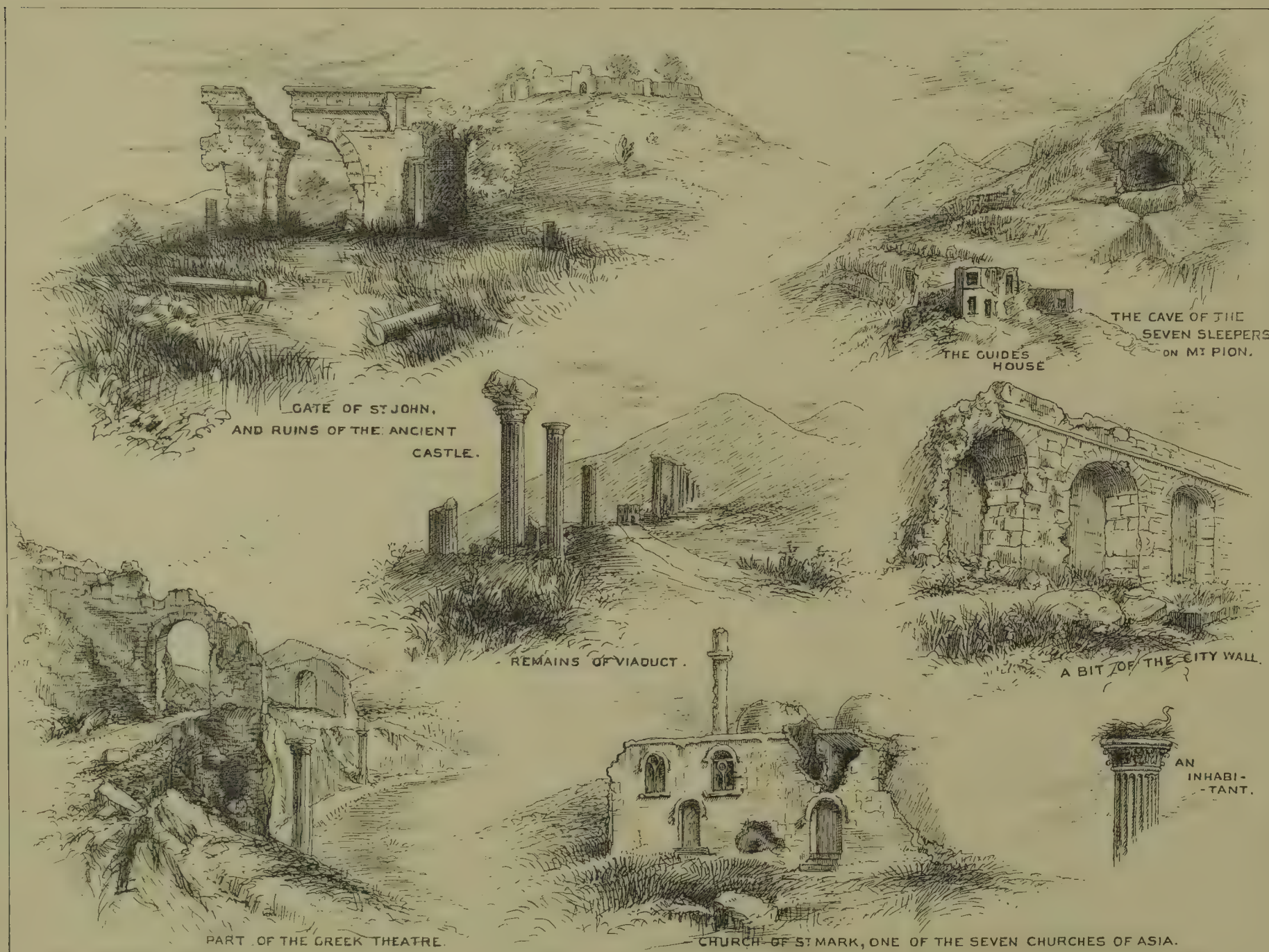
for the origin of the vertebrate animals aforesaid, because these backboneed tribes (which range from the fishes to quadrupeds) seem really to stand out very distinctly and by themselves as a specially defined sub-kingdom. The backboneed branch of the animal tree, in other words, has presented great difficulties in its being traced to its connection with the parent stem. There is a certain fish, the lowest of its class, called the lancelet, which is found to present, both in its development and in its adult structure, certain close affinities to a lowly tribe of creatures known as *tunicates*, or sea-squirts. A sea-squirt is simply a kind of animated bag with two openings, somewhat like an ancient "leather bottle," which remains attached to a rock or stone. Hence, from the likeness between the sea-squirt's development and that of the lowest fish, many zoologists are given to regard the former as the putative parent of the vertebrate animals. The sea-squirt, in this view, is the very far-back ancestor (or representative of the ancestor) of the backboneed tribes.

More recently, however, certain adventurous spirits in biology have ventilated new ideas of the origin of the backboneed forms, and these ideas, I fancy, are more startling even to biological minds (given to feel surprised at nothing whatever) than any previous theories which have been advanced. Seeking for the ancestors of backboneed animals among the annelids or worms has not been a process attended by success, in so far as evidence of probability is concerned; but higher in the series of jointed or articulate animals we find the insects, spiders, and crustaceans, of which latter class the lobster is a fair representative. One

stomach of that ancestor, whose own nervous system (lying below its digestive tract) has become transformed into the backboneed nervous belongings. There is, however, the big liver of the ancestor to be reckoned with. Where has it gone to in the course of the transformation? In the young lamprey it is shown that a kind of temporary liver may be regarded as existing in the brain, and this is looked upon as the rudiment or remnant of the liver which was once the possession of the vertebrate's ancestor. On the whole, it may be said, we are getting on very nicely in biological theory; and, whether we accept the views thus set forth or not, we may at least feel some curiosity in knowing how modern speculation is deriving the vertebrates from lower forms, and how the modern backboneed animal is thought actually to carry in its spinal cord the remnant of the ancestral digestive system.

THE RUINS OF EPHEBUS.

To the historical student of the Apostolic age of Christianity, or of the social condition of the civilised world under the Roman Empire on the Eastern shores of the Mediterranean, the city of Ephesus, a Greek colony of high antiquity, one of the richest abodes of commercial prosperity, commanding much of the trade between Asia and Europe, is a place of great interest. Its architectural remains, or the traces of its once magnificent edifices, have in our days been diligently explored by the late Mr. J. T. Wood and others; and the discussions among learned men, with reference to Ephesian sites and ground plans and structures, have occupied books and lectures of considerable erudition. Ephesus is a place easily



SKETCHES OF THE RUINS OF EPHEBUS.

the relationship which science seeks to show exists between apparently diverse groups of animals and plants. In plain language, when we study the development of an animal or a plant, and see how it works its way from the germ to become the adult form, we are brought face to face with a series of changes and scenes which are significant enough to the thinking mind. Suppose we discover that a frog begins life as a fish—a fact every schoolboy knows—what is the meaning of this strange becoming on the part of that tailless animal? Natural history replies that the frog's development we see to-day is really a recapitulation of its past descent. Witnessing how a tadpole becomes a frog, we are really looking at a moving panorama of the rise and progress of the whole frog-race, whereby that race must have sprung from a fish-like stock, and must have gradually grown into the lung-possessing, air-breathing creatures of the present time. This seems to be the only reasonable interpretation to be placed upon the marvellous changes which we see represented in the development of animals and plants; and this, at least, is the meaning which science attaches to the unfoldings of form and structure discernible in the course of the living being's progress from its beginning, in the egg, to its assumption of its adult character.

In the course of studies in the development of animals, we meet with some very curious discoveries and theories relative to the origin of the various zoological groups; and certain ideas of the origin of backboneed animals at large, lately promulgated, seem to be worthy of mention here, as tending to keep my readers *au courant* with the progress of thought in biology. The puzzle of naturalists has been that of accounting

scientist declares that for choice he finds the most likely origin of the backboneed tribes in the spider-class. What induces this belief is the tendency to head development, among other signs of advance, which the spiders, scorpions, and their allies exhibit. What we call a scorpion's head is really its head and chest united, and a close examination of this region shows that in the arrangement of its nerve-masses, its nerves, sense-organs, and so forth, there is to be traced a very exact resemblance to the similar arrangements in the vertebrate head. Again, it is held that in the development of the scorpion and spider, essentially similar features to those seen in backboneed development are to be traced. So that the far-back ancestor of the highest animals, on this belief, are to be sought for in some primitive scorpion, which, getting on in the world, gave origin to the higher group. There might be a difficulty regarding the transition from air to water—from scorpion to fish—no doubt; but I presume it is maintained that out of a common type of primitive breathing organ the modification in question could easily have occurred.

The other theory of vertebrate origin also sees the ancestor of backboneed animals in some primitive jointed animal or other. Tracing the development of the backboneed brain and spinal cord, an observer regards these important structures as having been formed by the elaboration of jointed nerve masses placed on the outside of a tube. There is such a tube in the middle of the spinal cord, and this tube extends onwards into the brain. The bold idea has therefore been formulated that the central nervous canal of the backboneed tribes represents the digestive tube of the vertebrate ancestor; certain dilatations of the tube in the brain corresponding to the

reached by a railway journey of an hour and a half from Smyrna, in Asiatic Turkey; and when the second division of our Mediterranean Squadron was lying at Smyrna, three or four months ago, a party of naval officers took the opportunity to make this excursion, to one of whom, Mr. C. R. Acklom, of H.M.S. *Inflexible*, we are obliged for the sketches that are now presented. One naturally thinks first of St. Paul and the famous Temple of Diana. There is not a stone of that superb edifice now left standing; but the vast area covered by huge fragments of granite and marble pillars must impress even the most casual observer with some idea of its magnitude. The reputed tombs of St. Luke and St. John are in much the same condition, appearing to the uninitiated very much like old bears' caves. The remains of the aqueduct which carried water to the city from the neighbouring hills present one of the finest sights: the existing range of huge pillars, some of them in very good preservation, stretches for a distance of nearly two miles, and their enormous size renders them a most remarkable feature in a general view of the city. The Greek theatre is the palace where St. Paul made his famous speech to the Ephesians on his first visit to the city, and he is supposed to have stood under the archway depicted in the sketch. This theatre is stated to have been the largest ever built. There are fragments of sculpture and of paintings, the latter nearly obliterated. The city wall is a stupendous work, built of Roman brick-work, with solid blocks of marble inserted, and several portions of it are still fairly intact, denoting the fine workmanship of the builders. The ancient harbour was destroyed by an earthquake, and the sea has receded six miles from the city. The walls of the quays and port buildings are a curious sight inland.

THE NOVELIST AS CRITIC.

BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

The habitual insolence with which Mr. W. D. Howells is treated by a certain school of English writers was for long a marvel to me. I could see nothing in his work, whether imaginative or critical, to place him without the pale of humanity. Having now read his little book on "Criticism and Fiction," I understand, though I am as far as ever from sharing, the fury of his assailants. He himself is partly to blame. His tone towards England, towards criticism, and towards the idols of the Savile Club is, not insolent perhaps, but a trifle harsh and unconciliatory. We do not like to be called "those poor islanders," and allusions to our "fog-and-soot-clogged lungs" are apt to strike us as unnecessary and unkind. We don't brag about our climate; why twit us with it? Some of this churlishness may be retaliatory, but it is none the less to be deplored. Whoever may have been the original aggressor, Mr. Howells puts himself in the wrong by the tone he now adopts.

His case is a very good one, if only he would state it with reasonable caution. There are so many facets to his argument that it is difficult to "see it whole"; but I think it may be formulated somewhat as follows: "Fiction is a progressive, not a stationary, art; it must not and cannot rest content with the imitation of certain classic models. American and Continental fiction has of late years progressed in the direction of artistic subtlety and sincerity, while English fiction has been merely 'marking time' or lagging rearwards. But most critics, both in England and America, are devoted—as the compact majority has always been since criticism began—to the worship of classic models, and are consequently sworn to resist advance. Their deliverances are inspired by mere æsthetic prejudice, not by living insight into the facts of life and art; wherefor they are either futile or noxious." This, I think, is what Mr. Howells means to say—what, in effect, he *does* say. But, by too frequently neglecting to quantify his subject, he appears to say something different, and something wellnigh self-contradictory. He treats "criticism" as though it were one and indivisible—as though, in defiance of the Italian proverb, all the critical brains were in one head, and he, more fortunate than Caligula, could sever that hated head at a single stroke. He makes such sweeping statements as that "Criticism has always fought the new good thing in behalf of the old good thing; it has invariably fostered and encouraged the tame, the trite, the negative. . . . It does not inquire whether a work is true to life, but tacitly or explicitly compares it with models and tests it by them. . . . Being itself artificial, it cannot conceive of the original except as the abnormal." Now, there is no such monster as this "Criticism." Criticism is not "artificial" at all. It is simply "chatter about art," as natural and inevitable as any other sort of talk about any other subject in which men and women are interested. There is good and there is bad criticism, wise and foolish, penetrating and purblind, progressive and reactionary. As most men happen to be fools, there is more bad and foolish than good and wise criticism, just as (even in America) there are more bad and foolish than good and wise novels. Moreover, as some men are rogues, there is some insincerity and malevolence in criticism, just as in every other form of human utterance. All this is the veriest truism, but truism is the necessary corrective of falsification; and to represent criticism as a sort of Giant Blandebore, sent into the world by some malevolent deity to make the artist's life a burden to him, is to falsify and denaturalise the very simple facts. No doubt it were greatly to be desired that men would chatter less about art, and especially that the fools would leave all the talking to the wise men. But the same consummation is no less devoutly to be wished in politics, in religion, in every department of life. It is futile to write as though criticism were entirely idiotic, or more idiotic than any other expression of our sand-blind and halting intelligence. When Mr. Howells says, "I have sometimes suspected that more thinking, more feeling certainly, goes to the creation of a poor novel than to the production of a brilliant criticism," we must either take the remark with such qualifications as to render it abortive, or we must recognise in it the old fallacy by which bad artists, time out of mind, have sought to vindicate their right to exist. Does Mr. Howells mean to suggest that M. Georges Ohnet is capable of more thought or feeling than Sainte-Beuve, or that "Hugh Conway's" intellect was of a higher order than Mr. Pater's? Of course he means nothing of the sort. His remark is simply an inessential half-truth, wildly overstated in a mood of controversial irritation. It is this pervading note of irritation that seems to me unworthy of Mr. Howells's talent, and of the cause he champions.

By lumping all criticism into one solid mass of homogeneous ineptitude, Mr. Howells lands himself in a curious dilemma. Of course he tacitly excepts his own criticism, as he has a perfect right to do. It would be a mere Gilbertian quibble to carp at this verbal illogicality. But then his own criticism is not peculiar to himself. Scores of critics, all the world over, are preaching the very doctrines, to all intents and purposes, in which he so potently believes. Even we poor islanders are not without glimmerings of the higher light. It is clear, then (unless truth in American becomes error when translated into our insular dialect), that Mr. Howells must tacitly except some other criticisms besides his own from his general anathema; and if tacitly, why not openly? Why state his case with wanton incompleteness? The fact is, Mr. Howells the novelist is a totally different man from Mr. Howells the critic. His is not merely a case of Jekyll-and-Hyde duality, but something sadder and stranger. He seems to lose all sense of personal identity; the novelist is

oblivious of the critic, the critic of the novelist. As a novelist writing of critics, he displays an almost ferocious sense of solidarity with his tribe. Mr. Walter Besant's Incorporated Authors are not more profoundly convinced of the nobility of novel-writing and the rottenness of reviewing. Criticism can only hurt the artist; it cannot help him. The worst novel is a higher thing than the best criticism, and so forth. As for allowing that criticism is itself an art, that absolute rightness or wrongness cannot be predicated of it, and that many different and even contradictory things may beautifully and profitably be said about the same work of art, regarded from different points of view, Mr. Howells the novelist would die at the stake rather than make any such admissions; but when Mr. Howells the critic comes along, how different is his message! Nine-tenths of past and present fiction becomes utterly contemptible; its readers are "the wretched victims of the novel habit" (as who should say the opium habit); and criticism has been false to its high calling and election in omitting to root out the noxious weeds which have overrun the fair garden of literature. Here again Mr. Howells injures an excellent case by injudicious vivacity of expression. Every unprejudiced observer will agree with his main contentions. We all allow that most fiction (like most criticism) is foolish, incompetent, bad, written by the shallow and ignorant for the ignorant and shallow, by schoolgirls for schoolgirls, by hobbledehoys for hobbledehoys. Most of us, too, will allow that French, Russian, and American fiction has of late years left contemporary English fiction far behind, and opened our eyes more and more to the artistic vices and limitations of the great masters of the past, from Scott to George Eliot. This (I take it) is Mr. Howells's position, and, if he stated it with tolerable amenity, even the reactionists who disagree with him would have no excuse for covering him with obloquy. But there is a decided lack of sweet-reasonableness in his manner of putting forth his views. He is not only devoid of natural piety himself, but intolerant of any such weakness in others. We who have been brought up on Scott and Dickens and Thackeray regard them with an affectionate gratitude for which Mr. Howells shows no sort of consideration. We are no more blind to their faults than he is, but



SUMMIT OF MOUNT SINAI.

FROM THE EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF THE LATE E. T. DANIELL AT NORWICH.

we find it possible and desirable to treat them with a little more tenderness. We take the historical (the only rational) point of view, at which Mr. Howells, too, now and then essays to place himself, but only in a fitful and half-hearted fashion. Without questioning for a moment the validity of our modern ideal (though ours is no more final than theirs), we take a certain pleasure in the very artlessness of their technique, while we feel a constant, if not a growing, admiration for the magnificent energy, fecundity, generosity of their genius. It is better, certainly, that a novelist should be a novelist and nothing else; this specialisation of function is an advance, and an inevitable one; but as we look back upon the time when the writer of fiction was expected, or at least permitted himself, to be a romancist, satirist, humourist, essayist, moralist, caricaturist, all in one, we cannot help saying, with the least little bit of a sigh, "There were giants in those days." The faults of their method were not *their* fault, any more than the merits of Mr. Howells's method are *his* merit. They lived in their time, we in ours—that is the whole story. Because we stand on their shoulders, let us not fancy ourselves taller than they, or treat them with contemptuous condescension. Let us reserve our contempt for the men who, though nominally living in our day, belong in reality to no literary period, rightly so called, but dwell in the limbo of pretentious incompetence, which was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be. I freely admit that to me, as to Mr. Howells, the great prodigy of "those days" was not a giant, but a giantess—a little woman who, eighty years ago, lived a secluded life in a Hampshire parsonage, and was yet the pioneer (leagues in advance of the vanguard) of a new and exquisite art. But man is not so constituted as to take pleasure only in the theoretically best. He has a foolish faculty for delighting in the practically delightful, and he is not altogether to blame for resenting the austerity with which Mr. Howells treats this harmless foible.

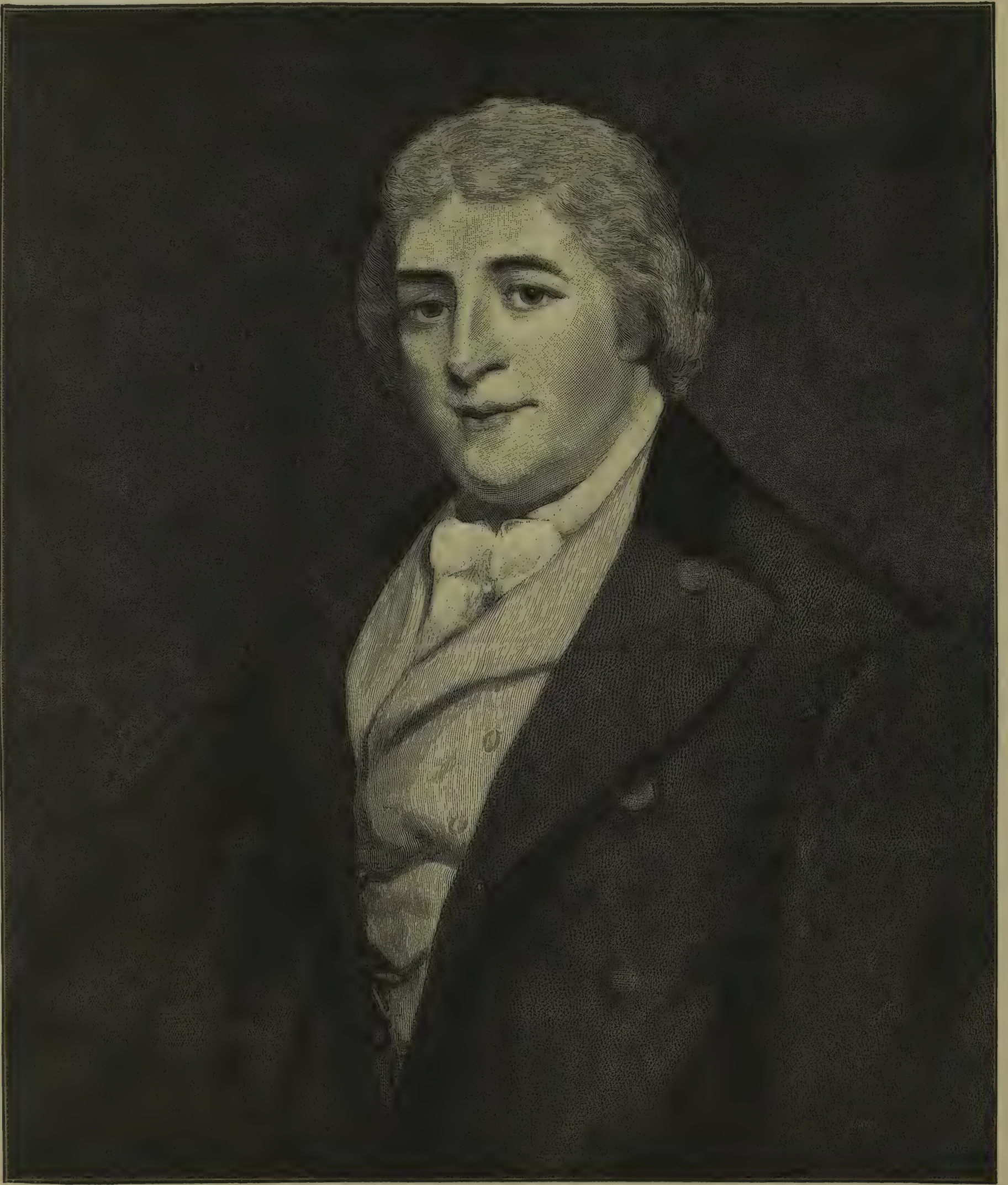
There is matter for discussion in every chapter of Mr. Howells's brief but very suggestive essay. I have merely touched on one or two points, with a view to elucidating the deplorable misunderstanding which places so admirable a writer at feud with a large section of English criticism. Let me conclude by expressing my surprise and regret that from Mr. Howells's survey of contemporary fiction two names should be conspicuously absent. I refer to George Meredith and Guy de Maupassant.

THE DANIELL EXHIBITION AT NORWICH.

Although the Rev. Edward Thomas Daniell was born in London, he lived the greater part of his life in St. Giles's, Norwich. Educated at the Norwich Grammar School—with old Crome for his drawing-master—he went in 1823 to Balliol College, Oxford; was in 1832 ordained deacon, and the following year priest, at Norwich Cathedral, and had for his first charge the curacy of Banham, Norfolk. Art was all along his idol, and having obtained in 1834 the curacy of St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street, London, he quickly became the intimate associate of the great artists of the day, notably of Turner, Linnell, Stanfield, Mulready, Roberts, the Landseers, Eastlake, Dyce, and Boxall, all of whom were frequent visitors at his house. An interesting and historical circumstance took place at one of Daniell's dinner parties. Turner had a quaint objection to his portrait being taken, so it was arranged between Daniell and Linnell that the latter should always be placed opposite Turner at dinner so as to take away a vivid recollection of his face, and from these surreptitious studies a portrait was to be painted without the knowledge of the great master. The design was successfully executed—Turner never knew of it—and Linnell's celebrated portrait was the result. Turner had a great affection for Daniell and admiration of his work, and had he lived would have made him his executor. Daniell exhibited four times at the British Institution, and five times at the Royal Academy, during his London life. In 1840 he resigned the curacy of St. Mark's, and left England, never to return. By the end of the year he was sketching in Greece; in the early part of the next he ascended the Nile into Nubia. In June 1841 he was in the neighbourhood of Mount Sinai. Travelling northwards, through Palestine, he was at Beyrout in October. At Smyrna he accidentally fell in with the Lycian expedition to Xanthus, under Sir Charles Fellows, determined to join it, and accompanied Lieutenant Spratt and Professor Edward Forbes in their Lycian travels, sketching all the while. But his constitution could not support the strain which his zeal for art had imposed upon it; his health broke down; and on Sept. 24, 1842, he died at Adalia, in Asia Minor, at the age of thirty-eight. Daniell is very inadequately known, but the reason is not far to seek. His nearly two hundred Eastern sketches—made over so wide an area in little more than eighteen months, and representing so much hardship undergone—became the property of his relatives, who in 1872 sold his Lycian sketches, sixty-four in number, to the British Museum, and some ten years later Mr. J. J. Colman, M.P., purchased the remainder. Daniell's other scattered oils and water-colours are in few hands. His etchings, upon which his reputation will chiefly rest, were all privately printed in small numbers, and nearly all the plates have been long destroyed. The exhibition now being held at the rooms of the Norwich Art Circle is a most interesting one. As Norwich takes a very high place in the "revival" of etching through Daniell, Room I. is almost entirely filled with his etchings, most of them lent by Mr. James Reeve. The other two are mainly filled with Daniell's bold, yet graceful, Eastern sketches on tinted paper, lent by Mr. J. J. Colman, M.P. The catalogue, which contains a short memoir of the artist by Mr. F. R. Beechey, is most artistically illustrated by members of the circle, and among the illustrators we notice the well-known names of Mr. Charles John Watson and Mr. Wilfrid Ball. It is further enriched with reduced facsimiles of two of Daniell's best etchings, reproduced at considerable expense. Indeed, the catalogue is worthy of purchase by lovers and collectors of art subjects, and will, perhaps, have an additional interest in that this artist is entirely ignored in the "Dictionary of National Biography" and in Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers." We may add that it contains a portrait of Daniell by Mr. C. J. Watson, after an oil-painting by Linnell.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

No portrait in the Naval Exhibition should excite more interest than that of the author of "Tom Bowling." Yet there never was a naval hero less of a seaman than Charles Dibdin, whose experiences were confined to a voyage to Calais and another to Dunkirk—both undertaken in flight from importunate creditors. Born at Southampton in 1745, Dibdin asserted himself to be "the eighteenth child of his father, a silversmith." His first association with music was by choir-singing in Winchester Cathedral; but at sixteen he removed to London, where he found employment at a music-shop in Cheapside. He soon, however, went on the stage, although his taste was for operatic music and not for acting. Dibdin composed the music for Bickerstaffe's words in "Love in a Village" and "The Padlock," and in 1769 he set the music to the songs at Garrick's Shakspeare Jubilee at Stratford. To avoid imprisonment for debt he fled to France in 1776, and in his absence one Harris (!) produced his "Seraglio" at Covent-Garden. In it was sung "Blow high, blow low," the earliest of his sea-songs, written in a gale of wind during a thirteen-hours passage from Calais. In later life he became the giver of popular entertainments, at which his own sea-songs figured largely. One who heard him at this time thus describes him: "Dibdin's manner of coming on the stage was in happy style: he ran on sprightly, and with nearly a laughing face, like a friend who enters hastily to impart to you some good news. Nor did he disappoint his audience. He sang, and accompanied himself on an instrument which was a concert in itself. He was, in fact, his own band. A few lines of speaking happily introduced his admirable songs, full of wit and character, and his peculiar mode of singing them surpassed all I had ever heard." Dibdin died of paralysis in 1814, and was buried at St. Martin's burial-ground in Camden Town, a stanza from "Tom Bowling" being carved upon his tomb.



CHARLES DIBDIN (1745-1814).—BY THOMAS PHILLIPS, R.A.

PORTRAIT IN THE ROYAL NAVAL EXHIBITION.



I.

DOUBTLESS the nurse was reprehensible; but who could have foreseen evil to a little maid of three, left for five minutes asleep in the garden of her own home, while Nanna went up into the house for another number of the penny paper in which was running the enthralling story of "The Brigand's Broken Vow"? Nanna was not absent more than five minutes by the clock, but that was long enough for the mischief to be done. When she came back the little one was gone—gone no one knew where and no one knew how—gone without a sound, a cry, a fragment of torn silk left on the hedge, a footprint on the ground, to show which way she went. It was as sudden as magic, and as inexplicable. Are there really evil spirits roaming at will through space, and free to work ruin and disaster on the hapless children of men?

But seek and cry and hurry hither and thither as they might, neither the servants, before the parents' return home, nor those parents themselves, when they did return—those distraught and miserable Branscombes, who hitherto had been the envy of all—could find so much as a fragment by which their lost child might be traced. She had gone like a stone dropped into the water—vanished like the dew of the morning or a mist wreath on the mountain-side—and it seemed impossible that she should ever be found again. Woods were searched, rivers were dragged, ponds were netted, moors were scoured from dawn to dusk—all in vain. Even the gipsy encampment, which had been hereaway for some weeks now, and which broke up and went away last night, was followed and searched from end to end. But no child answering to the description of that golden-haired blue-eyed three-year-old Hilda Branscombe rewarded the searchers. The swarthy, towzled, ragged little varlets playing about the horses' heels, and ducking under the tents like rabbits running to their holes, were gipsies to the last hair of their unkempt heads. And what country constable could have suspected a Christian Saxon child in that sick infant, within the old grandam's tent, lying in the stupor of fever wrapped up in rags and blankets—her fair skin dyed with walnut juice, her golden hair plastered with soot and grease, and her blue eyes made black as night with the juice of belladonna? Who could have seen through the cheat? Not Constable Smith: for all that he was a shrewd fellow in his own way, and could make two and two into four as well as most people. But to make them into five, or to see through a millstone, was beyond him.

As the gipsies were cleverer than he, the cheat escaped detection, and Jim Fay, the old gipsy grandam's eldest son, was held to have deserved well of his tribe in that he had successfully stolen for them a christened child to be their sign of prosperity and the bringer of good luck in their undertakings.

The mystery of this sudden disappearance was never solved. The sadness was never lifted from the mother's heart; the man's rage at the fate which had wrought him woe, and baffled his endeavours to repair and restore, was never absent from Mr. Branscombe's mind. Between the two, all who lived with them had a hard time of it; and specially that luckless Nanna, who had cause to wish twenty times a day that the author of "The Brigand's Broken Vow" had never been born. When, however, the year after this grievous loss, Aunt Maria brought to the hall her brother Sam's orphan boy, Hubert Branscombe, a feeble ray of sickly sunshine spread over the house, and the presence of this child, while it in part accented, in part also soothed, their sorrow.

Of precisely the same age as the lost Hilda—fair like her, blue-eyed, trim, and delicate—the women did their best to forget that Hubert was a boy, and looked on him rather as the duplicate, the substitute, for their little girl. They kept him in baby frocks and short sleeves, with sashes and necklaces, till he was of the age when other boys go to school. Then they put him into velvet tunics and point-lace collars, and cherished his long curls, so that at twelve years of age they flowed over his shoulders like a girl's. In all ways possible to them they broke the inconvenient core of his boyish instincts, and made him effeminate, picturesque, pretty-behaved, amenable. In the ruin of one life they sought to forget the loss of the other. Failing the restoration of Hilda,

too late: Hubert was essentially and for ever a "mammy-boy," out of whom all real manliness had been for ever crushed.

So time passed, till Hubert was eighteen years of age—languidly skimming the surface of the classics and mathematics under the superintendence of a young Cantab aesthete, who had been twice "ploughed," and who had then come out as low as he well could to come out at all. But he was great in blue china, in the worship of lilies, in ability to write vague and melancholy "ballades" and "trioletts"; and, though Mr. Branscombe despised him, the women, in their own way, adored him, and thought him just the person for the boy whom they had ruined by their very love.

And thus it was that now, on the threshold of manhood, Hubert Branscombe, the future possessor of the estate, knew no more of an Englishman's active life—of a youth's preparation for a man's duties—than a caged singing-bird knows of an eagle's flight. Fastidious, delicate, indolent, dreamy—he held in horror all that was strong, rude, vigorous, or natural. He was modest to prudery, and his morality was as narrow as it was severe. He would not have told a lie to save his life, but he would have cast the first stone against a sinner, and nothing tried his religious faith so much as the Master's forgiveness of sins. Add to this, that his list of sins was large and comprehensive, and included conventional misdemeanours among its graver issues, and it is easy to understand how precious he must be to the women, though his uncle thought things might have been better.

II.

The charm had failed; and the good luck which, by all the laws of gipsy sorcery, should have followed on the possession of the stolen Christian child, had signally deserted the tribe since Hilda had been made one of them. Yet they had not been in fault. The little Sun-maiden had been well cared for, and frankly worshipped. In the daytime, and while prying eyes were about, she had been daubed and stained, and swathed in rags and jags, so as to be wholly unrecognisable; and, though never brutally treated, yet she had been hustled and cuffed with the rest. But once a month, when the moon was at the full, she had been washed and adorned; her long fair hair had been cleansed from the soot and filth that had disfigured it, brushed free of all witch-knots and tangles, and combed so that it flowed over her shoulders like the sun's rays; and she had been set in the midst of her swarthy captors to be loved and adored as their "mascot" and symbol as well as bringer of good fortune. For was she not the possessor of a higher kind of magic than even the best among them knew? Unconscious possessor as she might be, was not the very fact of her inheritance their warranty for good luck?

But, alas! the spell had worked the other way; and only the plagues of loss and sorrow had befallen the tribe since the "Chrisom child" had become their secret idol. First the old grandam who held the place of queen and head had died, and left the tribe leaderless. For her son, the man who had stolen the child, was scarce a practicable head, seeing that he was in prison for horse-stealing, and not likely to be soon released: not likely, indeed, to be ever released again, for his wild gipsy blood turned to water under the confinement of prison, and he was most of his time in the infirmary. At last he was there in perpetuity, till he was carried out by the "young men" who wait on the feet of Death.

After his death things went but badly for all concerned. The tribe gradually dwindled and dispersed, till at last only the widow of the poor dead horse-stealer, with her son and daughter, and the little Sun-maiden, now growing up to girlhood, were left to face the hard world as they best might. They made but a poor business of it, for all that Sally, the daughter, had inherited much of the old grandam's knowledge



"My home! Where is my home?" asked Hilda.



At last the long tramp came to an end, and they reached the little stream which ran through the park.

and insight, and though Jim, the son, was a likely lad with his hands, and as handsome a young vagabond as the sun shone on. But when the last blows came—when the widow died of fever; and Jasper, Sally's week-old husband, was taken red-handed among the pheasants; and Jim was sent to prison, like his father before him, for making free with a horse he had neither bought nor bred, leaving only sister Sally to wear the willow, and the stolen girl, now grown into the young womanhood of eighteen, to sink or swim as fate and fortune should ordain—then the evil influence which had been brought among them was recognised, and Sally vowed that the spell should be broken.

"You've brought us bad luck, little sister," she said, looking at her younger companion gloomily from under her straight black eyebrows; "and the planets will never be ruled right till you be sent to your own. It was an evil day for us when father took you from your home. So pack up your duds, and let us make tracks, for it gives me the creeps when I look at you and think of all the lives your yellow hair has cost us. Yellow! it's dyed blood-red to us!"

"My home! Where is my home, Sal?" asked Hilda, starting up all aflame.

It was the first clear intimation she had ever had of belonging to anyone in the flesh. She knew that she was different from her foster-parents, and not of the tribe nor the family—that she was not own sister to Jim—of late she had been glad to know that—nor yet to Sally, who had always been her mistress and tyrant; that she was in no way related to the elder Jim or his widow, for all that she had called them "father" and "mother"; nor yet was the granddaughter of the old Queen who once a month used to comb her yellow hair and call her "Pretty" and "Sunflower," and treat her as a kind of idol for that evening—an idol decked out with silk and ribbon and flowers and tinsel, but going back to soot and rags and cuffs and hard words to-morrow morning. But she never knew whose child she was; nor had she heard of her home, save as a kind of fairy land beyond the seas, whence she had been brought to the grosser life of the working world by storks or cranes or some such outlandish porters. And when Sally said this, and spoke of her own and her home, no wonder her curiosity was all aflame, and that she started up with the wild demand: "My home! Where is my home, Sal? And who are my own?"

"You are the child of a gorgio and a rye, and you lived at a place they call Branscombe Tower," replied Sally; "and father nabbed you when you

were a chiavo lying asleep on the grass in the garden, and brought you home to bring us good luck. But you've brought us nothing but ill; and since you and your yellow hair came to our tents we have gone from bad to worse, till now—see where we are!"

"But where—where is it?" cried Hilda.

It was all very well for Sally to be so cold and indifferent. To her it mattered little, but to the Christian girl herself it was more than life and death!

"Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies! So stow your patter, keep close, and look alive!" said Sally, sullenly.

And with this meagre comfort the "little sister" was forced

to be content. But what evidences Sally possessed she let the girl see. She showed her the rude chart which father had made, with roads and indications, marking out where Branscombe Tower was to be found and how it was best to be reached. She showed her the baby frock and pelisse and all the dainty little wardrobe that had been so carefully preserved ever since the theft—the coral necklace, the small bronze shoes and open-worked socks, the blue sash, the blue bows on the short sleeves. All had been kept as religiously as a Catholic preserves the sacred vestments of the priests or the still more sacred gowns and jewels and adornments of the holy images.

The sight of these things wakened up in Hilda a certain vague chaotic recollection of the past days, when she wore them; but it was too vague, too chaotic, to reduce to substantiality, and she let herself drift forward, not backward, into glorious but disquieting anticipations rather than regrets and recollections. She only asked, feverishly: "When shall we go, Sal?"—for the elder girl was her mistress—and Sal answered sharply: "Now."

All that day and all the next they tramped, and sometimes rode in friendly wagons that gave them a lift in return for Sally's "reading the stars," or because of Hilda's blue eyes and fair hair. And all that day and all the next Sally took more than a mother's care of the "little sister," whom she hated as a woman, yet feared as an influence. No harm of any kind had ever been suffered to befall her. She had been kept pure from all unholy contact, if—for her natural station—rudely handled and roughly taught. She had been "learned" only the rudiments of reading and writing, but she had been instructed in much gipsy lore; and she knew the secrets of the woodlands and the tricks of the tribe as well as any of them. From superstition rather than love, the daintiest morsels, the softest pillow, the most sheltered seat, and the cleanest rags had been given to her. She was an alien, truly, but she was their superior; and, by the higher "initiation" gained through Christian baptism, she was entitled to be their symbol of good-fortune. It was part of the unwritten law that she was to be kept as pure as any vestal; and there was nothing on which Sally prided herself



"You a cousin of mine!" she said.

more than on the thoroughness with which this had been done. No man's lip had ever touched hers; no man's voice had ever spoken of love.

"As you came, so you go," she said more than once; and Hilda knew too well the weight of her hand to ask more than it was intended she should understand.

At last the long tramp came to an end, and they reached the little stream which ran through the park and under the bridge across the road. Turning off, and going down beneath the bridge, they made their simple toilet, to present themselves fitly at the great house up yonder. Sally brushed Hilda's hair, as her grandam used to do, and spread it over her shoulders and down to her waist, in a long sheet of gold. She herself washed the younger girl's feet, and rubbed her shoes, and shook out her skirts. She arranged her dress with the picturesque taste that comes of second nature to a gipsy; and, when she had "busked" Hilda to the best of her ability, she arranged herself, for the sake of the little sister whom she hated, protected, despised, yet feared, all in one. And then, with clean hands and faces, smooth hair, and well-brushed skirts—all stain and dust of travel removed, and their finery, such as it was, as well adjusted as Sally could adjust it—carrying their bundles in their hands: Hilda's containing her "charms" and personal treasures, Sally's the clothes which had been on the child when stolen: they went by a cross-cut through the park and up to the big house—standing too close to that narrow by-lane for the safety of a fair-headed

child left asleep in the garden, with that clever "chora-mengro" Jim Fay stealing along by the hedge.

All in a tremor and a terror, Hilda scarce knew how she felt as she walked on to the house. And this was her home—from this grand place, this substantial fairyland, she had been taken as a child, to be brought up in those tents of Kedar, where she had been alternately cuffed like a varlet and worshipped like a "mascot." What a chaos it all was! To her natural pride in this confirmation of her superiority over her foster family was added dread of the unknown world she was about to enter. To her natural longing to see her own—her very own father and mother, was added the pain of parting with those who had nurtured her for all these long years. Should she ever see them again? Surely! She would know when Jim came out of prison—which mentally she called "quod"—and she would be one of the first to congratulate him. She wondered how he was getting on behind those grim stone walls, and if he ever thought of her!

The thought of the handsome gipsy lad, who feared God and man not at all and the devil but little, brought the blood to her face for girlish longing to see him again. But she took care to keep silence to Sally. She knew that her big "sister" had already stood between them, to the utmost of her power, and would, to the last moment of her life. Let who would be Jim's "fancy," it should not be Hilda Branscombe, if Sally could prevent it! But she herself would be faithful to the old friendship. Let what would happen, she would be loyal to handsome Jim, as a girl brought up in the gipsy code of honour should be.

All of which thoughts occupied her so that when they came up to the door of the house, it was almost as if she had been brought there by magic or in her sleep.

Sally rang the bell, and a powdered footman opened the door. He was very majestic, very haughty and fine and grand; and when the gipsy woman asked to see "Mrs. Branscombe, the lady," he visibly started back in astonishment—open-mouthed at her audacity.

"Certainly not," he said, making as

though he would shut the door. "My lady does not see the likes of you."

A curious change came over Sally's face. She had inherited some of those strange powers which run in the Romany blood. She looked hard at the man; then said—her eyes, as it were, two points of fire—"What were you doing that dark night, when you met the humpbacked man by the oak-tree and gave him that small black bag? There were shining things inside. Now you'll go and tell the lady that a gipsy woman wants to see her—a gipsy woman who has brought back her lost child, Hilda."

The man blanched, and slunk away; and in a minute there came into the hall a small party of five—two women of mature age, an elderly man, and a youth with a young man at his back—in an attitude.

The foremost lady—a tall and stately woman—was white as death, the other—smaller, rounder, more florid—was flushed from brow to chin. On the face of the first was fear, expectation, eagerness, love; on that of the other, doubt and displeasure. It was the mother who feared and hoped, the aunt who doubted and was displeased at the word which the man had brought in. The father's face reflected the feelings of his wife—the nephew's, of his aunt. What was life and joy and love to them was dispossession and destruction to these others.

What was it they saw as they came out into the hall? A true gipsy woman, with a bright kerchief round her head, beneath which her glossy ebony curls fell over her sunburnt cheeks and down her swarthy neck—a true gipsy, with the beauty and the boldness of her dark race—its astuteness and its cunning, its strange sense of superiority and as strange attitude of submission; and a tall, well-grown, beautiful young girl, with the blue eyes and golden hair of the typical English race, standing in the sunlight like an angel companioned by a demon, thought the young tutor, screwing the thought up into rhyme.

"I have brought her back, my lady," said Sally, with that queer mixture of defiance and carneying characteristic of her kind. "Father took her from here fifteen year ago, and brought her to us for luck; but we've never had none since she came, so I've brought her back to you—as good a maid as she was then, and no discredit to nobody."

The tall girl, with the sun shining on her hair and touching it into gold, made one hesitating step forward. The elder lady, her face drawn and almost convulsed, also made a step forward to meet her.

"Is this my mother?" said Hilda, in a moved voice.

But Aunt Maria thrust herself between. She had her nephew's interests to safeguard, and she resented this restoration of the rightful inheritor.

"We must have proof," she said hastily. "Who would believe a beggar-woman's assertion without proof?"

Sally opened her bundle.

"Here are her duds—they are my proofs," she returned. "This here lass is Hilda Branscombe, if ever there was a Hilda Branscombe at all, and you may take her or leave her, as you've a mind. Me and mine wash our hands of her, for she has brought us bad luck, and we want to be rid of her."

"Lord love her!" cried Nanna, who had joined the eager group in the hall. "Lord love her! These are the very things she had on when she was took away—her shoes and her sash and her pelisse and her necklace—I remember them all, as if it was only yesterday. She is Miss Hilda, sure enough. I can see it as I look at her!"

Hilda turned with a proud face to Sally.

"If they do not want me, sister, I will go back with you till I find someone who will have me," she said, making as if she would leave the hall.

"No! you will stay here," said Mr. Branscombe, with authority. "You, woman"—to Sally—"must make your story good before we accept it as true; and you"—to Hilda—"if you are our daughter, will have a daughter's place in our home and hearts."

His voice faltered. It was sweet to have his own again and he did not see the thousand and one little *lâches* in appearance and manner which the ladies had already noticed.

"I seem to remember something of it all," said Hilda, her voice too, faltering as she looked from her mother to her father, and from him to Nanna. "Sally, sister, it is true, is it not?—it is true?"

"By my father's hand, this is Hilda Branscombe, that my father stole for luck, and we have kept for fifteen year and more," said Sally, solemnly. "And if you don't choose to take her, kind lady and gentleman, she can go to prison like anyone else, but she doesn't come back no more with me."

"I do not want to go back with no one, neither with you nor to stay here, if so be I am not welcome," said Hilda, proudly; and again she made as if to leave, her eyes dry but her breast heaving.

"Hilda, stay!" cried Mrs. Branscombe.

At her voice Hilda turned back, looking at her mother as if to read her very heart.

"You will have me?" she asked.

"Yes," said Mrs. Branscombe, holding out her arms. "I feel that you are my child."

"Thank you, mother!" said Hilda, taking her mother's outstretched hand.

With a curious mixture of dignity and humility she bent both head and knee and kissed the hand she held, leaving two bright tears as the sign of her adoption—the baptism of her birth.

His flabby hands dangling nervously from his loosely crossed wrists.



"You will come with me?" he said. She looked back into her room.

III.

"She is awful!" said Aunt Maria.

"She is a beast!" said Hubert, startled out of his refinement by disgust.

Even Mrs. Branscombe, for all her maternal instinct—that divine storgē which had been so cruelly wrung and now ought to have been so blissfully satisfied—even she scarcely knew what to do with her new-found treasure. Her child sure enough she was, but what kind of child for such a woman to possess? Imagine the wife of a county magnate with a daughter who could barely read and write, who interlarded her talk with "Romany" and thieves' slang; who had as much knowledge of grammar as she had of French or geography; who could play the banjo and beat the tambourine, but who did not know a note of music nor the name of an opera; who could dance wild gipsy dances, pronounced by the ladies to be "not nice," but who knew nothing of civilised "squares" or "rounds"—a daughter who believed in charms and magic, the Evil Eye and fortune-telling, who would not be photographed for love or money, nor accept a shoe-string from her mother, nor eat eels, nor do this or that at certain times of the moon, and who cherished a huge toad as one of her bringers of good luck and emblems of better fortune; a daughter who could not be kept in the house for half an hour together, and who would not put on cloak or hat when she went out; who jumped up from table so soon as she had finished her own dinner, and pouted and flouted if forced to remain to the end; a daughter who fraternised with the groom, called the footman a gentleman in "Romany," was mortally afraid of the butler, and on terms of friendly familiarity with the gamekeeper! What was to be done with her? Learn she would not, and rove at all hours of the day and night she would; and scolding only made her savage, and remonstrance of a milder sort filled her with barbarous amazement.

She could ride—yes, in truth, she could ride with a vengeance!—and barebacked more readily than with a saddle. As for a hat and habit, she laughed with derision when these were produced, and cried with self-contempt when forced to put them on. And somehow she contrived to tear the skirt of her brand-new "Redfern" so deplorably as to render it impossible for after-wear—which caused infinite satisfaction to herself, if anger to her mother and scorn from Aunt Maria.

What could be done with a creature who one day came flying into the house with a hedgehog in her hand, as radiant as if she had found a pearl, insisting that cook should immediately bake the creature in wood ashes for her dinner, as a dish fit indeed to be set before a king? Talk of heredity—where was heredity compared with education? She might have been a little lady in the camp; but, set among English ladies and gentlemen, she was just a fair-haired gipsy-girl, and they could make nothing of her. True, she was pretty enough for a dozen; but what of that? Her skin was sunburnt by exposure; her hands were coarse by want of care, her feet were fine for a statue but spread for a bootmaker; she had a glorious figure, granted, but a figure built on the lines of the Venus of Milo, and innocent of stays or belts—what of that for a county magnate's crack dressmaker to pull into shape? No! this lost child found, this English rose plucked from the tents of Kedar, was a trial and a disappointment, take her how one would; and even the mother had to own that this beautiful flower of girlhood had too many thorns for comfortable wearing.

On her own side things were just as inharmonious with her as she was to them. The gipsy-bred girl, accustomed to the wild freedom of the camp, grew sick with a curious version of nostalgia in the luxurious home which was her rightful inheritance. Those hot and stifling rooms made her head ache as it had never ached before. The rich and varied food disagreed with her; the downy softness and smooth monotony of everything enervated and irritated her. But worse than these were her cousin Hubert and his tutor, Marmaduke Montgomery Saintfoin. The one was her implacable enemy, who squirmed with malice, the other her sentimental lyrist, who squirmed with admiration. Anyhow, they both squirmed, each in his own way, and both were more hateful to her than a couple of snakes or eels.

"You a cousin of mine!" she said one day to the delicate fastidious youth who had shrieked piteously when stung by a wasp on his hand. "You—who cannot ride bareback, nor

throw a stone that will hit a bird, nor shoe a horse if need be, nor harness one to a cart, nor drive that cart along a lane when harnessed, nor do one mortal thing that the lowest Romany of them all can do! You my cousin, who would not touch a toad, nor a snail, nor a hedgehog, nor even a bat, and who squeals like a pig if stung by a bee on your neck or a wasp on



Jim Fay.

your hand! I don't believe it! You are fit only to mind the children—and that you couldn't do!"

"And you are only fit for your dirty vulgar gipsies. You are a gipsy yourself," said Hubert, taking up the glove.

"Where at least we are men and women, not dolls and daisies like you!" returned Hilda, slapping his face.

Her contempt for this cousin of hers was beyond measure and beyond control. She despised him with the whole force of her being, from head to heel, inside and out. And when she saw Aunt Maria caress and cosset this apology for a man, her blood turned to water—when it was not flame—and she longed with a passion that was akin to madness for the savage simplicity of the tents—even for the rough usage of the men and women who at least were men and women, and knew how to make themselves respected.

And, again, when that doleful creature Marmaduke Montgomery Saintfoin looked at her with those sheep's eyes of his, his flabby hands dangling nervelessly from his loosely crossed wrists, she remembered her handsome gipsy foster-brother, Jim, who had cuffed her many a time, but had protected her as often, and who was a man of his hands, and a man who understood more than ever a gorgio knows, let what would be his lack of scholarship and his little mistake about that horse which had landed him in jail.

And when she thought of all this, and contrasted the past with such disadvantage to the present, her spirit chafed so that she could not remain indoors. No matter what the bleak winter weather, no matter what the untimely hour, when she felt like this she was up and out into the woods and fields,

walking, walking for hours, as if to distance the ghosts that pursued her. If only Sally had not taken so dead against her, if she had not credited her with the Evil Eye, and believed her to be the bringer of ill luck to the tribe, she would have made tracks for the old haunts and the old associates; but as things were she could not, and she had not courage enough to try "new diggings." What she wanted was the old life, the old conditions, the old loves, softened, beautified, glorified in her memory as they were by absence, imagination, and the desolation of the present.

IV.

Six months had come and gone since that dread autumnal day when Sally had taken back to her home the little sister whose life she and hers had spoilt—and done themselves no good by the damage. During this time some slight change towards conventionality had been wrought in "the changeling." She had been reduced to a little orderliness in times and habits. She had learned to sew, in a rude fashion enough, but still to a certain extent she could cobble up a rent and set on a string. And she had been taught personal cleanliness, and some kind of neatness in her dress and appearance. She was by no means a properly conducted English lady, but she was not such a barbarian as she had been; and, though the reverse of harmonious with her surroundings, she was not in such violent and wholly irreconcilable opposition. Yet her heart was always in those tents of Kedar whence she had been so strangely banished. And now, when the real "gipsy nights" were beginning, and the passionate influences of spring were stirring the soft air of heaven—when young hearts beat high and young blood ran swiftly in the veins, and vague desires filled the mind with longings that had no name nor shape, things were even worse than before with her, and her soul was sad and her heart was heavy.

To-day home matters had all been criss-cross and out of gear. The mother had been peevish and ill-content; Aunt Maria, rasping and aggressive; Hubert, contemptuous and aggravating; Marmaduke Montgomery Saintfoin, more loathsome than ordinary, and Hilda herself had been insolent to everyone alike.

"Like a wild cat!" said Aunt Maria, turning up the end of her sharp little red nose with a peculiar sniff, expressive of infinite disdain.

And Hilda had answered back with a flash: "Wild cat yourself, Aunt Maria!" and then had broken out into a torrent of unintelligible jargon, which it was quite as well for all concerned neither mother nor aunt understood. The girl had that consolation—she could harangue them in "Romany," and deliver her soul of some of its perilous stuff, without fear of reprisals.

When night came on, she could not rest. Her blood was on fire, and she felt her chains too heavy to be borne. Her pretty bed-room, with its luxury and refinement, was a prison wherein she could no longer live. She was like a nesting cuckoo, she thought, beating herself to death in her cage. She felt as if she could not breathe—as if she could not bear it and live. She stood out on the balcony looking over the park and garden. The sweet scents of the early flowers stole in light gusts of perfume from the flower-beds, and the smell of the fresh earth was even sweeter than these. The moon was up; a distant nightjar called to its mate; a corn-crake uttered its monotonous note; an owl hooted; the strange, mysterious sounds of night filled the air. It was an ideal "gipsy night," and Hilda's soul and love and longing went back to the old life of the road—the life of the fields and lanes and woods and commons—went back as passionately as if she had not been living under civilisation for the last six months and more. But what was she to do? All life was closed to her. Big Sally accused her of the Evil Eye; her foster-parents were dead; Jim was in prison, and could not help her. Dear Jim!—brave, handsome Jim! What would she not give to see him again? If only she could be with him, all would be well!

Did her fancy mock her with her desire? Did thought create the thing she thought of? Who was that who, stealing along the shadowed side of the hedge, lightly leapt the little wicket-gate that gave on to the lane—leapt it as his father had leapt it so many years ago, and stole across the garden and the lawn—keeping in the shadow when he could? How should she not know him? Who but Jim Fay had that lithe figure, that handsome face, those glittering eyes, that gallant bearing—gallant to her eyes, for all its gipsy cunning and caution



They found Hilda Branscombe, with the dead body of Jim Fay across her lap.

and stealthy watching on chances favourable and unfavourable? Who but Jim Fay would know her there in the moonlight, or would fling up to her, as a song, his greeting in pure Romany?—words which were as sweet to her ears as a handful of roses cast in her face!

The blood gathered round her heart, and then rushed in one deep flood of joy over her face. Fair and nobly planned as some goddess of the north, she stood in the moonlight on the balcony, her face transformed to almost unearthly beauty. A strange sentiment of reverence, almost of fear, touched the gipsy's heart. It was no longer the little sister he had played with and tormented, loved and beaten and defended by turns. She was a maiden to worship, to love if you will, but not as gipsy men love their gipsy girls. She was taken from his into a higher sphere, and the lad's heart died within him, recognising the change.

But when Hilda saw him and heard his voice, and, above all, listened to the gipsy tongue with all its fond associations, the spell of the past in her broke his of the present, and she was once more only a Romany—only his little sister whom he was minded to make his wife.

"Jim!" she said, leaning over the balcony and stretching out her hands as if to lift him up to where she stood. "Oh! what joy to see you again! How I have missed you! How I have longed for you!"

"You have not forgotten me?" he asked.

He was trembling like an aspen leaf. To his superstitious fancy she was more like her own glorified spirit than her natural self. Was it herself? Was she, indeed, still alive?

"No! Forget you?—could I forget you?" she answered.

"They have turned your blood to water. Your heart is no longer in the tents," he said sorrowfully. "But, mind me! you will never be happy here! You have broken faith with those that love you, and you will never know true love again! You are not ours, but you are not theirs! We laid the spell on you, and they cannot take it off! I, who have dreamed of this moment all the time they had me fast—who have kept the life in my heart and the blood in my veins, thinking of you, and when I should come to take you back with me to the tents—and now—your heart has gone from me!"

Tears glistened in his eyes—softening down the impulse to strike her to the heart—to revenge himself on her for the anguish she had given him. Horse-thief as he was—a cunning, low-bred, ignorant gipsy, and no more—he yet loved her, and felt emphatically that in her was bound up all the joy and sweetness of his life.

Hilda's soul was as if torn asunder. Love or life? Men or things? Which should she choose? She could not have both. Which, then, should it be?

He held her by her hands, and fixed her with his eyes. As she raised hers and looked into his—glittering, fascinating, compelling as the eyes of a snake or a sorcerer—the sense of some sweet and subtle influence stole over her. Her room, and all that this implied, lost its beauty; her sordid life in the tents its horror. The picture faded, as in a dissolving view, and all life—the past, the present, and the future—was concentrated in the man who stood before her. With a little cry she flung herself on his breast. Her love revealed itself to her soul, and she knew all that a girl can know.

which she leaned. Her mind was a chaos, and she scarce knew how she felt or what she really wished. She loved that handsome lad—and yet she was repelled and shocked by the very man she loved and had willingly kissed as only women who love can kiss. In idea he was her delight, but in fact—why this sense of disgust, mingled with her delight? What a tangle it all was! Her home was intolerable, and now she had made it impossible. But would those tents of Kedar satisfy her?

Not thinking so much as feeling, she suddenly heard the angry voices of men in strife, and shouts that betokened danger. In those shouts she recognised the voice of her lover, and, swift as a flash, she too sprang over the stile, and ran towards the place whence they came. And as she ran she heard shots, and a cry which sounded like "Little sister!"

With the instinct of a woodland animal she made straight for the spot where the men had struggled and fought. And when, roused by the shots and tumult, others came hurrying from the house and the cottages hard by, they found Hilda Branscombe seated on the ground, with the dead body of Jim Fay across her lap. His hands still held the game that he had snared, and a bullet was through his heart, put there by her friend the gamekeeper.

And now was Sister Sally justified! Had she not been of baleful influence all through? Stolen for luck, her own life ruined, had she not unconsciously avenged the wrong done her by destroying those who had destroyed her? But ruin for ruin as it might be, in the face of all she stooped her fair head and kissed her dead lover on the lips, whispering over him, in a language they could not understand, a vow of



MILITARY LIFE IN BURMAH: EVENING AT NO. 3 STOCKADE IN THE CHIN HILLS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SURGEON A. G. E. NEWLAND.

"Ever since sister brought me here and left me, I have longed for you—dreamt of you—lived for this hour when you would come to take me back to the tents."

"Will you come with me?" he asked.

"Out of this?—into freedom? Yes!" she said. "This is prison, and I am miserable!"

"My girl! you shall be free!" said Jim, with an oath.

And Hilda just for a moment shrank as she heard the brutal word. The seeds of refinement and civilisation which they—her own people—impatiently thought had not germinated at all, had in truth begun to grow, and she was further removed from her old life than she herself knew.

Quick and lithe as a panther the gipsy "swarmed" up the pillars of the porch, and in a moment was on the balcony with his "little sister." She had ceased to be the goddess, and had become once more the woman—the girl he loved and meant to make his own.

"And you will come with me?" he said again.

She looked back into her room. For a moment it was all like sorcery—like a picture shown in a magic crystal. She saw, as in a mirror, the dirt and squalor and discomfort of the tents, and contrasted with this the sweetness and freshness and beauty of her present surroundings. She saw herself in rags, dishevelled, unkempt, unclean—and she realised the difference between this woman and that. In that one brief moment—that one fleeting vision—she understood the mistake she was making, and knew the misery and degradation to which she was condemning herself. Spoilt for either life! A creature born out of due time—an alien all round—neither free nor disciplined, neither Gentile nor Christian, neither gipsy nor gorgio! Her heart throbbed wildly. Could she bear the trial? Which path was she to take? Which led to happiness? Perhaps neither!

Jim read her face as one reads an open book.

"I will go with you, Jim. I love you, and no one shall part us more!" she said.

The night-jar called to its mate and the brown owl hooted from the ivy as the two stole softly through the garden and out into the narrow lane. Under the shadow of the hedge Jim turned and took her in his arms, kissing her soft face with all a young man's long-cherished passion. His fear of her, and his reverence, as of something superior, had passed away. She was now only his girl, as any other might have been—his girl whom he loved!

Hilda clasped her arms round his brown neck and returned his kiss—the first of her life. But even in this supreme moment she caught the pungent odour of wood-smoke and coarse tobacco that hung about him, and she noted that his hair was matted and unbrushed—that his hands were grimy with soot and mould. But she loved him. He was Jim—and she loved him.

"Stay here, my girl!" said Jim, suddenly.

They were standing under a large elm-tree, by the darkened side of the bole, and near the stile by which Sally and she had crossed the park to her old home.

"Stay here," he repeated. "I have to go after the snares."

He clasped her to him, and again and again kissed her fervently. Love was very sweet, but the poacher was stronger than the lover. Yet he was loth to leave her, and caressed her with something of almost ferocity and then something of almost sadness in his touch.

"Keep faith!" he said. Then, with the true light gipsy bound, he was off and away over the stile. And even Hilda's well-trained ear could not hear his footstep as he ran by the hedge and crept under the low-lying branches of the trees and to the thicket where he had set his snares.

Hilda stood for some time motionless as the tree against

fidelity which she kept to the end of her life. Her first, last, and only love was buried in a gipsy's dishonoured grave; and no other man ever drew forth the treasure which the great heiress of the Branscombes had given to a poacher and a thief.

MILITARY LIFE IN BURMAH.

The English officers commanding small detachments of the regiments, either Madras Sepoys or Goorkhas, at many stations and posts in the highlands and forests of the Burmese frontier are constantly on the alert for sudden calls to hasty marches and possible skirmishes with the marauding Chin tribes and other troublesome neighbours. In this petty occasional warfare, briefly mentioned in the newspapers, deeds of personal bravery have often been performed; and much praise is due, not only to our young countrymen, some of whom have lost their lives by shots from ambushed foes, or by illness from a sultry, damp, exhausting climate, but also to the Indian native soldiers and non-commissioned officers, whose fidelity and willing obedience, as well as their good fighting quality, have never failed in the service. A few scenes and incidents of common daily experience have appeared in our pages, furnished by a series of excellent photographs, which were taken by our esteemed correspondent, Surgeon A. G. Newland, of the Indian Medical Staff. In the one now presented we see the two officers at a post denominated "No. 3 Stockade, Chin Hills," seated in their tent during the evening hours, and assuaging their thirst, we doubt not temperately, with an innocent but exhilarating beverage of which soda-water is an ingredient, and the other component liquid will do no great harm. They have invited a respectable native comrade, who has come with papers of regimental business or accounts, to bear them company in this sociable repose.

LITERATURE.

SAINTE-BEUVE.

BY RICHARD GARNETT, LL.D.

Sainte-Beuve* scarcely belongs to the class of eminent French authors who are peculiarly difficult to render into another language; the translator may struggle in vain with the nicer shades of his thought, but the substance can be, and in these little volumes generally has been, conveyed not only with fidelity but with effect. The difficulties of popularising him in English are, first and foremost, the grand difficulty that every one who can read him in French would prefer to do so, and that much of his best and most characteristic work is, out of his native country at least, more interesting from its style than its subject. He is never so thoroughly at home as when writing of eminent French authoresses, the aroma of whose literary work has long since evaporated for the foreign reader. The only way to make Madame de Lafayette or Madame de Krüdener, for example, interesting beyond the limits of France would be to make them the heroines of novels or else stalking-horses for the ventilation of controversies. Lewes has made a most attractive essay upon the latter by selecting her as the representative of spurious mysticism; but Sainte-Beuve's object is not to satirise a tendency, but to depict a woman. The treatment is masterly, the success complete, for those who know Madame Krüdener already; but just because the portrait is the woman it will generally fail to interest readers in a foreign country and an uncongenial age. Pictures of this kind, like precious china, exist for connoisseurs and connoisseurs are independent of translations.

It is nevertheless much to be wished that Sainte-Beuve, either in his own language or in ours, may obtain wide popularity in England: for no one has set a better example of scientific and conscientious criticism. Greater authors have been worse critics, for with them criticism has been but the appendage of narrative on the excuse for rhetoric; with him it is the beginning, the middle, and the end. He studied his author as a naturalist studies his specimen: he learned all that could be learned before beginning to write: when he did write, his treatment had all the impartiality of the judicial attitude without any of its stiffness and dryness. More memorable, eloquent, and impressive essays have been written by men who have made their subjects pegs for the display of their own views, and have thus obtained a latitude and freedom of treatment which Sainte-Beuve's method did not allow. Such historical pictures or philosophical manifestoes, however, transgress what Sainte-Beuve would have considered the legitimate province of criticism. A good illustration may be afforded by a comparison of his essay on Diderot in one of these volumes with the famous composition of Carlyle. Diderot certainly stands prominently forward in Carlyle's essay, and is most vividly painted. Still, he is only a figure in the foreground. The real subject is the French philosophical movement of the eighteenth century and Carlyle's opinion of it. Sainte-Beuve, on the other hand, takes Diderot the author, analyses, dissects him, makes him thoroughly intelligible within his own four corners, but does not attempt to exhibit his relation to his environment. Far more practical information and penetrating criticism on Diderot the author are to be derived from Sainte-Beuve, but his essay could never eradicate a habit of thought or transform a life, as Carlyle's might very well. Another comparison with a great English essayist is suggested by Sainte-Beuve's essay on Frederick the Great, compared with Macaulay's. From one point of view the Frenchman's superiority is infinite. After his delicacy, finesse, intellectual equipoise and perfect justice, Macaulay's vehement invective seems not merely a diatribe but a daub. Yet so great is the spell of eloquence that Macaulay's essay impresses far more powerfully than Sainte-Beuve's, and goes further towards building up the popular conception of Frederick. In Sainte-Beuve's own disquisition occurs one of the very few instances he has given of national narrowness, a disdainful surprise at Frederick's comparison of his ancestor the Great Elector with Louis XIV. Frederick, he evidently thinks, has for once forgotten himself. He himself forgets that "the mind's the standard of the man"—that the Elector in Louis' place would have been a much greater Louis, and that Louis would have been small as Elector of Brandenburg.

The best and most characteristic of Sainte-Beuve's essays are, nevertheless, those on celebrated or once celebrated women, some of whom happily maintain a perennial interest, such as De Maintenon, De Sévigné, and De Staël. Mr. Sharp's introduction is all that could be desired, and so is the translation of two of the volumes. That attributed to "Forsyth Edeveain" is over-literal, even to the employment of such horrible Gallicisms as "erudites."

FRENCH FICTION OF TO-DAY.

In *French Fiction of To-day*, by Madame Van de Velde (Frischler and Co.: 1891), the stone which Mr. Podsnap and his critical purveyors rejected has become the head of the corner. Here are our young Boulevard heroes all at play: M. Paul Bourget, amid the Persic apparatus of his tapestried smoking-room "in one of the immensely tall Parisian houses of the Rue Monsieur"; and M. Guy de Maupassant, who, "since he left his *garçonnière* near the Parc Monceaux two years ago, has already changed his quarters three times"; and M. Alphonse Daudet, "in his lordly hotel of the Rue Bellechasse." But it is not all play with them; there are discreet hints of M. Daudet's "harassing disease," and a statement, not too discreet, that "tired by reckless excesses, Maupassant is threatened with a disorder of the spine, the first symptoms of which are his inordinate craving for locomotion." From these extracts it may be gathered that Madame Van de Velde's book belongs less to the New Criticism than to the New Journalism. It puts forward, indeed, no very serious critical pretensions, leaning to description and sprightly anecdote

rather than to analysis. Needless, therefore, to say that you will discover no trace in it of that scientific classification of literary products for which M. Emile Hennequin invented the hideous word "Æsthoppsychology"; but, for compensation, you will find a dozen capital photographs—one of which, by the way, affords striking testimony of the success of M. Zola's recent (and notorious—which is our excuse for alluding to this personal subject) experiments in the hygienic treatment known, we believe, in this country as "trying Banting."

STORY OF AN ANGLICAN MONASTERY.

The Hermits of Crizebeck. By Henry Cresswell. Three vols. (Hurst and Blackett.)—A trivial solecism in the title of a very good, bright, original story is a matter of little moment. It should have been called "The Monks of Crizebeck," for a "hermit" is a solitary. The religious community formed by a few Oxford or other University men in Anglican Church orders, who rebuild and inhabit a ruined monastery in a sequestered Devonshire valley, affords an instructive example of misguided zeal for that romantic mode of life. With much discretion and good taste, the author has strictly refrained from introducing any theological argument or direct expression of sentiment concerning the objects of Christian faith. It is merely to be understood that all these convent-seeking clergymen—differing in their individual characters and tastes—are of the High Church school. Father Babbington, the first warden, a noble and saintly person, the leader of the little band of clerical brethren until his death; Roughton, the learned master of the library, an ardent literary scholar and critic, not over pious, acute, sarcastic, impatient of stupidity, hating cant and hypocrisy, but deficient in administrative skill; Hulford, the artist and antiquary, who delights in endless toil of architectural decorations and sculpture of stone or wood; Merryweather, whose labours in the garden enhance the beauty of Crizebeck and yield a profitable revenue; and Jones, formerly a hard-working parish priest, heart-broken by family bereavement, yet full of burning enthusiasm for the salvation of souls, are vivid portraits among the original members of this society. All unmarried or widowers, and having contributed to a common fund out of their private means, they have taken vows, not for life, but renewable at terms of three years; and so long as they confine themselves to the safe precincts of the monastery, shunning all intercourse with the people outside, they are innocently happy. The history of this peculiar institution, and of the fatal change in its habits caused by the admission of new members inspired with a fanatical ambition to interfere in the affairs of neighbouring parishes, is told by a very sensible layman, Mr. Fothergill, a retired colonial merchant, acquainted with several of the "Fathers" in their college days. He comes to reside near Crizebeck, with his lady relatives, an old aunt and two nieces, Rosy and Mab Clairmont, girls of opposite disposition, but equally interesting as examples of youthful womanhood. The fate of Rosy, passionate, proud, and wilful, liable to perilous self-delusions, rash and vehement in her actions, is finally a very sad one. Having at first, by an impulse of sentimental gratitude, engaged herself to Trevor Nolan, who saved her life in a fire at a theatre, she afterwards falls in love with his brother Eustace, the most brilliant preacher of the Crizebeck Fathers, and when this man, who is egotistic and insincere, prefers the hand of Miss Vining, the rich squire's daughter, poor Rosy dies a victim of despair. Her sister Mab is one of the most refreshing and charming of frank affectionate girls, ever rushing headlong to do and say what is right. The general tone of this novel is very cheerful, with a tolerant and kindly spirit, and with much dry or quiet humour.

A NOVEL READ FOR ONCE.

Humbling his Pride. By Charles T. C. James. Three vols. (Ward and Downey).—This author is one of those novelists who now and then punish unfaithful reviewers with a paragraph, utterly foreign to the story, exposing the alleged practice of writing "damnatory notices" without reading the new books. Having on former occasions noticed preceding works of Mr. C. T. C. James in no disparaging spirit, we may assure him that "Humbling his Pride" has been perused by us from the first page to the last, including page fifty-two of the third volume; and that it has not been a pleasant task. John Horlock, the village blacksmith at Faircliff—somewhere near Margate, as we think—but really an illegitimate son of the good old grey-haired Squire, is prodigiously muscular, intellectual, and haughtily ambitious. He is pursued by the insane hatred of two diabolical foes—the Demon Vicar of the parish, the Rev. Mr. Marden, and Dr. Specifer, the Fiend M.D. of a neighbouring town: in the one case, because he has opposed the clergyman in vestry business; in the other, because Specifer was in love with John's mother nearly thirty years ago, and then she was seduced, and John is the offspring of her girlish fault. These two professional gentlemen, the soul-curer and the body-curer of a rural district, conspire against Horlock, with ingenious malignity, for the purpose of "humbling his pride." He does indeed affect strange airs of superiority, though ignorant of his birth, spurning association with ignorant rustics, while he becomes the old Squire's favourite and confidant, helping in an amateur engineer workshop at the stately Castle. The old Squire's niece, Miss Laura Delius, comes from a French boarding-school, pelts the handsome blacksmith with roses, and he falls in love with her, to the sore disappointment of a sweeter human Rose, the daughter of Farmer Morrison, a good and pretty maiden, who thereupon leaves home for a London fashionable bonnet-maker's shop. Rose and her generous, honest, straightforward old father, patiently enduring an ill-tempered wife, are the only tolerable persons in this dismal story. It grows darker and darker; the Satanic doctor and vicar ally themselves with a third monster of wickedness, Oscar Gliddon, a London financial schemer of profligate and voluptuous habits, who visits and cajoles the Squire, becomes engaged to Miss Delius, as an expectant heiress, buys up the cottage and smithy, turns out John and old Mrs. Horlock, his reputed mother; and then, finding that the Squire's wealth is lost by a City bank failure, seduces Laura, deserts her, and leaves all Faircliff in the depth of misery. Laura being supposed to have drowned herself, John threatens vengeance, going up to London; so when Oscar Gliddon is found dead in his luxurious chambers, killed by a pistol-shot, the accusation of murder, sustained by Specifer and Marden with false evidence, brings John to a sentence of death, commuted to penal servitude for life. But truth will come out at last, though John, willing to be hanged, refuses to say a word in self-exculpation. It was Laura—not a suicide, but a despairing fugitive from home—who accidentally shot her perfidious betrayer in a struggle between him and John. Laura dies, after giving birth to a little girl, who becomes, in the course of seventeen years, the young wife of elderly John Horlock, a successful inventor, the owner of great riches, the master of Faircliff Castle. As for the vicar and the doctor, they have perished horribly, tumbling in deadly grapple over the cliff. And now, let us ask the author, have we not read his novel? And can we fairly advise other people to read it?

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Wordsworth has been as unfortunate in his biographers as he has been happy in his critics, and perhaps the least satisfactory attempt at a Life is that before us, written by Miss Elizabeth Wordsworth (Percival and Co.) We have had "The Real Lord Byron," and "The Real Shelley," but who will give us the real Wordsworth?—Wordsworth, the compound of magnificent inspiration, of human enthusiasm, of tenderest sympathy, with narrowness of vision, selfish egoism, and platitudinousness! Certainly not Miss Wordsworth, whose book cannot, in that same line of blind hero-worship, compare in any particular with Mr. Myers's little volume.

To how small an extent Miss Wordsworth has made herself at home in the subject may be gathered from the fact that she assumes as unquestioned that the reference to

A noticeable man with large grey eyes

refers to Coleridge, and the group of poems to which "Lucy" belongs is supposed to refer to his wife, for the exquisitely feminine reason that "Wordsworth was a man of rare consistency of character and constancy of purpose. Where he once loved, he loved always." To which it can only be said that the existence of an earlier love is almost as certain in the case of Wordsworth as in the case of Scott, and that his wife, there is good reason to believe, did not originally inspire the poem "She was a Phantom of Delight."

According to a *Times* correspondent, Count von Moltke left a sort of autobiography comprising twenty-nine diaries which cover almost the whole of his military career, and are replete with notes on all the events in which the great soldier was in any way mixed up. They are to appear as a serial in *Über Land und Meer*, and will afterwards be reissued in book form.

Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co. have published in a charming little volume the poems of Miss Emily Dickinson, which have made some stir in America. One of the editors, Mr. T. W. Higginson, says rather happily that "in many cases these verses will seem to the reader like poetry torn up by the roots." This description is justified by the entire waywardness of form, which does not always obscure a strange but genuine vein of poetry. On the other hand, the editors would have shown some discretion by omitting verses which have absolutely no claim to consideration. Miss Dickinson published next to nothing in her lifetime, and she would probably have demurred to the publication of lines like these—

Mirth is the mail of anguish,
In which it cautious arm,
Lest anybody spy the blood
And "You're hurt" exclaim!

Mr. Howells must be deeply distressed by the new novel which that incorrigible writer of romance, Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, has begun in *Scribner*. Nothing could be more old-fashioned than this tale, which opens with the arrival of a schooner at a Polynesian port, the meeting of two old friends, and the yarn which the newcomer starts after dinner. The idea of a guest inflicting a whole serial on his host in this fashion will excite Mr. Howells's pity for the author of such a contrivance. Yet Mr. Stevenson positively glories in his subject, and declares that if a man who had dined in Polynesia for the first time were suddenly whisked away to Upper Tooting, he would rub his eyes and say, "I have had a dream of a place, and I declare it must be heaven." Worst of all, the story promises to be extremely interesting to the numerous readers whose credulity is not staggered even by a fiction with such a title as "The Wrecker."

Ernesto Zenuti has published a charming trifle called "Americanismo Fiorentino," which shows a wonderful appreciation and understanding of the peculiar charms and fascinations of the American girl, and is a sort of "Daisy Miller," written by an Italian, from an Italian point of view. The little trifle ought really to be translated into English; but it must be done with care, for the original is touched with a delicate style which might easily evaporate under rough handling. In this story Signor Zenuti defines to perfection what is understood under flirtation. Flirtation, it must be stated, is a sealed book to Italians—a thing which they do not understand. This writer, who has studied the subject very thoroughly, under American tuition, defines it in the following way: "A fascinating and delightful form of intimate friendship between beings of a different sex, in which there is much of tenderness, much affection, much coquetry, but in which there is not—must not—be a spark of real, true love." "The Italians," continues this brilliant writer, "whether from the influence of climate, temperament, or education, cannot flirt."

Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer Dickens, youngest son of the novelist, has been re-elected, unopposed, as member for Wilcannia, in the Parliament of New South Wales.

Mr. David Nutt has in preparation an anthology of the best English verse of the last three centuries, by Mr. W. E. Henley.

Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. announce that Mr. James Bowden, who has been a managing partner in the business for some years, will in future be included in the title of the firm. The style of the firm is henceforth Ward, Lock, Bowden, and Co.

Canon Ainger writes to the *Athenæum*: "Some years ago I met Mr. Browning under the hospitable roof of my old friend Mr. Alexander Macmillan, of Streatham, and in conversation on poets and poetry he spoke to me in terms of the warmest admiration of Matthew Arnold, and notably, I remember, of 'Thyrsis,' which he instanced as one of the most beautiful poems in our language."

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS TO HAND.—"The Witch of Pagan," by F. Marion Crawford, 3 vols. (Macmillan); "Poems by Emily Dickinson," edited by two of her friends (Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.); "Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute, 1890-1" (published by the Institute, Northumberland Avenue); "Zadoc Pine and Other Stories," by H. C. Bunner (Gay and Bird, 15, King William Street, Strand); "The Land of the Lion and the Sun," by C. J. Wills, *Minerva Library* (Ward and Lock); "Victorian Poets," by Amy Sharp, *University Extension Series* (Methuen); "The Antiquary," Vol. xxiii. (Elliot Stock); Eyre's "Picturesque Devonshire and Cornwall" (W. H. Hood, 29, Ludgate Hill); "The Monastery," by Sir Walter Scott. *New copyright edition* (A. and C. Black); "Ministering Women: The Story of the Royal National Pension Fund for Nurses," by G. W. Potter (140, Strand); "The Statutory Trust Investment Guide," with an introduction by Richard Marrack (Mathieson and Sons, 10, Old Broad Street); "The Wordsworth Dictionary of Persons and Places," by J. R. Tait (J. R. Tait, Hall).

K

* *Portraits of Men—Portraits of Women—Essays on Men and Women.* By G. A. Sainte-Beuve. Three Vols. (David Scott.)

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Seaside and yachting costumes are the main objects of interest just now. Happily, that most objectionable tendency to put trains to day-gowns, which has been perceptible in all visiting costumes this season, has not spread to the tailor dresses. Walking dresses to clear the ground are so much more cleanly (for what could be more odious than to trail the manifold filth of the street at one's heels?) and so much more healthy and convenient (for to hold up the tail of a gown destroys all pleasure in walking) than are those that touch, that one almost rejoices to hear the rumour that a police law in Vienna is about to forbid the wearing of trains in the street. Do let us try, in vindication of our own common-sense as a sex, to secure the same result for ourselves by our own free will; let us refuse to have our walking dresses of thick material made long. Happily, the new cloth or tweed travelling and walking gowns, of the style recognised as "tailor-made" even when produced by a dressmaker, are all being cut to merely walking length.

Some cloth gowns at Goodwood, it is true, were made long, but they were always of fine material and rather elaborately adorned—in fact, they were carriage dresses, not walking ones. An illustration was a fine-faced cloth of a biscuit shade, the plain gored skirt resting a few inches on the grass, and trimmed all round the bottom with a velvet hem of the same colour, headed by an inch-wide embroidery of green and gold, set with imitation yellow topazes at intervals. The bodice was not very long in front but had long tails behind—a style more becoming to a stout figure than the deep basque all round. The lower part of the sleeve fitted closely to the arm and was of velvet, so was a half-belt sloping from the arm-hole to a narrow point at the front of the waist: the bodice and belt were edged everywhere with the passementerie, and braces of the same

down with black velvet ribbon, and bows of the same velvet adorned the shoulders.

How times change and we change with them is newly exemplified in the decision of a county-court judge that a maid-servant is not obliged to wear a cap. The law has been supposed to be that a servant refusing to obey a master's "lawful commands" may be instantly discharged, and forfeits all claim to wages. There is even a case on record where a girl was held to have acted beyond her rights in going out against her mistress's orders, though she went to visit a dying mother. The question now is whether to wear a cap while about work is or is not a lawful order on the part of a mistress? It is clear that in a well-conducted household the mistress is bound to see, among other things, that her servants dress suitably for their duties. To allow a housemaid to make the beds in a coarse, dirty apron, or a cook to prepare the food with her hair hanging loose about her shoulders, or a parlour-maid to open the door in a soiled light silk bought at the wardrobe-dealer's, would be domestic anarchy, odious and destructive and intolerable. A cap is the least important part of the domestic costume, certainly; but it keeps the head tidy, it greatly improves the looks of most girls, and it allows the visitor to understand at once how to address the person who opens the door. However, the county-court judge has decided that a servant has not "refused to obey lawful commands" when she has refused to put on a cap; so the only safe course for mistresses who wish to have the ordinary dress worn by their maids is either to inquire about the girl's views on this point when "taking up" a character, or to mention it when engaging the maid.

It is to be hoped, however, that this particularly silly scruple on the part of Mary Chappell will not be widely imitated among her compeers. The dress of a servant in a nice house is in the nature of a uniform, as is that of a sick-nurse, or a bandsman, or a military man. The plain cotton morning frock, or black stuff afternoon dress, falling around the figure in natural folds, and brightened by the white apron and cap and collars and cuffs, is graceful and

SKETCHES IN THE ENGADINE AND TYROL.

The Engadine, which is the Valley of the Upper Inn, with the neighbouring valleys that lead to the Roseg and Morteratsch Glaciers and to the Bernina Pass, affords some of the most romantic scenery of Switzerland. We are indebted to Lord Archibald Campbell for the Sketches that fill a page this week. St. Moritz, a fashionable watering-place, near the lower end of the main valley, on the Inn River, and Pontresina, on the terrace-bank of the Flatzbach, which flows down from the Val Bernina, are much frequented by English visitors. They are scarcely five miles distant from each other, and the path along the Statz Lake is very pleasant. The chief town, Samaden, is situated a few miles below, where the two valleys meet. The upper parts of these valleys, extending fifty or sixty miles—the one in a south-western direction, the other to the south-east—penetrate a region of grand mountain scenery, with stern gorges and ravines, and with lofty peaks and stupendous glaciers in sight. On the road from St. Moritz up to the Maloja Pass, ascending the upper valley of the Inn, are several remarkable lakes—those of St. Moritz, Campfer, Silva Plana, and Sils—with villages inviting a tourist to sojourn; and there is a splendid hotel at the Maloja, nearly six thousand feet above the sea-level, with a resident English physician. Pontresina is rather to be commended as headquarters for active mountaineering excursions; the Piz Languard and the Roseg and Morteratsch Glaciers, as well as the Piz Bernina, 13,294 ft. high, with other elevated Alpine summits, are readily approached from here. Some other places represented in our correspondent's sketches, though not precisely in the Engadine or in Switzerland, being in the Austrian Tyrol, yet belong to the same geographical region. The frontier between Switzerland and Austria crosses the road from Schuls to Nauders, by which the railway through the Arlberg tunnel, a magnificent engineering work, conducts the traveller to Bregenz, on the shore of the Lake of Constance, and so to Bâle. But the road over the Arlberg, from Nauders, or at least to Landeck, where one may choose between a further picturesque highland ascent and the tunnel, should prove attractive to those who have leisure. On this



"FISHERMEN OF POSITANO."—BY HAMILTON MACALLUM.
IN THE EXHIBITION AT THE NEW GALLERY.

went from the belt over the shoulder. This was a Redfern gown.

Not unlike it was one which the wearer told me had just come from Worth. This was a leaf-green cloth, trained, with a narrow band of very beautiful gold passementerie set with yellow stones running round the extreme edge of the skirt. The bodice was a long coat, tight-fitting beneath the bust, and closed with a double row of large buttons below the big revers that turned back at the top. The buttons were quite a specialty, being covered with the cloth, on which was embroidered with gold round braid an elaborate and pretty scroll design to match that of the passementerie. The revers were edged with the jewelled and gold trimming, so were the tabs in which the coat basques were deeply cut.

Only one day at Goodwood admitted of any considerable show of gowns; the other two were so wretchedly wet that waterproofs alone were visible, and, though these necessary adjuncts to the Englishwoman's wardrobe have been greatly improved of late years, they are still not engaging garments. On the one fine day the Princess of Wales wore black bengaline with small velvet spots; the bodice made with a zouave of black velvet covered with net spangled with pin-point beads. Her daughters were dressed alike in brown-and-white spotted foulards, with white vests. A handsome gown was of blue faille française, the bodice made with long basque tails at back and sides, fastening up under the arm, while the front was cut short, and with many seams, cuirass fashion, and showed a yoke of fine pink-and-gold embroidered net, laid over pink. The skirt was gored, and each sloping seam was emphasised by having laid along it a narrow band of the same net. Another, an electric-blue silk, had a basque and yoke of fine Irish crochet, which was very effective. A heliotrope cashmere was made with a full foot-frill of purple-and-brown shot silk, almost concealed by a flounce of white lace looped at intervals with heliotrope and shot-ribbon long bows. The deep-basqued coat of the heliotrope had a vest of silk brocade of a darker tint, ending under a folded sash of shot silk below the waist. A blue-and-gold shot silk had the skirt much draped with fine black Chantilly lace; the bodice was cut zouave fashion in front, but at the back it was a long-basqued tight-fitting coat. Under the zouave appeared a gathered vest of lace, strapped

becoming. In itself it cannot possibly be objected to, and can only be rebelled against because it is a token that the wearer is in the service of the person in whose house she lives. One of the most unsatisfactory features that mar the general advantages of the progress of our time is this hatred to acknowledge subordination, this false pride which girds at needful order and discipline. So long as man lives in society, there must always be direction and obedience, heads and hands engaged, equally respectably, but not on equal terms, in the world's work. Politeness and respectful speech are not altogether essential to this relationship, but they grease the wheels of the intercourse between employer and employed. Nor is any detail of dress imperatively necessary in most employments; but where the worker's appearance is part of the employer's legitimate concern (and it certainly is so in domestic work), then it saves trouble and needless interference that there should be a recognised costume, and a sensible worker will neither be ashamed of her honest labour nor of the dress (if in itself unobjectionable) which proclaims her employment.

Our Portrait last week of Mr. Dear, winner of the Queen's Prize at Bisley, was from a photograph by Messrs. W. Edwards and Co., Aldershot; and that of Miss Leale, by Messrs. W. and A. H. Fry, of Brighton.

The Rev. Greville Chester has presented to the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge a rare and very valuable collection of antiquities from the tombs of Egypt and Palestine, as well as a Praxiteles bronze statuette of Aphrodite, dating from the fourth century B.C., and considered by competent critics to be one of the finest bronzes in the world.

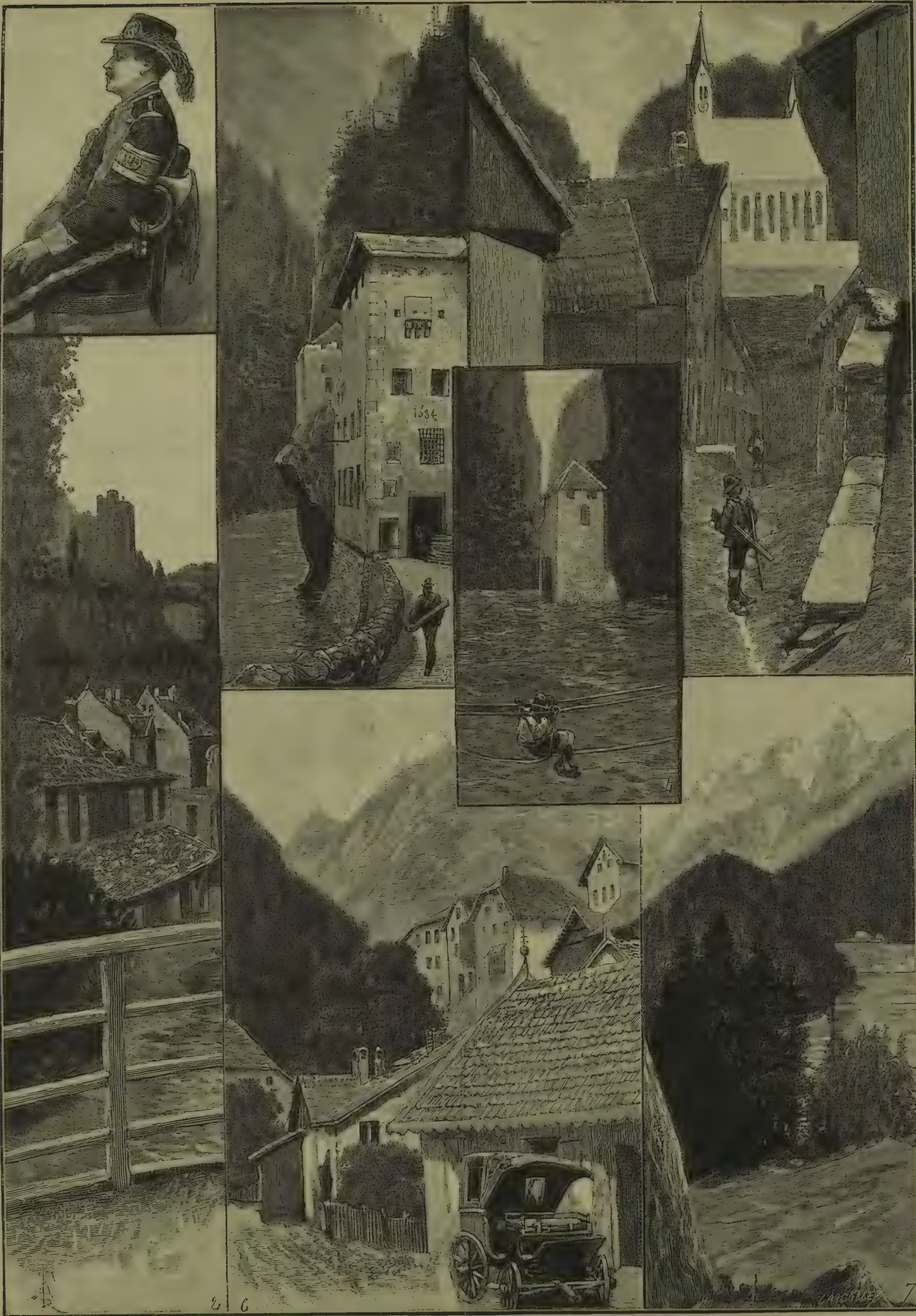
A curious return has just been printed at Berlin. It shows how often German regimental colours were struck in action during the campaigns of 1864, 1866, and 1870, and also how many officers, non-commissioned officers, and men were killed while carrying the colours. The memory of these losses is preserved in a very touching manner. Every staff that has been clasped in action by a dead soldier's fingers is encircled by a silver ring, on which is inscribed the man's name and these words: "Died a hero's death with this colour in his hand."

road is the Finstermünz Pass, with its village, commanding glorious views. The pedestrian, or the hirer of a carriage and horses, in preference to the railway train, will have the best of it on his way to the Tyrol from Vorarlberg. One would not leave the banks of the Inn, by choice, for the passage through an underground tunnel.

"FISHERMEN OF POSITANO."

The picture represented in our Engraving will be appreciated as a work of the painter's art; its composition, including an effective wide sea-view, with incidents of human life and active industry, nowhere more apt to engage our sympathies than in boats and the toil of fishermen, belongs to a class of subjects interesting to the mind as well as to the eye. The attitude of the men, casting their long lines with baited hooks, is vigorous and graceful. We do not know whether they hope to catch tunny; but that desirable fish, eaten with relish at the *table d'hôte* of many an Italian hotel, is to be found in this region of the Mediterranean. Positano, the ancient Posidonia, or Neptune's town, of the early Greek colonists, on the Neapolitan coast, lies about ten miles west of Amalfi, on the northern shore of the Gulf of Salerno, and may be reached from Sorrento, in two hours' ride or drive, over the hilly roads of the promontory that shelters the Bay of Naples. It is a picturesque little town of three thousand people, climbing up from the beach to the summit of a rocky hill, and was once of some historical note.

The Queen held a Council at Osborne on July 30, at which Dr. MacLagan, the Archbishop of York, was introduced and sworn in as a member of the Privy Council. Her Majesty conferred the honour of knighthood on Mr. Archibald Geikie, Director-General of the Geological Survey; Mr. Henry Reader Lack, Comptroller-General of the Patent Office; Mr. Gustavus Nathan, her Majesty's Consul-General at Vienna; Mr. Henry Oakley, general manager of the Great Northern Railway; Mr. Walter Prideaux, clerk of the Goldsmiths' Company; Mr. Robert Gillespie, of Canada; Mr. Sheriff Farmer, and Mr. Sheriff Augustus Harris.



1. Alec Gitterle, the Postman at Finstermünz.
2. Landeck, from the Bridge over the Inn.

3. Alt Finstermünz.

4. Cradle-bridge to cross the Stream: Tower of the ruined ancient Bridge.
5. Street in Schuls (Switzerland).

6. Landeck, from the Post-Office Hotel.
7. Lake of St. Moritz, from the Footpath to Pontresina.

SKETCHES IN THE ENGADINE AND TYROL.
BY LORD ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.



A SUMMER IDYL.

OLD PARTY (*log.*): "I also have been in Arcadia."

CAIRO OUT OF SEASON.

BY THE VERY REV. DEAN BUTCHER.

The visitors who take Cook's tickets and pour into Cairo from November to March have no idea how the city looks in the months of July, August, and September. The difference between "in season" and "out of season" is nowhere more distinctly marked than in the African Paris. It may be premised that nobody stays in Cairo during these months who can possibly get away from it. In May and June the steamers are crowded, taking away the English, French, and Italian residents, some to their homes, some to the wonder-working spas of Carlsbad and Kissingen, where they will recover health and tone after Cairene dissipations. Yet the few whose engagements are too local, and whose purses are too light to allow of an annual visit to Europe, extract a certain pleasure from the quiet life that is left to them when they have seen their last home-bound friend depart by express for Alexandria. "Seeing people off" is one of the usages of Cairo society which it is a duty to observe. When any of "our prominent citizens," as the Americans would say, leave the place, his friends drive to the railway station to send the favourite away with a hundred kind expressions and words of pleasant augury lingering in his ears. If the citizen is a woman, and a pretty or well-mannered one, the gathering is large, the farewells tender, and the flowers of the rarest beauty and softest perfume. Of course, like most things in these days, the function of "seeing off" is overdone, but one would regret to see it absolutely abolished.

Having seen our last friend off, then we return to face the months that lie before us. The thermometer is 90 deg. in the coolest spot in a cool house, and it will be hotter than that before many hours are over. This is the first drawback. To repeat a very bad pun of Tom Campbell's, the thermometer is too far-in-height (*Fahrenheit*) for us. Then the mosquitoes are irritating and virulent. They pursue

rural Egypt on the right and its river view on the left, can be enjoyed again and again. There is always some new group or some trait of the peasant and family life of the immemorial East to be seen. At one moment we are in Bible lands, and think of Abraham, Ruth, Joseph and his brethren; then some figure passes us who must surely be Hindbad the porter or Ali Cogia the merchant.

The characteristics of the scene are rest and prosperity. Whatever sufferings darkened the lot of the fellah, from the days of Pharaoh to Ismail, he is now happier far than those who till the soil in more civilised countries. Allowing for immense differences in race, character, and religion, there is one link between the Egyptian fellah and the Japanese peasant: both are models of affability and courtesy. The Shubra and its native travellers remind me now and again of the Toksido. The greetings of the Arabs, though not as musical, have something of the grace of the salutation that lingers so sweetly on the memory—"Sionara." It is always something to look forward to, that drive to Shubra, though the fashionable world of Cairo neglects it. The supreme enjoyment, however, of this summer-time is a drive to Gizeh. The Gezireh road is frequented by those who are interested in the games of golf and polo and in the race and tennis courts. The road to Gizeh is to the left on crossing the huge bridge of the Bronze Lions, and leads you along the Nile bank. The gardens and palace of Gizeh (now the Museum) on the right, the glorious Nile on the left, and opposite a picture which seems never to lose some new touch of grace or glory of colour. There lies the island of Roda, and, above the Citadel, the Mosque of Mohammed Ali and the Mokattam Hills. We scarcely think of the strange and wonderful histories and legends connected with that panorama. The island of Roda is the traditional scene of the Finding of Moses. That wondrously tinted hill that rises behind the Citadel is, in Browning's phrase—

Red Mokattam's verge,

surprising rapidity, and is soon to be rebuilt on a scale of unexampled magnificence. We have always had a tender feeling towards Shepheard's. It was thoroughly comfortable, and its terrace was one of the most amusing lounges in the world. There was an old saying that if you stayed there long enough you would meet everybody you had ever known. It was a rendezvous and rallying centre for all Englishmen. We doubt if any hotel will quite supply its place. Its disappearance will mark an epoch and destroy the chief link between Old Egypt and Occupied Egypt.

There is another spot in Cairo where workmen are busy in spite of the heat. It is the centre of the great square known as the Place de l'Opéra: there, on a tall pedestal, the bronze statue of Ibrahim Pasha, grandfather of the present Khedive, is being re-erected. It stood formerly on a very shabby wooden pedestal at the entrance to the old Muski, the chief thoroughfare of Cairo, but it was pulled down by the followers of Arabi Pasha in a paroxysm of ignorant rage against the ruling dynasty. Now the statue is to be placed in the centre of the grandest square in Cairo. Ibrahim was a daring soldier, who "pacified" Syria, and won the great battles of Konieh and Nezib. In the armies of the Sultan who opposed him was a certain German officer, known in later years as Count Moltke! Some objections have been raised to the re-erection of the statue, on the ground that the tail of the Pasha's horse is towards Mecca. This defect in orientation has annoyed the Sheikhs and learned Muslim students of the El Azhar University, the Oxford of the Arab world, but their objections will not probably take any stronger form than a protest to the Minister of Public Works.

LOCUST-HUNTING IN EGYPT.

The "locust invasion" of Egypt is now almost at an end, though many hundreds of fellahen or peasants are still employed in killing the young locusts about the Delta and the



LOCUST-HUNTING IN EGYPT: FELLAHEEN DESTROYING LOCUSTS.

us when we take refuge under the curtains that should exclude them, and they leave us little peace. The flies and ants, the black, or rather hideously brown, beetles pursue us in our hours of work, and leave us scanty rest in our hours of ease. This is the second drawback. The third is the absolute absence of all forms of rational amusement. Cairo has no theatres, no concerts—save those given by Tommy Atkins—and no picture exhibitions. The dearth of entertainments is, and always has been, except, perhaps, in the brief days of Ismail, the late Khedive, extraordinary. There is nothing in the shape of public amusement. Twice in the week a regimental band plays in the Ezbekieh Gardens, and obtains the gratitude of the remnant. Once a small Italian open-air theatre was opened, but the company grew weary of playing a long five-act drama and a farce every night in the week, Sundays included, to empty benches, and they have not resumed the experiment. One heard a good deal of the prompter, it is true, but the actors and actresses must have had wonderful memories and an astonishingly rapid power of study.

Athletic sports are indulged in by the officers and soldiers of the English garrison; but they are out of harmony with the spirit of the place, and we admire them at a distance.

It remains, then, for the resolute Cairo-lover, who has determined to brave mosquitoes, heat, and monotony, to find his consolations some other where, in things uninfluenced by these disturbing causes and independent of outside distractions.

The early mornings and the evenings compensate for many omissions. There are few lovelier drives than the two favourite roads, Shubra and Gizeh. Shubra is a picture which lingers in the memory of old visitors to Egypt who hurried through to India—not tarrying at Alexandria, but getting a couple of days at Cairo before taking the train to Suez. Such travellers see the Pyramids, the Citadel, and Shubra—the country palace of Mohammed Ali. It is now, like so many palaces and regal mansions in the East, a shabby ruin, but the road to it, under an avenue of gnarled and venerable acacias or lebbek trees, is delightful. The gardens, tangled and unkempt, if we may say so, abound with hibiscus, orange-trees, plumbago, golden mohar, and a profusion of lovely roses. But the drive, with its view of

whence the strange being, half mystic half impostor, the Sultan Hakeem, departed from human vision, and on which he shall alight when he returns to rule and judge his disciples the Druses. The Citadel, with its mosque with two pencil-like minarets and a superb dome, has associations with three great conquerors—Saladin, Napoleon, and Mohammed Ali. It is now attracting us, however, not by its memories, but by its shape and shadows. It seems the fairy palace of an enchanted king. It is no real fortress meant to resist the grim and ugly violence of modern warfare. The guns of to-day would shatter it into fragments in two hours. But it is the model of a castle for some Saracen king to dwell in in Arab story. It is a "towered citadel" like that which Antony saw amid the shifting and gorgeous pageantry of Cloudland. Full of faults in architecture, useless for the purposes of defence, for which it was built, it is the only structure that could fitly crown that steep—the only edifice which could form a background for that magical combination of island, palm-tree, minaret, and river. There are many grander views in the world than that view of Cairo on which the eyes feast so refreshingly, but few scenes which please in so many aspects—few scenes whose glories the painters catch so imperfectly.

These prospects are the special pleasures of the man who dwells in Cairo during the summer. They are of the kind which we connect with the phrase "the harvest of a quiet eye," and many would weary and feel bored with them. It seems little enough. Only a drive under some old trees and a river view of an island and a mosque! They are our chief outdoor enjoyments, and we take them economically and prize them as no common privileges.

There is, of course, little stirring in business or politics. The shops all close early in the day, and everybody takes a *siesta* in the noontide heat. The only people who seem to be working hard are the crowd of Arab labourers, who are employed in demolishing the historic hotel, dear to all visitors in Egypt, the incomparable Shepheard's. It has long been too small for the madding crowd of visitors who come to Cairo, and, besides, it has been, I shrewdly suspect, somewhat insecure for years.

It has been swept out of the realm of things with

desert. This is done, generally, by large numbers of persons forming in line, and driving and sweeping the swarms of young insects which are still unable to fly into open ditches, where they are either smothered, drowned, or burnt, after being well trampled on. A reward of twopence the pound-weight is paid by the Government for locusts' eggs collected, and a penny a pound for young locusts. Experiments show that locusts will not live long in captivity; their large legs drop off, and after a short time they die. The locusts are regular cannibals, and may often be seen devouring a still living but crippled comrade. It is said that the eggs of this insect—which is, perhaps, not the true locust, but a species of cricket similar to that in Algeria—are hatched in twenty days after they are laid. They have attacked sugar, tobacco, and cotton plantations, but one account states that those which feed on the cotton plant die soon afterwards, while for tobacco they have a great liking. The Deputy Mudir of one of the provinces of Lower Egypt, a good Mussulman, consoled some fellahen, who were bemoaning to him the losses caused to them by the locusts, by advising them to love one another, not to forge bills, and not to give false evidence against their neighbours. He assured them that if they followed his advice the Almighty would withdraw His curse from them.

We are obliged to Mr. Arthur Middlemass, Inspector-General of the Egyptian Coastguard Service at Alexandria, for sketches of the operations against this mischievous pest.

Now Publishing.

OUR SUMMER NUMBER.

NEW STORY, "EAGLE JOE," and COLOURED SUPPLEMENT.
Price One Shilling.

Now Ready.

VOL. 98, ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1891.

Elegantly bound, cloth gilt 20s. 0d.
In Paper Covers 15s. 0d.
CASES, for binding above 2s. 6d.
READING-CASES (for a Single Number) 2s. 6d.
Can be obtained at the Office, 198, Strand; or of any Bookseller or Newsagent.

THE VOGUE OF THE FRENCH NOVEL.

Really, one is beginning to be persuaded that Mr. Matthew Arnold's "Zeit-Geist" is something more, after all, than a mere chronological expression! Let us carry a vote of thanks to it *nem.* (the Podsnap family always excepted) *con.*, for it has at last made the French novel fashionable with us, and appointed the yellow-covered volumes—though, perhaps, not because they are "too pure and good"—for (suburban) "human nature's daily food." It is no longer necessary to apologise for those yellow covers or to conceal them, as was not long ago the artful way of our Lydia Languishes, under those quasi-ecclesiastical wrappers, made, one supposes, out of old chasubles, so as to give the contents the air of some missal or Book of Hours. We no longer find complacent references in print to Browning's sneer at

... the scrofulous French novel
On grey paper with blunt type.

Indeed, both type and paper have of late (here the Zeit-Geist must share the honours with M. Calmann Lévy) been made exceeding fair to look upon, and we now spell scrofula *nécessaire*—as the Frenchman pronounced Goethe Gounod—which is to practise the Aristotelian virtue of finding the real dissimilarity of things apparently similar. But for the present vogue of the French novel we have to thank not the Zeit-Geist alone. "Gentlemen," said the Bagman in "Pickwick," "I give you 'Woman, lovely woman!'" Let us all drink once more to that gallant toast. For, if we are now allowed to leave our French novel openly on the table, instead of hiding it under a Liddell and Scott or a Bertrand's "Integral Calculus," it is because the modern type of woman, lovely woman, wants to read it for herself. The other day, when "Hedda Gabler" was about to be put upon the London stage, the question occurred how to give the heroine in the "business" of a certain scene the last touch of modernity. The solution was found by making her rise from the perusal of a volume of M. Guy de Maupassant's. This is significant of much. Though gallantry compels one to put the modern woman first among the things not ourselves which have made for French novel-reading, one has to admit Academic Journalism for a good second. By Academic Journalism I mean the little knot of University men—Mr. Lang, Mr. Walter Pollock, Mr. Saintsbury—who have successfully imparted the tone (only the envious outsider, mixing metaphors, would call it the "side") of Oxford to the Press of (as Villon said of Pontoise "près Paris") a neighbouring city. Another Oxford man, to be sure, began it—no less a man than Mr. Swinburne, with his description of "Mademoiselle de Maupin" as a "golden book of spirit and sense." But when Mr. Swinburne wrote this nobody took him seriously; he was supposed, as Voltaire said of Habbakuk, to be "capable de tout." And there are some of us who still remember when a certain Vicar of St. Mary's denounced this same golden book in full Union. Poor man! he little knew what other unspeakable French books were at that moment lying, not unthumbed, in the Union Library—e.g., a fine copy of Diderot's "Bijoux Indiscrets." Well, well; good Dean Burgon has gone, and his honest indignation has gone with him; and we can all of us now say ditto to the "ancient lawyer" who returned a copy of "Mademoiselle de Maupin" (borrowed, of course—oh! these lawyers!) to Mr. Saintsbury with the commendation "It is a most beautiful book." Mr. Saintsbury gives this ancient lawyer thus away in his "Essays on French Novelists" (Percival and Co. 1891), reprinted, with additions from the *Fortnightly Review*—Mr. John Morley's *Fortnightly*, mind you. A study of French fiction which includes Charles de Bernard and excludes Stendhal and Balzac suggests some queer principle of selection, and one is not surprised to find Mr. Saintsbury disclaiming responsibility for the choice of subjects. Mr. Morley, it seems, did the choosing, "and I have no doubt," says Mr. Saintsbury, with the bated breath and whispering humbleness expected from a contributor in speaking of his editor, "that he knew best." The rest of us, perhaps, may be permitted to have our doubts.

There, however, is the book, to take or to leave; and the wise will prefer the alternative of taking it. To certain French novelists of the last generation, like Flaubert and Feuillet and Cherbuliez, to others of a generation before that, like Charles de Bernard and Sandeau, and to such heroes of the great Romantic movement of 1830 as Dumas and Gautier, Mr. Saintsbury does ample justice. Not content, however, with exhaustive studies of the longer works of these great men and occasional translations of their shorter ones, he reviews the (as he thinks) minor writers of our own day, giving to each his little portrait-sketch, subscribed with what if it is not exactly the "right word" is at least an honest attempt at it. One cannot expect that these flying shots should always hit the mark. It was with reference, I think, to Mr. Saintsbury's "History of French Literature" that the late M. Scherer had some rather tart observations about the English critic's occasional failure to spot the *mot juste*; and one cannot help wondering what he would have said at finding "Pierre Loti" classed in this volume with M. Jules de Glouvet as a provincial word-painter, and M. Guy de Maupassant lumped with M. Huysmans as a *farceur*. Indeed, when not merely these but all the younger French novelists of to-day are in question, one may be content to be interested in Mr. Saintsbury's strictures without in the least agreeing with them. To a man who owns to having read a couple of hundred French novels every year for the last decade one might feel inclined to say "But why didn't you read a little French criticism as well?" if one had not the uneasy suspicion that Mr. Saintsbury's acquaintance with French criticism is likely to be far more profound than his questioner's. But though he has doubtless read it, he has assuredly not followed its best method—the method of intellectual detachment, of resolutely laying aside every prepossession, and simply endeavouring to understand the subject criticised; the method which has led to so brilliant results in the hands of a Paul Bourget, a Jules Lemaitre, an Anatole France. Mr. Saintsbury's own prepossessions are constantly being obtruded, and playing the deuce with his critical judgment. Belonging, as I have said, to the "Academic" school, he brings in academic ideals where they are very much out of place, particularly that great academic ideal known as "good form." Hence the absence of "taste" in M. Zola and M. Alphonse Daudet blinds him to their real merits, leading him to the astounding judgment, in the case of the one, that he is only popular because of his obscenity, and, in the case of the other, that the "Tartarin" legend is a finer literary feat than "Les Rois en Exil" or "Sapho." The same academic ideal leads him to misapply the English "scholar and gentleman" standard to the heroes of Feuillet, and therefore to call them "coxcombs." The long and the short of it is, Mr. Saintsbury cannot abide the ways of the modern French novelist. He detests naturalism heartily, and still more heartily analysis, which "is, perhaps, even a worse spirit than naturalism." These dislikes of his may or may not do him credit as a man; they tend to make him suspect as a critic. But get him on a subject after his own heart—Dumasian romance, Gautier's Pagan worship of beauty, the wit and urbanity of Charles de Bernard—and he becomes at once a luminous critic and the most genial of essayists.—A. B. W.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

ALPHA.—The great attention you have given to No. 2463 makes it a matter of surprise that you overlooked the continuation of 1. Q to Q R sq, P to K R 4th. WARRISS (Nighting Hill).—(1) Yes, Sir Walter Scott said he could learn a foreign language quicker. (2) By incessant application. T. EYCOOT (Aldershot).—Your problem favourably impresses us. We presume it has not appeared anywhere else. W. R. B. (Plymouth).—Your careful analysis of No. 2463 deserves a better fate, but what is your reply to the defence of 1. B to K 6th? Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth).—Mr. Kidson's excellent problem has led many of our best solvers off the track. In reply to your solution, see answer to W. R. B. above. D. H. CREIGHTON (Kilkeny).—Both your solutions are wrong. We cannot here explain the notation in use, but you appear to know it fairly well. The squares are numbered from each base line right across the board; the squares to which White's pieces are moved being counted from White's side; those to which Black's pieces are moved, from Black's side. Dr. P. B. BENNIE (Melbourne).—You are quite correct in your judgment of No. 2454, as we have already confessed in sackcloth and ashes. G. COLLINS (Burgess Hill).—In your previous transcript of your problem the Q was given at Q B sq instead of K B sq. As the position now stands, the play is too feeble for our purpose. Your solution of No. 2464 will not do. E. E. H.—Have you not made some mistake over No. 2463? The problem is one in three moves, not two, as you appear to think. W. LUCHY.—Consider carefully the defence of 1. B to K 6th, and then tell us if your solution of No. 2464 will suffice.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2462 received from Dr. A. R. V. Sastry (Tumkur) and Oliver Charles Gilmore (Binga, Ouh); of No. 2463 from C. Burnett and A. Gwinner; of No. 2464 from C. Burnett and F. G. Hill; of No. 2465 from R. W. Worthing (Canterbury), A. Gwinner, W. Luchy, S. Robinson, and F. G. Hill. CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2465 received from Snagforth, R. Worthing, R. H. Brooks, North E., J. Crad, A. Newman, Mrs. Kelly (at Kelly), Nigel, E. P. Vanham, J. F. Moon, Dr. F. St. and W. R. Railton.

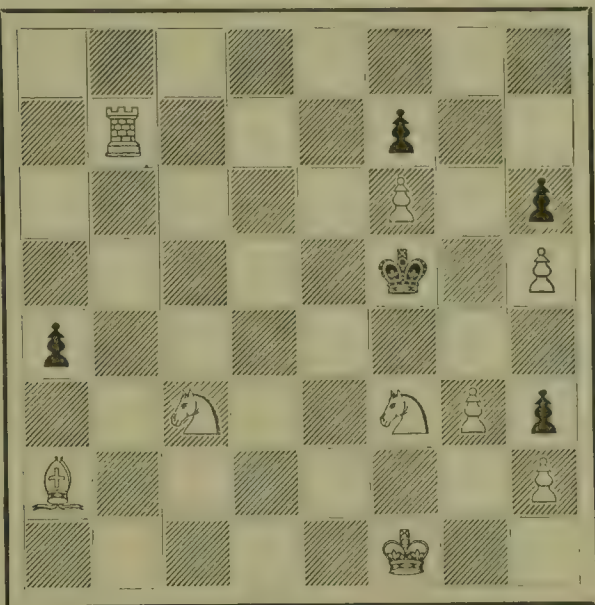
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2466.—By P. G. L. F.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to K 6th. Any move
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2470.

By Dr. F. STEINGASS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at Simpson's between Messrs. TINSLEY and LAMBERT.

(French Defence.)

| | | | |
|---|----------------|--|-----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. T.) | BLACK (Mr. L.) | WHITE (Mr. T.) | BLACK (Mr. L.) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 3rd | 21. R takes R | R takes B |
| 2. P to Q 4th | P to Q 4th | 22. R to K 2nd | B takes Kt |
| 3. Kt to Q 3rd | B to Kt 5th | 23. P takes B | K to B 2nd |
| The authorities favour Kt to K B 3rd here, but the text move is often played successfully by Mr. Lambert. | | | |
| 4. P takes P | P takes P | 24. P to K B 4th | R to K sq |
| 5. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to K B 3rd | 25. K to B 2nd | R takes R (ch) |
| 6. B to Q 3rd | Castles | 26. K takes R | K to K 3rd |
| 7. Castles | B to Kt 5th | 27. K to K 3rd | K to Q 3rd |
| 8. B to K Kt 5th | | 28. K to Q 4th | P to B 4th (ch) |
| A curious position, three Knights being pinned. | | | |
| 9. P to K R 3rd | B to K 2nd | 29. K to Q 3rd | K to K 3rd |
| 10. B to B 5th | B to R 4th | He cannot leave the King's side, as White threatens to play P to K Kt 4th, and push on to Queen. | |
| 11. R to K sq | Q Kt to Q 2nd | 30. P to K Kt 4th | P to Q Kt 3rd |
| 12. Q to Q 3rd | P to B 3rd | 31. P to Q B 4th | P to Q R 4th |
| 13. B takes B | B takes B | 32. P takes P (ch) | K takes P |
| 14. Q to K 2nd | R to K sq | 33. P to Q B 4th (ch) | K to Q 3rd |
| 15. Q to K 6th (ch) | K to R sq | 34. P to Q R 4th | |
| 16. Kt to K 5th | K takes Kt | White has played well, and the ending is conducted with great precision. | |
| 17. P takes Kt | B to Q Kt 5th | 35. K to K 4th | K to K 3rd |
| 18. P takes Kt | | 36. P to B 5th (ch) | P takes P (ch) |
| A pretty little complication, but yielding apparently no great advantage to either party. | | | |
| 19. P takes P (ch) | K takes P | 37. P takes P (ch) | K to B 3rd |
| 20. B takes Q | R takes R (ch) | 38. P to K 4th | P to Q Kt 4th |
| | | 39. B takes P | P to B 5th |
| | | 40. P to Kt 6th | P to B 6th |
| | | 41. K to Q 3rd, and wins. | |

The following problem is taken from the *Manchester Evening News*, together with the editorial note that accompanies it. Perhaps, at a holiday time like this, our solvers might like to declare to which of the two opinions they themselves are inclined—

White: K at K sq, Q at Q Kt sq, R at K 8th, Kts at K B 6th and K Kt 6th, B at Q Kt 5th, P at Q B 4th.
Black: K at Q 6th, R at Q B 7th, Kts at K B 2nd and K R 6th, B at Q B 4th, P's at Q 5th, K 6th, and Q B 6th.

White to play and mate in two moves.
"Among the critics of this problem when first published were two expert solvers, themselves composers, one of whom declared it to be 'easy and ordinary,' while the other pronounced it 'difficult and beautiful!'"

King Gungunhana's Envoys, Hululu and Umfeti, accompanied by Mr. Denis Doyle, have left England for South Africa in Messrs. Donald Currie and Co.'s steam-ship *Garth Castle*. At a parting interview with the Directors of the British South Africa Company the Envoys stated that, although they had not accomplished all they desired, they nevertheless considered the result of their mission to be satisfactory, and thought that it would be so regarded by Gungunhana.

An Englishman named Wells, who has been staying at Monte Carlo, has just had an extraordinary run of luck. For three days this gentleman played roulette incessantly, and during that time won no less than £20,000. Each day at noon, the hour at which play begins, he was among the first to take his place at the roulette-table, and there he remained, losing occasionally, but for the most part winning stake after stake until the closing of the establishment at eleven o'clock. So engrossed, we are told, was this fortunate gambler in the conduct of his operations that never once did he stir from his seat or partake of food during the eleven hours of play. He won several stakes of 26,000f., and twice consecutively backed the number one "en plein" successfully for 8000f., the maximum amount allowed. He also frequently backed with similar good fortune the even chances—red, odd, and even, "marque," and "passe"—and more than once won all these stakes at the same time. It is stated that he forwarded all his winnings to England so as to place himself beyond the temptation of losing them by further operations at the gaming-tables.

JOCULAR JOURNALISM.—III.

BY MASON JACKSON.

Gilbert à Beckett and Henry Mayhew, both of whom are associated with the early history of *Punch*, were born journalists. They had been schoolfellows at Westminster, and their literary partnership commenced when they were mere boys. Undismayed by repeated failures, they started one periodical after another, until they projected *Cerberus*, or *the Hell Post*, which was stopped by à Beckett's father, because he found it libellous. *Figaro* was more successful. It lasted until about a year and a half before *Punch* was founded. It was first edited by à Beckett and afterwards by Mayhew. When Queen Victoria came to the throne, *Figaro* in London was the chief, if not the only, representative of comic journalism, and its two editors, à Beckett and Mayhew, are the links which connect the humorous press of the pre-Victorian era with the *Punch* period.

The projectors of *Punch* must have had a copy of the defunct *Figaro* before them when they settled the details of *Punch*'s pages, so exactly do they correspond in size and arrangement. This circumstance goes to confirm the statement that Henry Mayhew was the first editor of *Punch*. He was certainly one of the three partners who first brought *Punch* before the world, the others being Mr. Last, the printer, and Ebenezer Landells, the engraver. Their articles of partnership expressly defined their respective duties. Last was to do the printing, Landells was to be the engraver and look after the artists, Mayhew was to be responsible for the literature.

In an interesting article on humorous journalism recently published in T. B. Brown's "Press Directory," Mr. Athol Mayhew, Henry Mayhew's son, gives his father's account of the origin of *Punch*. Therein it is stated that, *Figaro* being dead, Henry Mayhew, early in 1841, entered into a project for producing "a comic weekly periodical, contributed to by the most eminent wits of the day, the fun of which should be as pure and joyous as a baby's laughter, and the satire as refined and yet pungent as aromatic vinegar." It was at first proposed to christen the new periodical *Cupid*, after the nickname of the late Lord Palmerston, and a design was actually made for a poster where "Pam" was represented as Cupid dancing on the top of a sunflower. About this time a burlesque called "Cupid in London" had a great run at one of the London theatres, in which John Reeve played the God of Love, and in which he parodied the performance of a celebrated opera dancer of that day (Fanny Elssler, I think it was) who descended from the clouds and alighted on the opening petals of a flower. It was in imitation of John Reeve that Lord Palmerston was represented as Cupid. When the plans of the new periodical were complete, the project was submitted to Mr. Johnson, the proprietor of the Nassau Press, with the view of obtaining capital for the undertaking. That gentleman did not see his way, and declined the proposal. The idea was then laid aside for a time, but it was afterwards revived, and Messrs. Last and Landells entered into partnership with Mayhew for the production of a new comic paper. The name *Cupid* was abandoned; *Pen and Pencil* was thought of, then the *Funny Dog*, and finally it was decided to call the new periodical *Punch*.

The new paper was duly launched, and for some months led a struggling existence, when Henry Mayhew married the daughter of Douglas Jerrold. Before going off on his wedding trip, he asked Mark Lemon to undertake his editorial duties while he was away. Their co-editorship continued after his return, and until *Punch* was sold to Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, when Lemon was installed as sole editor. When the debts of the partnership concern were all paid, the three original proprietors of *Punch*, Mayhew, Last, and Landells, had a clear surplus of seven-and-sixpence to divide among them!

Henry Mayhew maintained that he planned and arranged the entire work, selected the whole of the staff of contributors, and edited and managed it for the first six months of its career, without receiving a single farthing for his pains.

It has been stated that the name of *Punch* was suggested by a jocose allusion to the name of Mark Lemon, as the editor—lemon being an essential ingredient of punch—but this is inconsistent with the account given by Henry Mayhew, who declares that Lemon was not the editor when *Punch* was christened. However this may be, there can be no question that the after success of *Punch* was greatly due to Mark Lemon's tact and judgment. To use the words of one of his friends in speaking of him as editor of *Punch*—"Genial, jolly, and conciliatory, he was made for the post."

About the time that *Punch* was projected, Mark Lemon kept the Shakspeare's Head tavern in Wych Street. The late H. P. Grattan, who was one of the original contributors to *Punch*, gave me a minute account of this hostelry and its frequenters, including Lemon himself—"the cheery landlord," as Grattan calls him. "The room above the bar was a spacious one, in which an ordinary was held daily, and among the most constant visitors were Douglas Jerrold, Henry Mayhew, Henry Wills, Stirling Coyne, and Landells."

I am indebted to the recollections of another friend for a glimpse of the *Punch* clique at about the same period: "Fifty years ago, when I was a young man about town, I had rather Bohemian tastes. I was partial to the society of such disreputable people as artists, authors, and actors, and I was informed by a friend that if I went on a certain night in the week to the Shakspeare's Head in Wych Street I should meet with some very clever men. My friend had been there before, and offered to accompany me, though no introduction was necessary. On the appointed night we went to the Shakspeare's Head, and in a room on the first floor we found a number of men, most of them young. I forget most of the names of those that were pointed out to me by my friend, but I remember Mark Lemon, the landlord, and Mayhew, the latter with an extraordinary mop of dark hair that sadly wanted trimming. There was a good deal of noisy mirth and much smoke. Many bad puns were fired off, but the worse the pun the louder the laughter. Most of the company seemed to be personal friends of the landlord, and there was no restraint on their fun. Someone suddenly jumping up to light his pipe, caused some humorous remarks, and gave rise to a jesting proposition that they should institute a club, to be called the 'Jumpers.' Each member on first entering the room was to 'jump' in, turn round three times, and then bow to the president. Much laughter was produced by the rehearsal of this ceremony. I had the curiosity to go to the Shakspeare's Head on the next night of meeting to see if the 'Jumping Club' was really formed, but it was apparently forgotten. There was as much noise and nonsense as before, but the fun went in another direction. These merry men evidently thought that life ought to be full of jest and jollity, and they did their level best to realise that idea."

No wonder that the congenial band of humourists who proposed to found the "Jumping Club" thought the world could not go on without a comic paper. *Figaro* was dead, and something must be created to fill his place. Society required amusement, and so *Punch* was founded.

May his shadow never be less!

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of Roxburghshire, of the general disposition and settlement, dated Jan. 20, 1887, of the Right Hon. William Hugh Elliot Murray Kynynmond, Earl of Minto, who died on March 17, at 2, Portman Square, to Gilbert John Elliot Murray Kynynmond, Earl of Minto (formerly Viscount Melgund), the son and sole executor nominate, was rescinded in London on July 24, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding £53,000.

The will (dated June 16, 1888) of Sir Vincent Rowland Corbet, Bart., D.L., J.P., late of Acton Reynald, Salop, who died on May 22, at St. Neots, was proved at the Shrewsbury District Registry on July 17 by the Rev. Edmund Wolryche Orlando Bridgeman and Sir Henry Fox Bristowe, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn under £20,000. The testator gives £1000 and such of his carriages, horses, and harness as she may select, and his consumable stores, to his wife, Dame Caroline Elizabeth Anne Agnes Corbet; his money and securities for money to his unmarried daughters; and he charges the family estates with £100 per annum to each of his daughters while unmarried; and the furniture, pictures, plate, and effects at Acton Reynald (except the plate and plated articles made heirlooms by a deed of settlement) to his son Gerald Vincent; but his son Walter Orlando is given the option to purchase same for £5000. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to his son Walter Orlando.

The will (dated Dec. 31, 1883), with a codicil (dated Dec. 4, 1888) of Sir Augustus Rivers Thompson, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., formerly Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, late of 5, Roland Houses, South Kensington, who died on Nov. 27, at Gibraltar, was proved on July 27 by George Williams Moultrie, and Captain Penton Thompson, R.A., the brother, two of the executors, the value of the estate in this country amounting to £793. The testator bequeaths £500 and all his plate, books, pictures, wines, furniture and effects, horses and carriages to his wife, Dame Georgina Thompson. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 7, 1889) of Mr. Thomas Jennings White, late of 8, Whitehall Place, and of Frogmore Lodge, St. Albans, Herts, who died on June 4, was proved on July 16 by Harold Jennings White and Edgar Ramsay White, the sons, and the Rev. Frederick Bell Lipscomb, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £62,000. After giving two or three legacies, the testator leaves the residue of the real and personal estate, upon trust, for his wife, Mrs. Jane White, for life, and then for his six children in equal shares.

The will (dated May 24, 1870), with two codicils (dated July 27, 1881, and May 26, 1886), of Major William Henry Archer, retired, 16th Lancers, late of 13, Courtfield Gardens, South Kensington, who died on April 15, was proved on July 7 by Henry Fairfax Best Archer, Balol Fairfax Best Archer, and James Douglas Stoddart Douglas Archer, the sons, the value of the personal estate exceeding £54,000. The interest given to testator's wife having failed by her death in his lifetime, all his property becomes divisible between his children in equal shares.

The will (dated May 20, 1890) of Mr. Charles Fletcher Skirrow, late of 20, Sussex Gardens, Hyde Park, formerly one of the Taxing Masters in Chancery, who died on June 25, was

proved on July 22 by Mrs. Amelia Cherry Skirrow, the widow, the acting executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £37,000. The testator bequeaths £500 each to Edward Lee Rowcliffe, William Rowcliffe, and Thomas Rawle; and £300 to his late chief clerk, George Whitaker; but should he die in testator's lifetime, then to his son, Roy Whitaker. All his real estate, if any, and the residue of his personal estate, he gives to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated May 6, 1875), with a codicil (dated Dec. 15, 1888), of Mrs. Mary Esther Huddleston, late of Bishopsteignton Lodge, Teignmouth, Devon, who died on June 14, was proved on July 7 by Charles Andrew Prescott and Henry Warner Prescott, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £37,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to each of the children of her niece, Avarilla Oliveria Cromwell Bush, and a further £1000 each on her death; £100 per annum to her nephew Thomas Cromwell Bush; and legacies to other relatives, servants, and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves upon the trusts of the marriage settlement of her said niece, Mrs. Bush.

The will (dated Oct. 27, 1890), with a codicil (dated March 31, 1891), of Mr. Bannister Jackson, late of Heathfield, Ashton-on-Mersey, Cheshire, cotton-manufacturer and merchant, who died on April 16, has been proved by Mrs. Mary Jackson, the widow, Arthur James Jackson, the son, and Samuel Buckley, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £36,000. The testator gives £500 and his furniture and effects to his wife, and his freehold residence and £800 per annum to her for life; his share of the assets up to £6000 of the business carried on by him and his son under the name of William Jackson and Son, cloth-agents and merchants, at Manchester, to his said son; and a legacy to his executor, Mr. Buckley. The residue of his property he leaves to his said son and his daughters, Annie Maud and Florence Ellen.

The will (dated April 7, 1887) of Mr. James Holmes, late of 53, Portland Street, Manchester, and Chapman Fields, Marple Bridge, Derbyshire, calico-printer, who died on May 13, was proved on July 9 by Mrs. Emma Holmes, the widow, and George Heighway, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £22,000. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, to pay one third of the income to his wife, for life or widowhood, and, subject thereto, for all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 3, 1890) of Mr. Charles Thompson Dealtry, late of Springthorpe, Cheltenham, who died on June 12, at the Great Western Hotel, Paddington, was proved on July 7 by John Davies Davenport and Walter Badeley Pattison, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £19,000. The testator gives his ornamental china, certain plate, £4000, and his freehold house, Springthorpe, to Georgina Augusta Margaret Emma Prescott; the remainder of his plate, furniture, and effects to his son, Thomas Beresford Dealtry; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his son, for life; then to pay £300 per annum each, for life, to James Beresford Gilbert and Florence Dealtry Gilbert; and the ultimate residue to the said Georgina Augusta Margaret Emma Prescott; but should she predecease his son, then to Laura Elizabeth Prescott, Annie Jane Walker, and Florence Julia Mary Prescott. The testator declares that the provision made for his son by will is in addition to that under a deed of confirmation and arrangement.

The will of Mr. William Webb Follett Sygne, formerly of the Foreign Office and the Diplomatic Service, late of Lislee House, Eastbourne, who died on May 28, has been proved by Robert Follett Sygne, Francis Julian Sygne, and Captain William Makepeace Thackeray Sygne, R.A., the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7498.

The will and codicil of Dame Caroline Huntley, late of Heathcourt, Torquay, Devon, who died on June 11, was proved on July 2 by the Rev. Benjamin Heath Drury, the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £2808.

The will of Sir Gustavus Hume, late of 20, Royal York Crescent, Clifton, Gloucestershire, who died on June 16, was proved on July 17 by Dame Ellen Caroline Hume, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £226.

THE OLD WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.

The history of the "Old Society,"* as it was familiarly called until comparatively recent times, is practically coterminous with the history of the art of painting in water-colours in England. Some Dutch artists, notably De Wette, as far back as the seventeenth century, employed this medium to convey their impressions. Of these, however, Mr. Roget takes little or no account, and with good reason, for there is not a tittle of evidence that our national school was even remotely influenced by Dutch or other foreign schools. Topography may more justly be described as the source of this particular art in England. Drawings, chiefly architectural, in Indian ink were made as early as the commencement of the eighteenth century. The designs of Inigo Jones were probably among the first to lend themselves to this treatment; but the era of County Histories, illustrated by views of noblemen's seats, more immediately marks the first appearance of topographical landscape in this country. Kirby's "Ancient Churches, &c., of Suffolk" (1748) was followed by Chateaubain's "Views of the Neighbourhood of London" (1750); while Anthony Highmore and Samuel Scott—whom Walpole calls the father of water-colour painting—were making use of this material to illustrate London, Hampton Court, and Kensington. It was about this time that Thomas Sandby, who had been draughtsman to the army in Scotland, and had made a sketch of the battle of Culloden, joined his brother Paul at Windsor, already established there as an artist; and by them the first art club was formed—the St. Martin's Lane Academy, founded by Hogarth some twenty years before furnishing the nucleus of the body. Public recognition of the movement ensued. The Society of Arts, founded in 1754, bore witness to the awakening of public interest in the fine arts; and in 1760 the first exhibition of pictures, sculpture, &c., was held in London at the society's rooms in the Strand, "opposite Beaufort Buildings." From this time until 1768, when the Royal Academy was founded, there were annual exhibitions held by two rival bodies—the Society of Artists, incorporated by Royal Charter in 1765, and the Free Society, enrolled in the Court of King's Bench in 1763, in both of which "water-colours" (i.e., distemper drawings) and stained or tinted drawings found a place. The first named society continued its exhibitions at Spring Gardens until 1773, when it removed to a large room at Exeter Change, called the Lyceum;

* A History of the Old Water-Colour Society. By John Lewis Roget Longmans, 1891.

PEPSALIA

The BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL says: "We have satisfied ourselves that Pepsalia possesses a high degree of digestive power."

The LANCET says: "Pepsalia affords a strong aid to digestion."

Use Pepsalia in place of ordinary Table Salt while eating.

In Bottles, 1s. and 2s. each, from Chemists, or from G. and G. STERN, 62, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

FOR

INDIGESTION.

THE CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL

WILL

POSITIVELY CURE and PREVENT

HAY FEVER.

A disease that has hitherto baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians, who have sought in vain to cure or prevent its annual return.

Write for Circular and Testimonials.

One CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL will last a family several summers, making it the cheapest remedy in the world at the price—10s., post free.



CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL CO., 27, PRINCES ST., HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

VAN HOUTEN'S PURE SOLUBLE COCOA.

BEST & GOES FARTHEST

"Samuel, my boy, they've a quarrelled. - I for mother-in-law says there's nothin' like Van Houten's Cocoa, an' the shepherd sticks to his rum and water. There's no need to drop him in the water butt after all, Samuel."



"Copyright," by permission of Messrs. Chapman & Hall, London.

WELLER SENIOR.

("PICKWICK PAPERS.")

ELLIMAN'S

USEFUL TO FIREMEN.

Mr J. H. HEATHMAN, Endell-street and Wilson-street, London, W.C., Expert Fire and Hydraulic Engineer, writes—

"Aug. 27, 1890.

"For many years past I have used your Embrocation to cure rheumatism, colds and sprains, and always with very satisfactory results.

"I have frequently advised firemen and others to try it, and know many instances of relief through its application.

"There are many like myself who are liable to get a soaking at fire-engine trials and actual fires, and the knowledge of the value of your Embrocation will save them much pain and inconvenience if they apply the remedy with promptitude.

"An illustration—On Monday last I got wet and had to travel home by rail. On Tuesday I had rheumatism in my legs and ankles, and well rubbed my legs and feet with your Embrocation. On Wednesday (to-day) I am well again, and the cost of the cure has been eightpence, as the bottle is not empty. This, therefore, is an inexpensive remedy."

ADVANTAGES OF PLENTY OF FRICTION.

Mr. PETER GEO. WRIGHT, Heath Town, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, writes—

"Jan. 7, 1890.

"On Nov. 8 last year I was taken with a great pain and swelling in my left foot; in the night it was so painful I could not sleep, and in the morning I got downstairs on my hands and knees, so I had to sit in a chair all day. On the Friday about seven o'clock my weekly paper came, the *Sheffield Telegraph*. I saw your advertisement for the Universal Embrocation, and sent 1½ miles for a small bottle. I commenced to give my foot a good rubbing, and I soon found relief. I rubbed it ten times that evening, and four times in the night. Saturday morning came; I could not go to market, so I set to work again with your Embrocation, and soon found that I could walk. I gave it a good rubbing every half-hour until five o'clock, when I put my boots on and walked four miles, and on Tuesday I walked six miles. I have never felt it since, and I shall always keep some in the house."

LUMBAGO.

From a Justice of the Peace. "About a fortnight ago a friend advised me to try your Embrocation, and its effect has been magical."

FOOTBALL.

Forfar Athletic Football Club. "Given entire satisfaction to all who have used it."

STRENGTHENS the MUSCLES. From "Victoria," "The Strongest Lady in the World."

"It not only relieves pain, but it strengthens the nerves and muscles."

RUNNING.

A Blackheath Harrier writes—"Draw attention to the benefit to be derived from using Elliman's Embrocation after cross-country running in the winter months."

SORE THROAT FROM COLD. From a Clergyman.

"For many years I have used your Embrocation, and found it most efficacious in preventing and curing sore throat from cold."

CRAMP.

CHAS. S. AGAR, Esq., Forres Estate, Maskellya, Ceylon, writes—

"The coolies suffer much from carrying heavy loads long distances, and they get cramp in the muscles, which, when well rubbed with your Embrocation, is relieved at once."

SPRAINS AND STIFFNESS.

H. J. BURDEN, Esq., Peckham Harriers' Hon. Sec., writes—

"Used your Universal Embrocation for some time, and find it invaluable for sprains and stiffness."

ACCIDENT.

From the Jackley Wonders, Oxford Music Hall, London.

"I was recommended by my friend 'Victoria' your Embrocation, and by using it for two days I was enabled to resume my duties."

CYCLING.

From L. FABRELLAS, St. Sebastian, Spain.

"I am a member of a cycling club here, and can testify to the excellent results to be obtained by using your Universal Embrocation."

RHEUMATISM.

From A. BARTON, Esq., The Ferns, Romford.

"I write to say that had it not been for Elliman's Embrocation I should have remained a cripple up to the present moment."

"An excellent good thing."

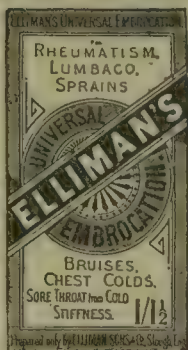
—Henry IV. (2), Act II., Sc. 2.

ELLIMAN'S

Universal Embrocation

For Aches and Pains.

1s. 1½d.



1s. 1½d.

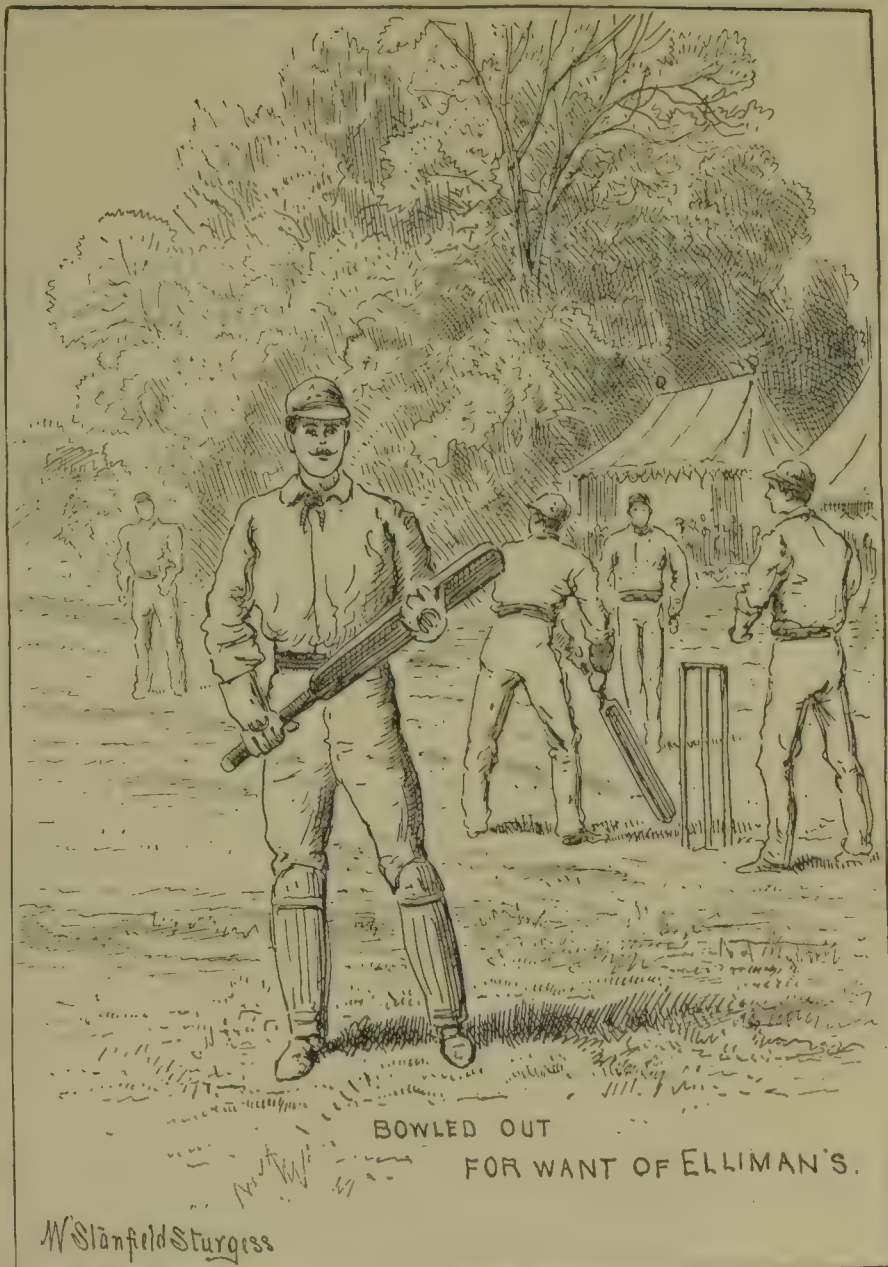
ELLIMAN'S

Universal Embrocation

For Aches and Pains.

"An excellent good thing."

—Henry IV. (2), Act II., Sc. 2.



"And it I will have, or I will have none." *Taming of the Shrew. Act IV. Sc. 3.*

ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION.

PICTORIAL SPORTING ADVERTISEMENTS.

By JOHN STURGESS.

Suitable for framing.

19 Prints. Post Free for Two Shillings and Sixpence. Sent Abroad for P.O.O. for Three Shillings and Sixpence, or Foreign Stamps for Four Shillings. Apply to ELLIMAN, SONS, and CO., SLOUGH, ENGLAND. These are Artistic Sketches in Black and White, and look well when neatly Framed. Specimen Print Free.

NO STABLE IS COMPLETE WITHOUT

ELLIMAN'S

For SPRAINS and CURBS, SPLINTS when forming,

SPRUNG SINEWS, CAPPED HOOKS, OVER-REACHES, BRUISES and CUTS, BROKEN KNEES, SORE SHOULDERS, SORE THROATS, SORE BACKS, SPRAINS, CUTS, BRUISES IN DOGS, &c.

"I think it very useful."

RUTLAND, Master of Belvoir Hounds.

"Indispensable in any stable, but especially in the stable of a Master of Hounds."

HADDINGTON,

Master of Berwickshire Hounds.

ROYAL

"I have used it for some time past, and find it very efficacious if properly applied."

T. WALTON KNOLLES,

Master of South Union Hunt (Ireland).

"If used frequently no blistering required."

W. N. C. MARSHALL,

Master of W. N. C. Marshall's Hounds.

FOR
HORSES.
CATTLE,
AND
DOGS.



From Mr. A. B. Sadler, Primrose Cottage, Newmarket.

Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables with beneficial results.

A. B. SADLER, Trainer.

From Mr. J. R. Humphreys, Stork House, Lamborne, Berkshire.

Sirs,—I have used your Embrocation for the last 10 years in my stables, and find it most useful in many ways.

J. R. HUMPHREYS, Trainer.

From Mr. Albert Wetherell, Westwood Stables, Beverley, Yorkshire.

Sirs,—I have used your Embrocation for the last 10 years, and think no stable should be without the same.

ALBERT WETHERELL, Trainer.

From Mr. Alfred Hayhoe, Palace House, Newmarket.

Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables. I find it most efficacious.

ALFRED HAYHOE, Trainer.

From Mr. W. Waterman, Willow Grove Mews, Beverley.

Sirs,—I have used your Embrocation for many years, and always found it the best that I have used both for sprains and bad throats.

W. WATERMAN, Trainer.

From Mr. John Coates, Hawthorn Villa, Sedgfield.

Sirs,—I use your Embrocation regularly in my stables, and find it a very efficacious remedy for cuts, wounds, bruises, &c.

JOHN COATES, Trainer.

Sold by Chemists and Saddlers. Price 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d.

EMBROCATION,

Prepared only by—

ELLIMAN, SONS, & CO., Slough, England

"And it I will have, or I will have none." *Taming of the Shrew. Act IV. Sc. 3.*

but the speculation was not a success, and it returned to Spring Gardens, and, finally, in 1791, came to an end. The Free Society also had a great room built for it "by Mr. Christie, next to Cumberland House, Pall Mall," where it held its exhibitions until 1775, when it removed to St. Alban's Place, and lingered on until the last year of the century. Meanwhile, the Royal Academy recently established at Somerset House was attracting all the best artists of the day, and, although water-colours were never placed in the Grand Exhibition Room, they were granted a certain amount of wall-space, under the least favourable conditions; and a rule of the Academy excluded from its honours those who worked in water-colours only.

A spirit of revolt and a desire of independence were aroused among the water-colour painters. Girtin and Turner had given proof of the capabilities of the new art, especially in the treatment of landscape, and at the close of the year 1804 ten water-colour painters met together at the Stratford Coffee House in Oxford Street, and there founded "The Society of Painters in Water-Colours." This important meeting is said by another historian to have been held at the house of Samuel Shelley, in George Street, Hanover Square. Sixteen members composed the original society, of whom John Varley, W. H. Pyne, and George Barret are the names with which posterity has become most familiar. The first exhibition, held at Vandersucht's Rooms, in Lower Brook Street, comprised 275 works, among which the landscapes—a large number being topographical—predominated; but, although the early tinted manner survived in the works of Pocock, Nattes, and Gilpin, there was abundant evidence of the revolution going on in the water-colour art. It is unnecessary to follow the fortunes of the first Society of Painters in Water-Colours through the various stages of its development and in its changes from Brook Street to Pall Mall, Bond Street, and Spring Gardens—where it quietly disappeared in 1812—giving place to a more vigorous association, which, under the name of the Oil and Water Colour Society, was destined to last seven years. Of this body John Varley was the central figure, and round him were grouped several worthies of the society, and more of the rising school of landscape painters, among whom De Wint, Turner, Copley Fielding, David Cox, Samuel Prout, and William Hunt were the most noteworthy. Notwithstanding this accession of names, the "Old Society," as it was now begun to be called, did not flourish. The complex elements of which it was composed were a source of weakness rather than of attractiveness, and the public showed but little interest in exhibitions which seemed to be in rivalry with those of the Royal Academy. On June 5, 1820, it was therefore decided that the old title of the society should be resumed, and that the body should once more be known as "The Society of Painters in Water-Colours." As such it has existed to the present time, not without passing through more than one crisis, but steadily progressing in popular favour, and consistently aiming at raising the standard of English water-colour painting to the highest level. In tracing the history of the society down to the present time, Mr. Roget, while working on the basis of Mr. Redgrave's work, has followed the method adopted by Sandby in his

"History of the Royal Academy." The artists admitted to the society under each successive president are treated biographically. The special progress of the art under its titular chief is thus indicated, and the influence of each individual artist is clearly shown. Joshua Cristall (1821-31), Copley Fielding (1832-55), J. F. Lewis (1855-8), Frederick Tayler (1858-70), and Sir John Gilbert, who for upwards of twenty years has held the presidency, represent as many distinct periods, and the names which group themselves round them illustrate the progress of both taste and technique in water-colour painting. Mr. Roget has availed himself with discrimination of the ample store of information which wide reading has brought within his reach, and he tells us all that is interesting and useful to know about both the well known and the forgotten water-colour painters of the century. He writes, too, without dogmatism or *parti-pris*. Knowing the difficulties of the painter's art, he takes the most generous views of the painter's efforts, explaining clearly why one succeeded and another failed to achieve permanent success. A work of this kind, executed with so much care and at the cost of so much labour, must in a great measure be its own reward. The public to which it appeals is too limited for either author or publishers to look for any adequate return for the time and money expended; but it will remain probably for the next hundred years the textbook and authority to which students and historians will have recourse, and will be sought after by book-collectors of all English-speaking countries as the most complete history of the rise and development of water-colour painting in England.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF WESTMORLAND.

The Right Hon. Francis William Henry Fane, twelfth Earl of Westmorland and Baron Burghersh, C.B., died on July 31. His Lordship was born Nov. 19, 1825, the third son of John, Earl of Westmorland, G.C.B., a distinguished military officer and diplomatist, by Priscilla Anne, his wife, daughter of William, Earl of Mornington. He was educated at Westminster and at Sandhurst, and was formerly colonel Coldstream Guards. He served in the Punjab Campaign 1846 (medal with clasp), and in the Crimea 1854 to 1855, receiving the Companionship of the Bath, the Legion of Honour, and the Fifth Class of the Medjidieh, was aide-de-camp to Lord Raglan, and brought home the despatches announcing the victory of the Alma. Having survived his two elder brothers, he succeeded to the earldom at his father's death in 1859. He



married, July 16, 1857, Lady Adelaide Ida Curzon, second daughter of Earl Howe, G.C.B., and leaves one surviving son, Anthony Mildmay Julian, Lord Burghersh, born Aug. 16, 1859, and two daughters, Grace Augusta, Viscountess Raincliffe, and Lady Margaret Mary Spicer. The title of Westmorland is of considerable antiquity, and was first granted to the Fane family in 1624, when Sir Francis Fane, K.B., was created Earl of Westmorland in commemoration of his descent from the Nevilles, the previous holders.

THE EARL OF DARTMOUTH.

The Right Hon. William Walter Legge, fifth Earl of Dartmouth, died on Aug. 4, at his town residence in Grosvenor Square. His Lordship was born on Aug. 12, 1823, at Sandwell Park, and was the son of the fourth Earl of Dartmouth by his first wife, the eldest daughter of the second Earl Talbot. He married Lady Augusta Finch, eldest daughter of the fifth Earl of Aylesford, in 1846, and succeeded to the peerage in 1853. Educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, he graduated in 1844. The late Earl was hon. colonel of the 1st Volunteer Battalion of the South Staffordshire Regiment, was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Staffordshire in 1887, and represented South Staffordshire in the House of Commons from 1849 to 1853. By his death a vacancy will be created in the representation of Lewisham, as Viscount Lewisham, the present member, succeeds to the earldom.

LADY BRUCE.

Marianne Margaret, Lady Bruce, whose death occurred July 28, was only daughter of Sir Jukes Clifton, Bart., of Clifton, in the county of Nottingham, by Marianne, his wife, daughter of Mr. John Swinfen of Swinfen, Staffordshire. She married, July 12, 1842, the Right Hon. Sir Henry Hervey Bruce, Bart., of Downhill, in the county of Londonderry.

LADY HOPE-JOHNSTONE.

Eleanora, Lady Hope-Johnstone died at her residence in Albany Street, Edinburgh, on July 12, aged eighty-six. Her Ladyship was eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick, fifth baronet, by Jane, his wife, daughter of Mr. Charles Sharpe, of Hoddum, in the county of Dumfries. In 1826 she married Admiral Sir William J. Hope-Johnstone, K.C.B., Commander of the Channel Fleet, who died in 1878.

THE HON. A. A. DE MONTMORENCY.

The Hon. Arthur Alberic de Montmorency, R.N., midshipman on board H.M.S. Warspite, was drowned while canoeing off the coast of Vancouver, on July 15, aged sixteen. He was born Oct. 25, 1874, the youngest son of the late Viscount Mountmorres, who was murdered near Clonburr, in the county of Galway, in 1880.

THE SENIOR SURGEON,

St. John's Hospital for the Skin,

LONDON,

MR. JOHN L. MILTON,

IN HIS WORK ON

"THE HYGIENE OF THE SKIN," writes:—



"A LADY wants no other cosmetic than Pears' Soap, but one caution is absolutely necessary from a hygienic point of view. It is a notorious fact that Pears' Soap is sold at a very small profit (I think not more than about one half-penny per tablet) on the wholesale cost price, consequently, one or other of the many soaps in the market (on the sale of which a profit of threepence or fourpence per tablet may be made) is sometimes either substituted or recommended to the buyer as "just as good," "equally pure," &c., &c., &c., the real object of the dealer, of course, being simply to obtain the greater profit by the sale of the inferior article which he recommends or attempts to substitute. Patients should, therefore, insist on having what they ask for, otherwise they may find that, instead of being served with a genuine soap, they have had an article of most inferior quality foisted upon them; SOMETHING WORSE THAN WORTHLESS, calculated only to set up heat, redness, irritation, and general unsightliness of the skin."

Caution to Parents.

THE delicate Skin of Infants and Children is particularly liable to injury from coarse and unrefined Toilet Soap, which is commonly adulterated with the most pernicious ingredients; hence frequently the irritability, redness, and blotchy appearance of the Skin from which many children suffer. It should be remembered that

ARTIFICIALLY COLOURED SOAPS ARE FREQUENTLY POISONOUS,

particularly the Red, Blue, and Green varieties; and nearly all Toilet Soaps contain an excess of Soda. White Soaps, such as "Curd," usually contain much more soda than others, owing to the use of cocoa nut oil, which makes a bad, strongly alkaline Soap, very injurious to the skin, besides leaving a disagreeable odour on it. The serious injury to children resulting from these Soaps often remains unsuspected in spite of Nature's warnings, until the unhealthy and irritable condition of the skin has developed into some unsightly disease, not infrequently baffling the skill of the most eminent Dermatologists.

PEARS' SOAP

is absolutely pure, free from excess of alkali (Soda), and from artificial colouring matter. It is specially recommended for Infants and Children, because it is perfectly pure, and does not irritate their delicate sensitive skin, nor make their little eyes smart. It lasts so long that it is certainly the CHEAPEST as well as the BEST Toilet Soap. It makes Children feel comfortable, and hence happy after their bath, and by its use the natural softness and brightness of their complexions are improved and preserved.

Sold Everywhere, but INSIST on having the GENUINE.

IMPORTANT TO ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.

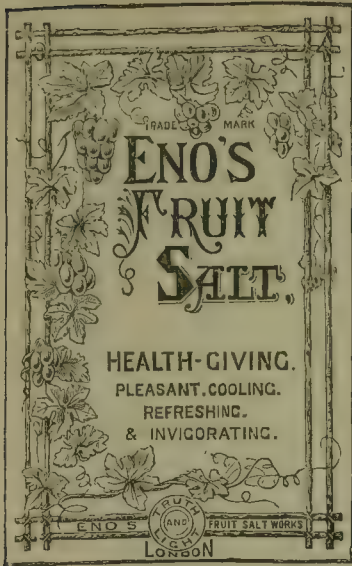
DON'T GO WITHOUT A BOTTLE OF ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."

It ought to be kept in every bedroom in readiness for any emergency. It prevents diarrhoea, and removes it in the early stages. The secret of success—Sterling honesty of purpose. Without it life is a sham.

CAUTION.—Examine each bottle and see the capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"; without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

"Among the most useful medicines that have been introduced within the last century is ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' There is no doubt that, where it has been taken in the earliest stage of a disease, it has, in many instances, prevented what would otherwise have been a severe illness. The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' upon a disordered and feverish condition of the system is marvellous. As a nursery medicine the 'FRUIT SALT' is invaluable; instead of children disliking it, they look upon it rather in the light of a luxury. As a gentle aperient and a corrective in cases of any sort of over-indulgence in eating or drinking, ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is all that is needful to restore freshness and vigour. In cases of Nervous Headache and Debility it is especially useful, and should be taken in all cases where persons suffer from a sluggish condition of the Liver."—*Young Lady's Journal*.

Prepared only at ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E.



WM JOYNSON & SON'S

·FACSIMILE-OF-WATER-MARK·
·IN-HIGHLY-GLAZED-PAPERS·

JOYNSON
SUPERFINE

SUITABLE FOR ALL WHO PREFER
THE SMOOTHEST POSSIBLE SURFACE

·FACSIMILE-OF-WATER-MARK·
·IN-DULL-FINISHED-PAPERS·

St. Mary Cray
Kent

SUITABLE FOR ALL WHO PREFER
A SEMI-ROUGH SURFACE

HIGH CLASS Writing Papers

*Have been Used for over half a Century by the
Aristocracy and all First Class Firms*

SUPERLATIVE QUALITY, ABSOLUTE PURITY, PERFECT FINISH

Ask your Stationer for a Set of Ovr. Samples. Gratis.

WEDDING
AND OTHER PRESENTS

MAPPIN BROTHERS.

OUTFITS OF
CUTLERY, SILVER, PLATE,
&c.

(THE ORIGINAL FIRM, ESTABLISHED 1810.)

Only London Show Rooms { 220, REGENT STREET, W.;
66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. (Opposite King Street.)
(Late of King William Street.)

The Public supplied DIRECT by the ACTUAL MANUFACTURERS. The largest Stock of Dressing and Travelling Bags in London.



MAPPIN BROTHERS' Solid Leather Dress Suit Case, 22-in. lined Leather, fitted with Nickel-mounted Toilet Bottles, real Ebony Brushes, fine Cutlery, &c., £12 12s.

Other Designs, with Solid Silver Fittings and real Ivory Brushes, from £22 10s.

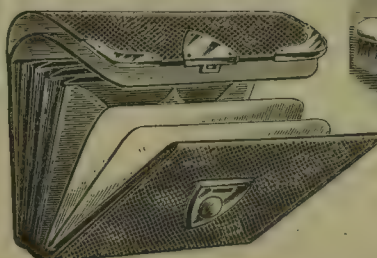


Real Ebony Brush Tray, with Solid Silver Mounts, pierced Silver Monogram, and Comb, 30s.
Ebony Brushes, with pierced Silver Monogram, 10s. 6d. each.

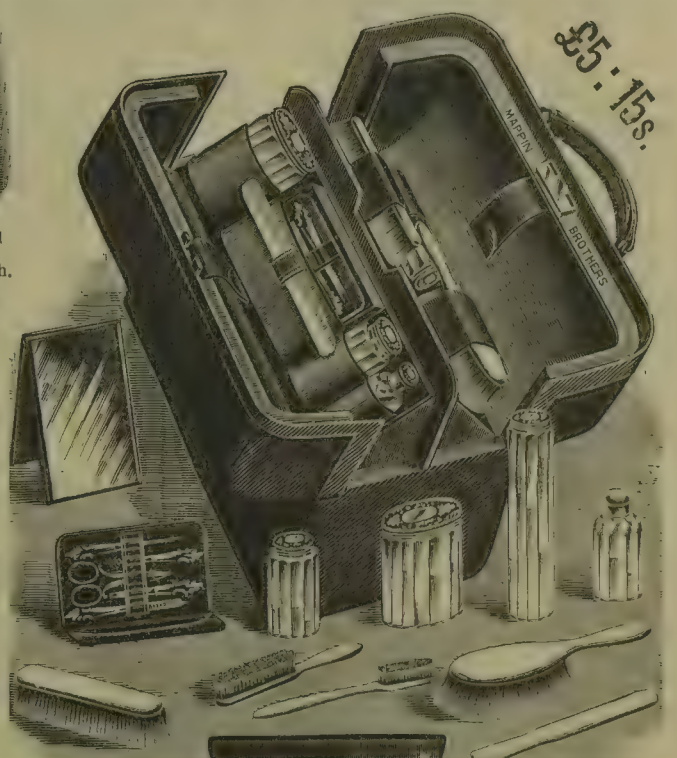
ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS
POST FREE.

MAPPIN BROTHERS, the
Designers & Manufacturers
of the Gold Casket presented
to the German Emperor by
the City of London.

Goods forwarded to the
Country for approval.



Fine Lizard Skin Purse, with Solid Silver Lock and Corners, 18s. 6d.



14-in. Morocco Dressing and Travelling Bag, lined Satin, fitted with Solid Silver-mounted Toilet Bottles, Ivory Brushes, &c., £5 15s.
Other Designs in Stock, from £3 15s. to £150.

"A reputation of eighty years for high quality
and low prices."

CAUTION.—MAPPIN BROTHERS' Goods can ONLY be obtained at
220, REGENT STREET, W.; 66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.; AND QUEEN'S WORKS. SHEFFIELD.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Writing the other day of the jealousy of contemporaries, Mr. George R. Sims drew the well-known picture of the little boy contentedly sitting on the hind bar of the carriage while his envious companions cried out "Put the whip behind!" For many years past Mr. Sims himself has been sitting very safely and grinning contentedly behind the gay carriage of melodrama, and the wonder is to me that he should have budged one inch when the idle cry was raised "Whip behind!" He was hurting nobody, least of all those who for want of something better to do wanted to dislodge him from his comfortable post; but in the last Adelphi drama, written in collaboration with Mr. Robert Buchanan, both authors have shown a slight inclination to climb down when somebody started an idle and meaningless shout. This modern cry of conventionality in popular drama is the merest fudge. It has been raised by crotchet-mongers who, for the most part, have little experience of the art they criticise. They have never made plays or watched audiences. They are full of vague theory, and disdain practice. They can knock down, but they have not the skill to build up. What art in the world is there in which convention does not play a prominent part? The art of music is even more conventional than that of the drama, and I really do not see that the Adelphi drama has lagged behind during the healthy dramatic period of reform that has been going on for many years past. Instead of sticking obstinately to convention, foolish convention, and the worst and most obvious tricks of old-world melodrama, there has been a tendency for many years past to elevate the tone of melodrama everywhere. Compare, for instance, such plays as "The Lights o' London" and "The Silver King" with plays by Boucicault produced at the same theatre, such as "After Dark" and "The Streets of London." Contrast them with a darker period still, of "Sweeney Todd" and "Margaret Catchpole," or "Maria Martin; or, the Red Barn." Are they not infinitely better from every point of view? Or take the case of modern and old Adelphi drama, and let me ask if the plays of Sims, and Pettitt and Grundy and Buchanan are not in every way superior to the old Adelphi plays written by Buckstone for Webster, when Wright and Paul Bedford and Madame Celeste were the stars in the dramatic firmament. Besides, who is it finds fault with the existing and improving state of things except the crotchet-mongers? Certainly not the patrons of the Adelphi Theatre. They are quite content with the genuine humour of Sims—who is the bugbear of the iconoclasts—and have never turned their backs on the dramatic *verve* and impulse of Buchanan. Why then "climb down" when such very indifferent sportsmen take up the rifle? They could hit no one at a dozen yards' distance. As well give up plays and play-writing altogether because Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has written a book chaffing stage types and turning the whole fabric of the drama into ridicule. It is the very easiest thing in the world, this kind of harmless but irreverent chaff. It can be done in music, it can be done in painting, it can be done in the drama. Quite as easy is it to ridicule conventional form in stagecraft as it is easy to laugh at a chord or a chromatic scale in music.

Just as in music there are only a given number of notes to play upon, so in the drama there are only a given number of emotions to call into action. Let those who prate so glibly about convention on the stage set about writing a play and inventing a new passion.

I was quite prepared to hear that "The Trumpet Call" was vastly superior to its predecessors, that the authors were striking out a new line for themselves, that their work was more thoughtful and had a more conspicuously literary tone about it, simply because Mr. Sims and Mr. Buchanan elected to jump down when the cry was raised "Whip behind!" The new play may be all this and a great deal more, but I must own that it struck me, as I sat watching the new drama very carefully, that the scorn of convention had in this instance done what schoolboys call "established a funk." There are many most admirable scenes in the new play emotional as well as humorous, many well-drawn characters, and much picturesque incident. But, as a whole, I do not find, as we were wont to do, the backbone of abiding interest. The colour is there, but the dramatic fibre is gone. It is a play of detached force: the limbs are strong, but the trunk is weak and tottery. In nearly every instance there is the germ of a good character, but it remains in the bud, and seldom bursts into blossom. They are all worked out to a certain point, but there they stop. The virtuous characters, the vicious characters, the comic characters, lack development. They are stunted in their growth, for directly they are developing beautifully our authors seem to say: "No! that is conventional! We shall have Mr. Prig hauling us over the coals, and that will never do! *Cave Prig!*" and so, at odd moments, the drama falls flat and seems to want ginger. Believe me an Adelphi audience—and these are the people most concerned—does not care one brass farthing about Prig and all his tribe. They ignore his very existence. They are quite content with Sims and Buchanan, and they are not the envious lads who shout out "Whip behind!"

If anyone doubts the statement, let an instant visit be paid to the Adelphi in order to watch where our authors are at their best. Let them note the scene where Mrs. Patrick Campbell, as the Italian gipsy, sings "Santa Lucia," sitting on the steps of the caravan, and the familiar voice falls on the ear of the luckless hero, Mr. Leonard Boyne; let them mark the stirring and eminently dramatic picture where the hero of the Royal Horse Artillery is decorated by his Colonel in the presence of the wife he dare not own; let them mark how the emotional chord is touched when the hero, for the best of all honourable reasons, denies himself to the wife he has accidentally ruined; let them listen to the peals of laughter whenever the Professor is on the stage and talking the wittiest things of Sims's, and note how carefully the pathos is blended with the humour. If all this is conventional—well, all I can say is, let us have more of it, for it is honest good stuff and should be heartily encouraged. If the church scene is a sop in the pan thrown to the realists, I must candidly own that it is not to my taste at all. To me, instead of being real, it is the most unreal scene in the whole play. People don't do such things. Once in a blue moon the banns of marriage are forbidden in church and the opponent is asked to interview the clergyman in the vestry; but I don't suppose that any human being ever heard of a marriage ceremony being stopped in church in the fashion suggested by Mr. Pinero and our present authors. That which is intended to be dramatic and effective becomes bathos. It is an anticlimax, not a climax. When Claudio went up to the altar and denounced Hero it was a dramatic scene. The mad

Mrs. Rochester's shriek was dramatic during the nuptials of Rochester and Jane Eyre, but "There will be no wedding to-day" in "Lady Bountiful" and Astrea's confession in "The Trumpet Call" stir no one. They are ineffective, and may read better than they act. As to the realism employed—well, the less said about that the better. If the sacred lamp before the altar, the tabernacle, and the statue of the Madonna are permissible in "Much Ado about Nothing" and "Faust and Marguerite," it would not do to complain of the altar candles, and the painted windows, and the redos, and the alms dish, and the sacred "table of affinities"—"a man may not marry his grandmother," &c.—in the Savoy Chapel Anglican ritual. The only point is—and this I insist on—that the scene would have been just as effective in the Savoy Chapel churchyard as in front of the communion table. In fact, I think it might have been made a prettier scene.

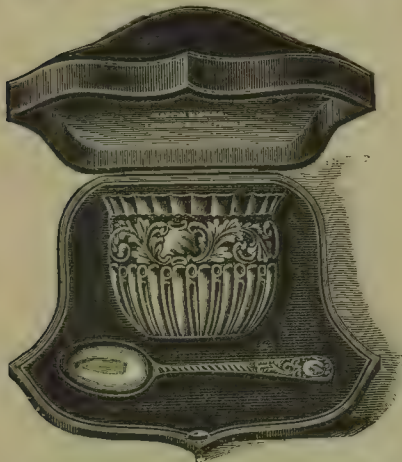
The artists, one and all, did wonders with the new drama. Fettered, as they nearly all were, with very little chance given to anyone, I have seldom seen better all-round acting at the Adelphi. Let credit be given where credit is due. After all, is not the bombast and mere rhetoric of popular and domestic drama due to the performers quite as much as to the authors? The staginess and tawdriness of this class of play are due to the actors just as much as the writers. All this has carefully been avoided. There is not the suspicion of a conventional Adelphi heroine about Miss Elizabeth Robins. Try as he would, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome could not get a laugh out of her. She played it simply, naturally, and in a womanly, lovable manner. This is surely what the authors required. Miss Robins is too much of an artist to overstep the mark. To some it will seem tame, uneventful, undemonstrative. But that is the woman. Miss Robins can only make her what she is. It was a genuine and good piece of work. To try to make more of it than it is would be inartistic. Mrs. Patrick Campbell had every opportunity to exaggerate and adopt the Eccles vein. But with all its temptations it was a singularly unstaged performance, well considered, well disciplined, and effective withal. In the first and third acts Mrs. Campbell made a marked success, and her future career will be watched with considerable interest. She has a melodious voice, a good stage face, easy gestures, and a commanding presence. This is very fair material for an actress to begin upon. But, besides this, the lady has evidently the true dramatic instinct. Without it mere beauty would be nothing. Brains are better than beauty on the stage any day. No one could say that, hero though he be, Mr. Leonard Boyne has been provided with an effective part. But he plays it remarkably well. The villain having been doused in milk and water, the hero is bound to sing small. There are few actors on the stage more conscientious than Mr. Boyne. He never sulks with his work. He always does his best for his author. He sets a good example and gives a good lead over every difficult fence. In a word, he is as plucky on the stage as in the hunting field, and we seem to hear his cheery "Yoicks! forrard! Tally-ho!" all over the place. These are the actors who keep up the spirit of the play, and they deserve to be encouraged. Mr. Lionel Rignold, Mrs. Leigh, and Miss Clara Jecks are as clever and popular as ever, and both Mr. James East and Mr. Douglas have come to the front.

Some have pretended to believe that the Adelphi toddy was a trifle too strong and needed a little dilution. I am very sorry that Mr. Sims or Mr. Buchanan listened to these blue ribbonites. They have not deluged their good stuff with water, but they have put a lump of ice in it. This is apt to take away the flavour of the best spirit in the world.

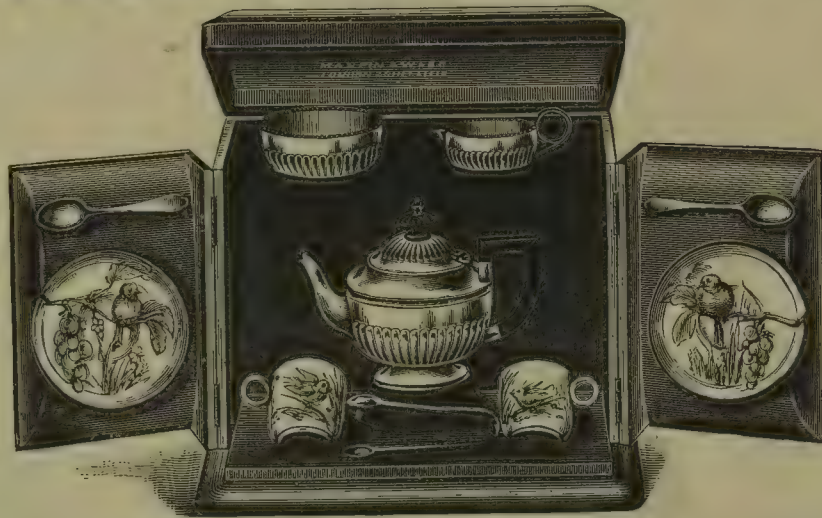
MAPPIN & WEBB'S STERLING SILVER & PRINCE'S PLATE

(REGD.)

"Highest attainable quality." "Unequalled for hard wear."



Sterling Silver Bowl and Spoon, Handsomely Chased and Fluted, in Morocco Case, £4 10s.



Registered "Princess" Tea Service, with Two China Cups and Saucers, Two Spoons, and Sugar Tongs. Complete in Case, Sterling Silver .. £11 11 Prince's Plate .. £5 5 0
Teapot only .. 5 5 .. 1 11 6
Sugar Basin and Tongs .. 1 15 .. 0 10 6
Cream Jug .. 1 5 .. 0 10 6

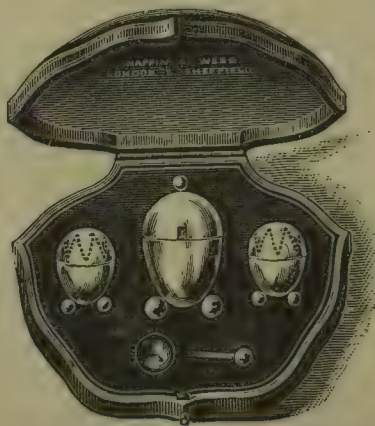


Four Chased Solid Silver Salts and Spoons, in rich Morocco Case, lined Silk, rustic design, £3 15s. Six in Case, £5 15s.

Goods sent to the Country on Approval.



Two Solid Silver Escalloped Butter Shells and Two Knives, in Morocco Case, lined Silk and Velvet .. £4 5s. One Shell and Knife, in Case .. £2 5s.



Two Solid Silver Muffineers, Mustard Pot, and Spoon, in best Morocco Case, £2 10s.; Prince's Plate, £1 5s.



Massive Sterling Silver Sugar Bowl and Sifter, beautifully Chased, Gilt inside, after Briot, in best Morocco Case, lined Silk and Velvet, £7.



Registered Design. Six Afternoon Tea Spoons and Tongs, in Morocco Case, £1 11s. 6d. Solid Silver, £2 10s.

THE POULTRY, E.C. (Opposite the Mansion House) & 158 TO 162, OXFORD ST., W., LONDON. Manufacture: Royal Plate & Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

ROYAL NAVAL EXHIBITION,
CHELSEA, S.W.
Patron—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
Open from 11 a.m. till 11 p.m.

ROYAL NAVAL EXHIBITION.
Close to Grosvenor Road Station, on the L.B. and S.C. and L.C. and D. lines. Within a few minutes of Sloane Square Station, from which omnibuses run direct.

Special Road Car Service from the doors every 6 minutes to and from Liverpool Street via Victoria Station, Westminster, Charing Cross, Strand, Ludgate Hill, Bank, Broad Street. Fares to or from Naval Exhibition and Victoria Station, 1d. Naval Exhibition and Chancery Lane, 2d. Naval Exhibition and Liverpool Street, 3d.

Unrivalled attractions, and the following are some of the principal features—

Arctic Relics, Arts Gallery containing one of the finest collections ever got together—Historical Collections of Models of Ships of War and Mercantile Marine—Full-size Models of H.M.S. Victory and Eddystone Lighthouse, on which will be turning the most powerful light in the world—Monster Ordnance Guns of 37 tons and 110 tons—Machine Gun Firing—Torpedoes—Exhibition of Diving, &c.—Lake 350 ft. long by 150 ft. wide, on which Mimic Combats between Models of two Modern Battle-ships will take place, and Illustrations of Submarine Mining, &c., will be given—Nautical Displays in the Arena—Performances by the Sons of Neptune Opera Company—Aquatic Fireworks—Balloon Ascents—Monster Iceberg, containing realistic Arctic Scenery; and Panoramas of Trafalgar—Grounds Magnificently Illuminated (thousands of coloured lights)—Decorative Lighting by James Pain and Sons.

Hon. Sec., Captain A. JEPHSON, R.N.

DORÉ GALLERY.

GUSTAVE DORÉ'S GREAT PICTURES form the Grandest Collection (of a Religious Character) in the World. They are extremely interesting and impressive. Visitors to London should on no account fail to see this magnificent exhibition. High-class steel engravings of all these exceptional works of art at reasonable charges.

Daily, Ten to Six. 1s. 35, New Bond Street, W.

GOUT AND RHEUMATISM CURED!

Particulars and Testimonials post free of PRINCE'S TAILOR TREATMENT COMPANY, Limited, 92, Kirkdale, Sydenham, S.E.

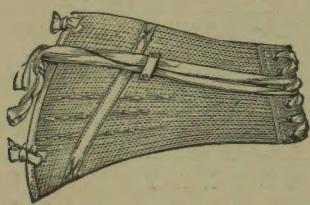
CURE YOUR CORNS Permanently, Speedily, and Painlessly by using LEROY'S MAGIC TISSUE. Easily applied, takes up no room in foot, and never fails to cure. Price 1d. post free for 1s. 2d.

A. LEROY and CO., 39, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.

HOLLOWAYS' PILLS and OINTMENT. The Pills purify the blood, correct all disorders of the liver, stomach, kidneys, and bowels. The Ointment is unrivalled in the cure of bad legs, old wounds, gout, rheumatism.

FITS OR EPILEPSY.—Giddiness, Sensations, Faints. However many years the disease may have existed, or however complicated a case may be, do not despair, there is still hope. Write to the "Secretary," Burwood House, Burwood Place, Hyde Park, London. He will send you "gratis" full instructions for cure and advice on diet.

SWANBILL BELTS
(Registered) Price 3s. 6d.



"Nothing can be better. The Swanbill Silk Elastic Belt is a real comfort."—Court Journal.

"The Swanbill Belt I recommend to all young mothers, for nothing tends to make a woman so much the loss of symmetry of figure. By attention a woman may almost retain her natural maiden form, even though the mother of a large family."—Madame Schull's Journal.

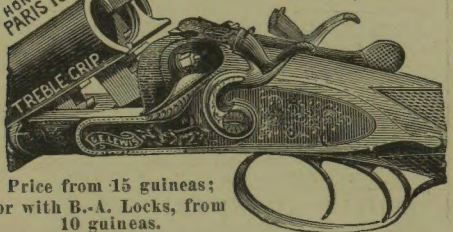
Send Size of Waist, with P.O. on 179, Sloane Street. Illustrated Belt and Corset Key post free.

ADDLEY BOURNE,
LADIES' WAREHOUSE,
174, SLOANE STREET, BELGRAVIA (late of Piccadilly).

New Illustrated Catalogue for 1891 now ready.
"THE GUN OF THE PERIOD."

HONOURS AT
PARIS 1878.

Honours—Sydney, 1879.
Melbourne, 1880.
Calcutta, 1883.



Price from 15 guineas;
or with B.-A. Locks, from
10 guineas.

THIS Gun, wherever shown, has always taken honours. Why buy from Dealers when you can buy at half the price from the Maker? Any gun sent on approval on receipt of P.O.O., and remittance returned if, on receipt, it is not satisfactory. Target trial allowed. A choice of 200 Guns, Rifles, and Revolvers, embracing every novelty in the trade. B.-A. Guns, from 50s. to 50 guineas; B.-A. Revolvers, from 6s. 6d. to 100s. Send six stamps for New Illustrated Catalogue for season 1891, now ready, embracing every Gun, Rifle, and Revolver up to date; also Air-Cane and Implement Sheets. For conversions, new barrels, Pin Fires to Central Fires, Muzzleloaders to Breechloaders, re-stocking, &c., we have a staff of men second to none in the trade.

SPECIAL.—We sell Guns, &c., at one profit on first-cost of manufacture. Re-stocking, from 15s.; Pin Fires altered to altered to C.F. B.-A., from 60s., with B.-A. Locks; and from 80s. with Bar Locks, including new hammers, and making up as new: Altering Locks to Rebound, 12s.

G. E. LEWIS, 32 and 33, Lower Loveday-street, BIRMINGHAM. Established 1850.

Telegram: "Period, Birmingham."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS

MRS. WINSLOW'S
SOOTHING SYRUP
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

Greatly facilitates the process of Teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation; will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action; and is

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Depend upon it, Mothers, it will give rest to yourselves and

RELIEF & HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.

Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1d. per Bottle.

THE BEST JUDGES OF CIGARS

NOW OBTAIN THEIR SUPPLIES AT

BENSON'S, 61, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD,
Really good Foreign Cigars at London.
16s., 20s., 22s. per 100 (and upwards). Sample 5 for 1s. (14 stamps)



Send for stamp selections on approval. Sure to please. 33 1/3 per cent commission. 100 for Mexico, 100 for Mexico 1864-4 var complete. 20c. Price-lists and premium offers free. Address MOUND CITY STAMP CO., 1501 Washington Ave., St. Louis Mo.

HARRINGTON'S PATENT
ANTI-VIBRATION SEAT OR CUSHION,
FOR CARRIAGES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
CAN BE APPLIED INSTANTLY.

IMPARTING TO CARRIAGE EXERCISE A LUXURY HITHERTO UNKNOWN.

ALSO THE CELEBRATED

CRADLE SPRING CHAIRS,
SUITABLE FOR BIRTHDAY AND WEDDING GIFTS.
CAN BE UPHOLSTERED IN ANY STYLE.

14 Gold and Silver Medals. Also the Grand Prix de Progres.

Prospectus and Testimonials on application.

J. HARRINGTON & CO.,

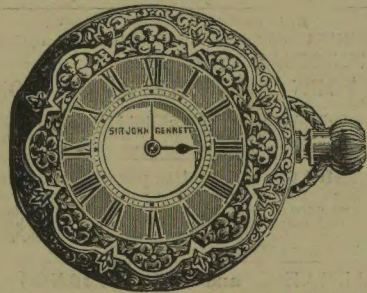
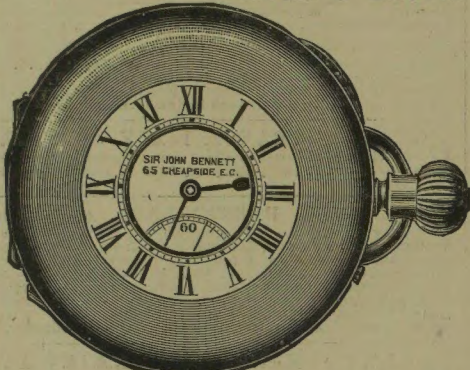
Anti-Vibration Specialists,

VICTORIA MANSIONS, WESTMINSTER, S.W.

Can be seen and tested at this Address.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.,

WATCH & CLOCK MANUFACTURERS.



£10.—In return for £10 NOTE, free and safe per post, a LADY'S GOLD KEYLESS WATCH, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air, damp, and dust tight.

£25.—A STANDARD GOLD KEY-LESS PLATE HALF-CHRONOMETER WATCH, accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in thirteen actions. 10 massive 18-carat case, with Monogram richly embossed. Free and safe per post.

Sir JOHN BENNETT (Limited), 65, Cheapside, London.

£20, £30, £40 Presentation Watches.
Arms and inscription embossed in steel.

£25 Hall Clock, to Chime on 8 Bells.
In oak or mahogany. With bracket and shield, Three Guineas extra. Estimates for Turret Clocks.

SIR JOHN BENNETT (Limited), 65 & 64, Cheapside, E.C.

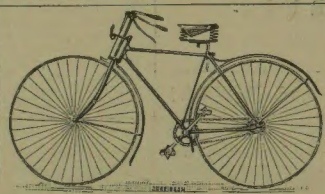
COVENTRY MACHINISTS' CO.,
LIMITED.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

"SWIFT" CYCLES.

"The Leading Machines"

London: 15 & 16, Holborn Viaduct
Manchester: 9, Victoria Buildings
WORKS—COVENTRY.



"CLUB" CYCLES.

Best Quality and Workmanship.

CATALOGUES FREE.

Any Machine supplied on gradual payments.

Ladies are requested to write for Patterns of

THE CELEBRATED

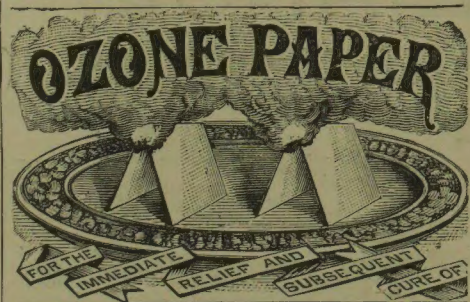
"LOUIS" VELVETEEN

TO

THOS. WALLIS & CO., Holborn Circus, London, E.C.

S. Sainsbury's
Lavender Water
Prices 1s. to 6s., &c. Sold throughout the Country.

Manufactory: 176 & 177, STRAND, LONDON. ESTABLISHED 1831.



ASTHMA, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS,
BRONCHITIC ASTHMA, HAY FEVER, and INFLUENZA.

The "Lancet"—"A convenient and valuable remedy." Dr. Thoroughgood—"Pure spasmodic Asthma and Asthma due to Emphysema of the lungs with co-existent bronchitis alike appear to me to be materially relieved by the Ozone Paper."

Harrison Weir, Esq.—"Your Ozone Paper has got rid of my Asthmatic affection; it is the only remedy which gave me permanent relief." 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per Box, of all Chemists; or from the Proprietor for the amount in stamps or P.O.O. to any country within the Postal Union.

R. HUGGINS & Co., Chemists, 109, Strand, LONDON.

GEO. CORDING'S
LADIES'

AND

GENTLEMEN'S
WATERPROOFS.

125, REGENT STREET.



LIQUEUR OF THE GRANDE
CHARTREUSE.

This delicious Liqueur, which has lately come so much into public favour on account of its wonderful properties of aiding digestion and preventing Dyspepsia, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants.

Sole Consignee—W. DOYLE, 85, Crutchedfriars, London, E.C.

ASK FOR AND DRINK ONLY

GREERS'
O. V. H.

OLD VATTED HIGHLAND WHISKY

(IN SQUARE BOTTLES);

At **45s.** per dozen case.

A blend of the finest Highland makes, which a "Medical Analyst" describes as the perfection of Scotch Whisky.

Sold at all the leading Stores in London.

Wholesale Offices: 59, Mark Lane, E.C.

FLORILINE
FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.

Prevents the decay of the TEETH.

Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.

Removes all traces of Tobacco smoke.

Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the Taste.

Is partly composed of Honey and extracts from sweet herbs and plants.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

2s. 6d. per Bottle.

FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER, only put in glass jars. Price 1s.

THE SONG OF SOZODONT.

I was born in the woods, where the checkered Lends a charm to every bower; [shade Where the song of birds blends perfectly With the fragrance of the flower.

I live in the homes of rich and poor— I live to do them good; I cleanse; I heal; and I perfume with The odours of the wood.

And clean and sweet is the path I leave Wherever my feet may tread; And thousands of those I bless rain down Benedictions on my head!

A FINE THING FOR THE
TEETH.

Fragrant **SOZODONT** is a fluid composition of the purest and choicest ingredients of the Oriental vegetable kingdom. Every ingredient is well known to have a beneficial effect on the teeth or gums. Its embalming or antiseptic property and aromatic fragrance make it a toilet luxury. **SOZODONT** removes all disagreeable odours from the breath caused by catarrh, bad teeth, &c. It is entirely free from the injurious and acrid properties of tooth pastes and powders, which destroy the enamel. One bottle will last six months. Of all Chemists, price 2s. 6d.

COCKLE'S
ANTIBILIOUS
PILLS.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
FOR LIVER.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
FOR BILE.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
FOR INDIGESTION.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
FOR HEARTBURN.

LIFE ASSURANCE WITHOUT A

MIDDLEMAN.
Saving to the assured at least One Shilling in every Pound paid in premiums. Apply to the **LONDON LIFE ASSOCIATION,** 81, King William Street, London, E.C. Established 1806. Funds in hand, £4,000,000.

THE TOWER FURNISHING COMPANY,

Limited, supply GOODS on HIRE direct from Manufacturers; one, two, or three years' credit, without security. Purchasers have the choice of 100 wholesale houses. Call for prospectus. Address, SECRETARY, 43, Great Tower St., E.C.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's **AUREOLINE** produces the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 6s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., of all principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the world. Agents, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 31 and 32, Berners St., W.

INVALIDS

May be speedily restored to health by wearing

one of **HARNES'S**
ELECTROPATHIC BELTS.

Though they are guaranteed to generate continuous Electric currents, strong enough to cure almost all disorders of the **Nerves, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, &c.** they do not cause the least discomfort to the wearer; but, on the contrary, they give support to the various organs of the body, and

INVIGORATE

the entire frame. They also effectually prevent Rheumatism, and kindred ailments. Thousands of Testimonials from all classes of society may be seen at the **Electro-pathic and Zander Institute of the Medical Battery Co., Limited,**

52, OXFORD ST. LONDON, W.

(Corner of Rathbone Place)
Pamphlet; consultation, and advice,
Free on application.

The Beauty of the Skin enhanced by



POUDRE D'AMOUR.
(Prepared by PICARD FRERES, Parfumeurs.)

A Toilet Powder combining every desideratum, Hygienic and Cosmetic, for beautifying and softening the skin. It will be equally welcomed by all for imparting a most natural freshness to the complexion.

Gentlemen will find it most soothing and pleasant for use after shaving.

in three tints: Blanche, for fair skins; Naturelle, for darker complexions; and Râclée, for use by artificial light.

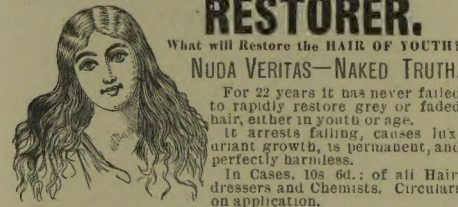
Price 1s.; by Post, free from observation, 1s. 3d.
To be had of all Hairdressers, Chemists &c.

Wholesale Dépôt: **R. HOVENDEN & SONS,**
31 & 32, BERNERS ST., W.;
And 91-95, CITY ROAD, E.C., LONDON.

Hindes PATENT HAIR CURLERS



NUDA VERITAS HAIR RESTORER.



Wholesale Agents: **R. HOVENDEN & SONS,**
31 & 32, Berners Street, W.; and 91-95, City Road, E.C., London.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.
Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin, or even white linen.
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 3s. 6d.

NOTICE.
THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER may now be obtained in New York from the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG Co., 217, FULTON STREET, and all Druggists.

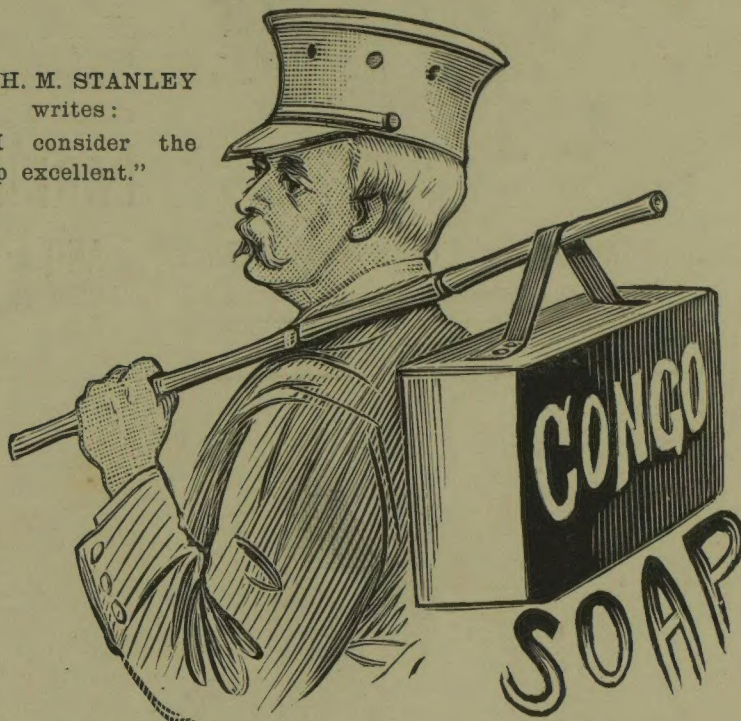
MELLIN'S FOOD.



RUPTURE
"DR. PIERCE'S MAGNETIC ELASTIC TRUSS" Only Electric Truss in the world. No Iron Hoops or Steel Springs! Easy to wear. This celebrated Truss has radically cured thousands of patients. Estab. 1875. Perfect fitting trusses sent to all parts of the world and we guarantee safe delivery. For full particulars, write for Pamphlet No. 1. Address, **M. E. TRUSS CO., 704 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.** For Piles use our New Instrument for Home Treatment. Price, \$2 or 8s. 5d.

CONGO SOAP
VICTOR VAISSIER'S
A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.

Mr. H. M. STANLEY writes:
"I consider the Soap excellent."



THE SWEETEST SCENTED OF ALL TOILET SOAPS.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
8D., 1s. 3D., AND 2s. PER CAKE.

DEPOT FOR GREAT BRITAIN AND COLONIES—
C. SIMEONS & CO., 70, Finsbury Pavement, London, E.C.

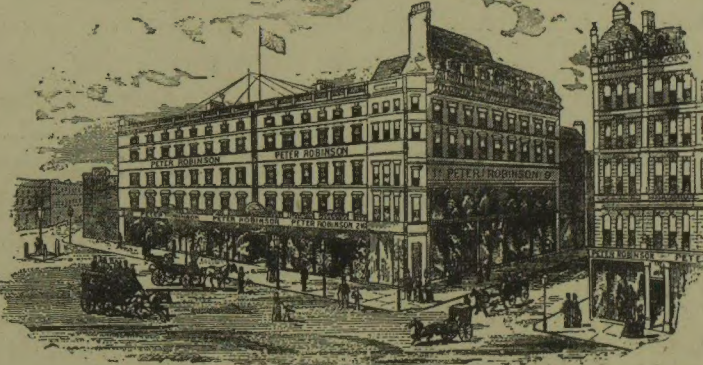
SULPHOLINE LOTION

Clears the Skin in Sun, Wind, or Sea.

PETER ROBINSON,
OXFORD ST.

Latest Home and Continental Novelties in
SILKS, DRESSES, COSTUMES, MANTLES.

Patterns
Post Free.
FASHION-BOOKS
GRATIS.
Goods sent
on
Approval.



HAY WILL BE DEAR. RICK CLOTHS.



With Poles, Ropes, and Blocks complete.



PATENT HEXAGON TENT,
FOR LAWN-TENNIS.

For Price List and Particulars address
BENJAMIN EDGINGTON,
LIMITED,
2, DUKE STREET, LONDON BRIDGE.

JUNO CYCLES are the very best.



SOLE MAKERS: **THE METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS CO., LTD.**
LISTS, over 100 pages, POST FREE. Upwards of 50 Patterns.
JUNO CUSHION, £12 12s., 10 per cent. Cash Discount, or 21s. Monthly.
75 & 76, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT, LONDON.



PAIN KILLER.

The Great Family Medicine. Get a Bottle to-day of **PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.** Acts directly on the seat of Pain. Externally it cures Scalds, Burns, Boils, Sprains, Bruises, Toothache, Headache, Stings and Bites of Insects, &c. Internally it cures Colds, Liver Complaints, Headache, Heartburn, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sea Sickness, Cramp and Pain in the Stomach, Colic, Diarrhoea, Cholera, &c. Sold by all Chemists at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. British Depot: 46, Holborn Viaduct, E.C. Avoid Imitations under misleading names.

PAIN KILLER.

FLORISTS
TO
HER
MAJESTY.

SPECIALITÉ

**TABLE DECORATIONS,
BALL ROOM DECORATIONS.**

Our own Original Designs.

Ask for Estimate before ordering elsewhere.

178, REGENT STREET, W.



INVIGORATING LAVENDER SALTS.

"Our readers who are in the habit of purchasing that delicious perfume, 'Crab-Apple Blossoms,' of the Crown Perfumery Company should procure a bottle of their 'Invigorating Lavender Salts.' By leaving the stopper out for a few moments a delightful perfume escapes, which freshens and purifies the air most enjoyably."—*Le Follet*.

Genuine only with Crown Stoppers as shown herewith.

REJECT SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.

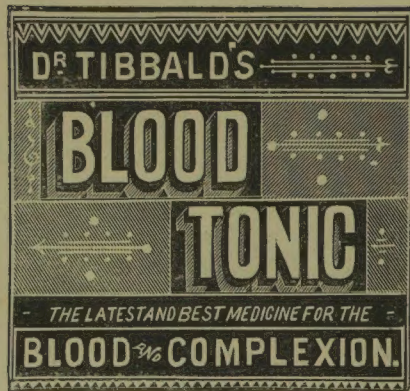
MADE ONLY BY

THE CROWN PERFUMERY COMPANY,
177, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON.

BRIDES' BOUQUETS from 30s.
DRAWING ROOM BOUQUETS from 21s.
BRIDESMAIDS' BOUQUETS from 10s. 6d.
BASKETS tastefully arranged from 10s. 6d.
WREATHS & CROSSES from 10s. 6d.

Special Attention given to shading colours in every arrangement.





BRIGHT EYES, HEALTHY SKIN, A PURE COMPLEXION.

All who value their Complexion should never be without it. It speedily removes all Impurities from the Blood, rendering the Skin Spotless, Clear, and Healthy. Soaps and Lotions only give temporary relief. For permanent results you must go to the cause—namely, the Blood. It acts directly upon the Digestive Organs, the Liver, and Kidneys.

THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER IN THE WORLD.

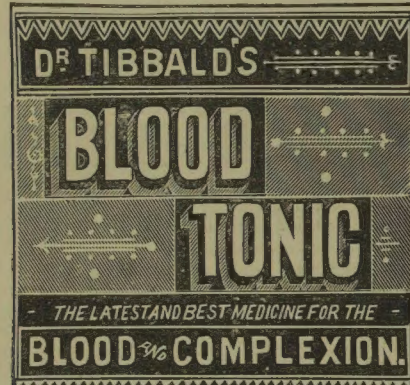
CURES Pimples, Blotches, Rashes, Carbuncles, Scrofula, Eczema, Rheumatism, Gout, and all DISEASES OF THE SKIN AND BLOOD.

FOR INDIGESTION AND LIVER COMPLAINTS IT HAS NO RIVAL.

THE GREAT BLOOD & SKIN CURE.

Chemists will procure it, 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. per bottle. Wholesale Agents, Edwards & Co., London, or direct from

SMITH & CO., Chemists, Taunton.



TORPID LIVER

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills

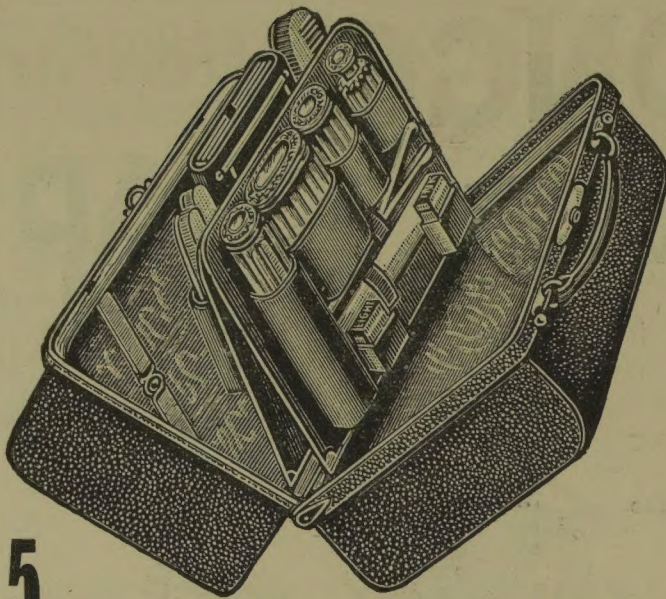
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, etc. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. 40 in a phial. Purely Vegetable, and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. Established 1856. Standard Pill of the United States. In phials at 1s. 1d. Sold by all Chemists, or sent by post.

Illustrated pamphlet free. British Depot, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

To secure this Article, please ask for "Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa."

*It is especially adapted to those whose digestive organs are weak.—Sir Charles A. Cameron, M.D.



5 GUINEAS MOROCCO, WITH SILVER & IVORY FITTINGS.

Cash returned if not approved.

TRAVELLING BAGS

FOR LADIES, very roomy, in Morocco, fitted complete, 42s., 63s.; lined Silk, and with Silver Fittings, 84s.; with Silver and Ivory Fittings, 105s. The best value ever offered.

FOR GENTLEMEN, in Morocco, or in Hide Leather, Gladstone pattern, fitted complete, 42s. 63s. 84s., 105s.

A large selection of fitted Bags, for Ladies and Gentlemen, from 2 to 20 guineas.

Gladstone Bags, Hand Bags, &c.

PARKINS AND COTTO, OXFORD ST., LONDON.



It is said that Beecham's Pills find great favour with the Czar, inasmuch that he frequently carries a box of them in his pocket, and may be seen swallowing a couple before he sits down to meat.—EXTRACT FROM FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

UMBRELLAS.



SAMUEL FOX & Co., Limited, have added to their celebrated frames decided improvements (protected by Letters Patent) which give increased Stability and greater Neatness to the Umbrella.

SAMUEL FOX & Co., Limited, manufacture the Steel specially for all their frames, and are thus able to provide exceptional quality at a merely nominal price over inferior makes.

'CHAMPION' HAND ICE MACHINE.

Great Improvements recently added,

by which the output is nearly doubled. Machines ARE ALWAYS READY FOR USE.

They will Ice drinking water in 3 Minutes, Also Still Wines Will make Ice Creams & Block Ice.

Prices: £ s. No. 1... 8 8 No. 2... 12 0 No. 3... 20 0

Send for List Free from sole Licensees PULSOMETER ENG. CO., LD., Nine Elms Iron Works, London, S.W.

IMPORTANT CAUTION!

Ladies are particularly cautioned to ask for

"BEETHAM'S" GLYCERINE & CUCUMBER.

as the wonderful reputation this article has obtained for softening and beautifying the skin and complexion has induced many unprincipled persons to put up numerous preparations which they call "Glycerine and Cucumber," but which in reality contain no Cucumber at all, and are often poisonous preparations of lead and other minerals.

The only genuine is "BEETHAM'S."

Bottles, 1s., 2s. 6d., free for 3d. extra by M. BEETHAM and SON, CHEMISTS, CHELTENHAM.

BOILING WATER OR MILK.

EPPS'S GRATEFUL—COMFORTING. COCOA

BREAKFAST OR SUPPER.

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST NIGHT LIGHTS.

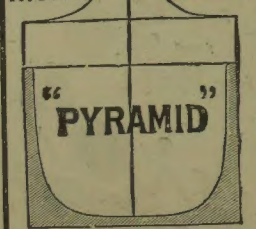
CLARKE'S "FAIRY" AND "PYRAMID" LIGHTS.

N.B.—If any difficulty in obtaining the above Lights, write to the manufacturers, who will give the address of their nearest Agent.



2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., and 6s. each.

THE NEW PATENT SAFETY NIGHT LIGHT.



THE SHADED PART REPRESENTS THE PLASTER FIRE-PROOF CASE.

CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" LIGHT.

Patent Fire-Proof Plaster Case.

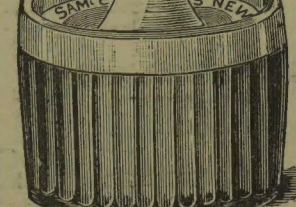
THE "BURGLAR'S HORROR." Single Wicks, burn 9 hours each. in Boxes containing 8 lights. 8d. per Box.

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST TO PREVENT BURGLARIES. THE POLICE RECOMMEND AS

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST, CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS, IN FRONT AND BACK OF EVERY HOUSE.

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST TO SAVE VALUABLE PROPERTY. USE CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS.

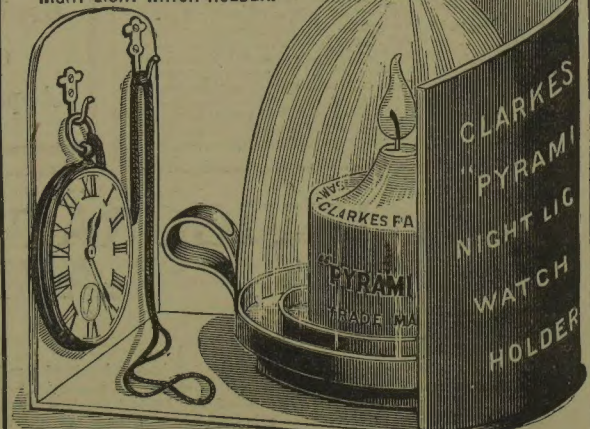
CLARKE'S PATENT THE QUEEN OF LIGHTS.



As used by Her Majesty the Queen. "FAIRY" LIGHT.

With Double Wicks, in Boxes containing 6 Lights and Glass, burn 10 hours each 1s. per box

CLARKE'S REGISTERED "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHT WATCH-HOLDER.



Japanned Watch-Holder and "Pyramid" Lamp complete, 2s. 6d. Invaluable at every bedside.

N.B.—There is no PARAFFIN or other DANGEROUS material used in the manufacture of ANY of the ABOVE LIGHTS, which are the only Lights that can safely be burned in Lamps.

CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" & "FAIRY" LIGHT CO., LTD. LONDON. Show Rooms: 31, ELY PLACE, HOLBORN, E.C., & 484, COLLINS ST., MELBOURNE. WHERE ALL DESIGNS IN "FAIRY" LAMPS CAN BE SEEN. RETAIL EVERYWHERE.